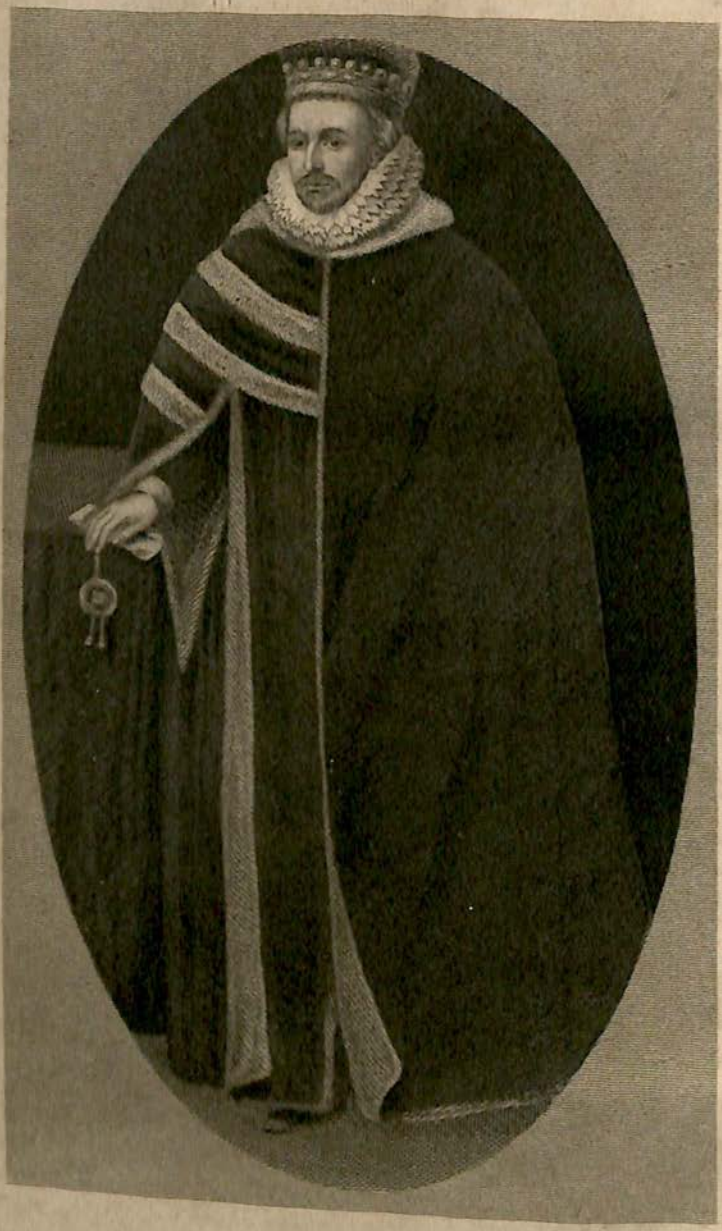
00037316

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018



HENRY MONTAGU, FIRST EARL OF MANCHESTER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AT KIMBOLTON

London Hurst &Blackett 1864

COURT AND SOCIETY

FROM

ELIZABETH TO ANNE.

EDITED FROM THE PAPERS AT KIMBOLTON

BY

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

37316

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1864.

The right of Translation is reserved.

00037316

PREFACE.

THESE chapters on the Court and Society from Elizabeth and Anne are based upon papers, of which nearly all the originals are at Kimbolton. A few are in the Record Office: one very curious paper is in the Private Cabinet of the Empress Eugenie; and a very important series are at Simancas. These papers are described in the text.

It was at first intended to offer but a slight sketch of Catharine of Aragon—just enough to exhibit the domestic and social position of Elizabeth when a girl. But the unexpected wealth of historical illustration which the Spanish archives yielded to the explorer sent out by our Government, suggested a more ample portrait of that noble and romantic Queen. It is hoped that the reader will not object to receive a little more than is promised on the title-page.

For the account of Queen Catharine and for information concerning many of the persons and occurrences alluded to in the work, the Editor is indebted to the historical knowledge and literary skill of Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, and Dr. Doran; to whom he begs to tender his thanks for assistance which so greatly increases the interest of these volumes.

KIMBOLTON: *January* 1864.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	CATHARINE OF ARAGON	1
II.	CATHARINE IN SPAIN	7
III.	EDUCATION OF CATHARINE	20
IV.	PRINCESS OF WALES	39
V.	PRINCESS DOWAGER	54
VI.	NEW PROPOSALS	70
VII.	CATHARINE QUEEN	98
VIII.	THE MARRIAGE QUESTIONED	125
IX.	THE DIVORCE	147
X.	KIMBOLTON	174
XI.	QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LOVE AFFAIRS	203
XII.	AT HOME AND ABROAD	219
XIII.	ELIZABETH'S SUITORS	233
XIV.	THE MONTAGU FAMILY	260
XV.	STUDENT LIFE OF HENRY MONTAGU	284
XVI.	PENELOPE RICH	291
XVII.	HENRY MONTAGU IN OFFICE	303
XVIII.	CHARLES THE FIRST	325
XIX.	OLIVER CROMWELL	336
XX.	LORDS AND THEIR LADIES	342
XXI.	SACHARISSA	352
XXII.	KIMBOLTON	366
XXIII.	FAMILY AFFAIRS DURING THE CIVIL WAR	375
XXIV.	RETURN OF THE QUEEN TO WESTMINSTER	394

COURT AND SOCIETY

FROM

ELIZABETH TO ANNE.

CHAPTER I.

CATHARINE OF ARAGON

DOÑA CATALINA of the golden hair, fifth child of Fernando King of Aragon and of Isabel Queen of Castile; in turn an Infanta of Spain, a Princess of Wales, a Queen of England, and again a Princess of Wales; the lady who brought red locks into fashion and farthingales into use amongst us; a part of whose sad story has been told by Shakespeare in imperishable verse, and by Bacon in no less imperishable prose—left behind her when she died at Kimbolton Castle a good many traces of her life, her sufferings, and her death.

The room in which she passed away, a room on the grand floor, looking into the deer park and across the moats towards the Castle hill and the keeper's lodge, still bears her name. The boudoir which she occupied, on the walls of which she hung her pictures and tapestries, adjoins it. A travelling chest in which she kept her clothes and jewels, and which has her cypher on the lid, remains at the foot of the grand staircase. A secret passage leading from the White drawing-room

CHAP. I.

into the chapel is said to have been the means by which she eluded the observation and escaped from the presence of her husband's spies; a tradition which is in keeping with all that we know from Sir Edmund Bedingfield's reports of her reserved and secluded ways of life while there. Though all the fronts of Kimbolton Castle were renewed by Sir John Vanbrugh, and the White drawing-room was added by that nimble wit and heavy builder to the pile, the wing which Catharine occupied is still the same in block as when the Mandevilles raised it in an angle of the cross roads from Bedford to Huntingdon, from St. Neots to Oundle; the same as when Catharine, tiring of the close gardens and damp ponds of Buckden, chose it for her last home, in preference to either Somersham near St. Ives, or Fotheringay Castle on the Nene. That wing is of hoar antiquity. The inner and outer moats, it is true, have been filled up; the gates have been rebuilt by the architect of Blenheim and Castle Howard; the castle has been squared, and faced, and trimmed; yet behind the facings and finishings a good deal of strong Plantagenet and of very fine Tudor work may still be traced. For although the writer of the 'Relapse' and the 'Provoked Wife' did a good deal to injure the pictorial aspects of the Castle, he left the frame of it intact, much as it had come down from Mandeville, Bohun, and Stafford, into the hands of Wingfield and Montagu. No fancy is required to animate once more the silent rooms. The corridor along which Bastien and Antonio helped their royal mistress into chapel, the gallery in which she sat to hear Atequa chant masses and complines, still, after a lapse of three hundred years, whisper to the imagination of her presence. From a window of her boudoir you may see the gates at which Lady Willoughby, splashed and fainting, knocked on the winter night, and through which her tears and eloquence forced a way to the bedside of her dying

friend. There is the chamber into which the Spanish ambassador, Eustachio Chappius, the Capucius of Shakespeare, was introduced by Bedingfield in time to see the aunt of an emperor expire. On the walls hang portraits of the time, which are said to have belonged to her; portraits which may have been brought by her from Buckden, and left with her travelling trunk by Rich and the royal officers, when they carried away her plate, worth 5,000 marks, as trifles unworthy of their care. These pictures are on panel; some of them by Holbein; those which are known being her nearest friends or associates. One is of her mother, Isabel the Catholic. Two are of her nephew Charles V. One is of the Archduke Philip, husband of her unhappy sister, Crazy Jane. There are portraits of Sir John Cheeke, William first Lord Paget, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. One of the known pictures is the Count of Nassau. One of the females is believed to be a portrait of herself. Pictures of Catharine are extremely rare; but the small painting at Kimbolton Castle agrees with the contemporary notices of her eyes, her hair, and face. This collection of Queen Catharine's kinsmen and associates has been at Kimbolton time out of mind; and until recently hung in the queen's boudoir.

There hangs, too, about the Castle a further and final hint of her having been there in the flesh:—the reported haunting of her ghost.

Kimbolton may be considered a secluded spot. Even after the corn counties have been opened up by train, and telegraph, and mail, the Castle is eight miles from a post town, nine miles from a railway line, no less than thirty miles from Peterborough, the city in which Catharine was buried, now the nearest station at which an express from London to York finds it worth while to stop. The Castle, with the hamlet at its gates, was built by the ancient race of the Mandevilles in a broad hollow, at the crossing of two great roads,

CHAP. I.

under the grey shadow of Stonely Priory; a convent founded by the Bigrames, of whom, and of whose doings in the early time, a few stones, a mound of earth, a green road, a clump of trees, and the name of a field and spinney, alone remain. Kimbolton rose in the heart of a saintly district, near St. Neots, St. Ives, and Swinstead Abbey, on the edge of the monastic regions of the fen. The soil is hard, the river sluggish, the underwood dense, the population thin. Ride across country, and you knock up your horse; walk through a ploughed field, and, in the joke of the country-side, you will carry your parish on your boots. New comers into such a place are rare. The son succeeds to his father's farm, rides after the pack which his father followed, sends his corn to be ground at the old mill, votes on the same side at a shire election, sits in the same pew at church in which his father and grandfather had always sat. A patriarchal order, so to speak, preserves men's minds from change and waste. In such a spot, among such a people, a poetical legend like that of Queen Catharine's ghost holds a very long lease of life. The poor have their own poetry. The tale of her arrival at Kimbolton Castle, of her secluded habits while living there, of the departure of her funeral cortége for Peterborough, has not yet faded from the peasant mind. Few of these hedgers and ploughmen have seen a theatre or read a play; they know nothing about Shakespeare or his drama; yet the spirit of that tender and solemn scene in 'Henry the Eighth,' may be said to lie upon their hearts in the wintry evenings when they whisper to each other how the unhappy lady glides in the dusk of twilight through the rooms of Kimbolton, pauses on the stairs, or kneels in the chapel, a beautiful and mournful figure, in flowing white, and wearing a regal crown. No light of science, no hiss of sarcasm, will disturb in their simple minds that foolish faith. They have al-

ways heard of it; some of them have seen it. You laugh in their faces, yet they still believe. You cannot teach them the meaning of such words as illusions of the sense. And here, perhaps, if anywhere on earth, an ancient superstition may be said to have been justified in the eyes of men by its own beauty and by human art. To the memory of a great and tragic grief Shakespeare has given a habitation and a name, which, in the loftier spheres of emotion, will not be suffered to pass away. A thousand years hence men's eyes will swim, as they do now, when the dying Catharine whispers to her attending servants—

> Cause the musicians play me that sad note
> I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
> On that celestial harmony I go to!

A thousand years hence, though Bastien and Atequa, Isabel de Vergas and Lady Willoughby, may be forgotten, Griffiths and Patience, and the six angelic visitants in white robes, with garland of bay and wand of palm, will still exist, the immortal beings of the mind. Why, then, should we wish to scare away the popular belief, while we delight to preserve the poetical legend? Each has its use and service. Should the world become too wise for even such tender superstitions as appeal to us by their harmlessness and beauty, may the legend of Queen Catharine be the last that is put to flight!

So far as concerns all popular ideas of her, Catharine is a creature of the mist. Shakespeare and Bacon, the highest judges and firmest painters of character, have, it is true, described her, if only lightly and by the way, as a woman of flesh and blood; the flesh rather stubborn, the blood somewhat hot; as a lady who could curse her enemies and caress her friends; a princess full of natural graces, virtues, and infirmities. Had the portraits by Shakespeare and Bacon been painted in full, they would have been all that we could hope or

CHAP. I.

wish. But they are only fragments of the whole: and the work of all minor hands is nothing, or worse than nothing. In these inferior pencillings, the woman is concealed beneath the veil of a nun. In place of a girl full of sun and life, eager to love and to be loved, enamoured of state and pomp, who liked a good dinner, a new gown, above all a young husband; one who had her quarrels, her debts, her feminine fibs, and her little deceptions, even with those who were most near and dear to her; a creature to be kissed and petted, to be adored and chidden and ill-used — all of which Catharine was in the flesh — we find a cold, grim Lady Abbess, a creature too pious for the world in which her lot was cast, too pure for the husband who had been given to her. Such a conception is vague in outline and false in spirit. Catharine was every inch a woman before she became every inch a queen.

The great archives of Simancas have, within the past year, supplied us with the means of figuring the queen as she lived in the flesh, with all her beauties and all her faults about her, like her farthingale and mantilla. In that great collection of state secrets, for the opening of which the world stands indebted to the good sense of Marshal O'Donnell, when first minister of her Majesty Isabel the Second, Catharine has drawn her own character in its lights and shadows, has written her own strange story with the frankness of a woman who believed she was talking in secret with her nearest kin.

From this mine of facts, heretofore unwrought, a sketch of Catharine's life, now offered to the reader, will be chiefly drawn.

CHAPTER II.

CATHARINE IN SPAIN.

CHAP. II.

INTO the half-Moorish city of Alcalá de Henares, a short ride from Madrid, came plunging loud and fast, in the first days of December 1485, a motley and brilliant court; the King of Aragon, the Queen of Castile; Don Juan their grave weak son, the heir apparent to a dozen crowns; Doña Isabel, the young Infanta; Doña Juana, a child, to be afterwards famous in story as Crazy Jane; the great Cardinal Mendoza, with a train of bishops and priests; Dominican monks, the companions of Torquemada, the Queen's Confessor, and her first Grand Inquisitor of Spain; a cloud of bronzed and eager warriors, Zaharas and Cabras, men renowned in the battles of the Cross; all hurrying towards Toledo, where they meant to spend Christmas-day in dances, street processions, cards, and bull-fights; resting and breathing on their way to a fierce hug of hate under the walls of Loja and Malaga. A whisper passed about that the Queen was ill. She was expecting to be ill, though not so soon, and on the 5th day of the month a little girl—whose birth at Alcalá de Henares was a surprise, whose life was a chain of marvels, and whose death at Kimbolton was untimely—came like a winter flower into the world. They called her Catalina.

Mendoza, keeper of the Queen's conscience, gave a feast to her ladies of honour in the baby's name; and feasts being rare in the land of melons and white bread, this banquet given by the cardinal is mentioned in all the chronicles of Spain. In due time it was noted that

CHAP. II.

the baby herself had more than a common child's fondness for meats and drinks. Like her mother, she was a devout Catholic, but she could not and would not fast. When she arrived in London, a city of jolly dishes and plenteous feeding, one of the secret griefs, which she confided to her parents, not once or twice, but many times, was that the English people would not supply her with enough to eat.

Sprinkled and swathed, the tiny Infanta of Spain was carried along with the troops from Alcalá de Henares and the parched and gusty plain of Madrid, as the tides of war rolled south or east; the fife and tabour in her ears, the stench and dust of battle in her nostrils, from her earliest days. Without a strain of speech, she may be said to have been born in a camp, to have been reared amidst storm and siege; a baby hustled about among priests and soldiers; among men who, before she could lisp a sentence or count her beads, had begun to gamble away her innocent life. She was the sport of events. When she was less than two years old, ambassadors were in her mother's closet, engaged in huckstering for her hand. What gifts would she bring to her husband? If land, how much? if doblas, how many? These were the questions whispered over her cradle. When she was two years and four months old, her parents, Fernando and Isabel, in their joint names, sent a commission, dated April 30, 1488, to Roderigo Gonsalvo de Puebla, their ambassador in London, to propose her for the Prince of Wales. The bridegroom they had in view, Prince Arthur, was an English gentleman, one year and six months old.

It is not very clear from which of the two kings came the first hint for an alliance. Fernando, King of Aragon, and Henry, King of England, had much in common; something in their persons, more in their minds, most of all in their policies. Both were men of small size, lean visage, and icy brow; of manner

grave and harsh, of an expression crafty and insatiable; to which defects of nature the Spaniard added a lisp in his voice, a squint in his eye. Each feared, and had cause to fear, the growth of France; the provinces of which kingdom, with the sole exception of Bretagne, had been welded together under a common leader; making a power in Europe which the king, then Charles VIII., a youthful and ambitious sovereign, prone to war as to a pastime, ruled by a daring woman, and spurred by the national instinct of expansion, might have the will and fortune to enlarge. But Spain had a deeper interest in the French than England. Those claims on the crown which Henry V. had won by the fight of Azincour had passed into the land of dreams; for though Henry VII. styled himself King of France and kept troops in Calais, no man in his senses, even among the wild young bloods who were always ready for a fray, now talked of recovering by arms that ancient prize. The sea, of which they were lords rolled stormily between them and their noble foes. Nature had parted these two nations by her own strong lines:—not so France and Spain, which crossed swords in Lombardy, on the Rhine, and in the Pyrenees.

The youth of England would have met the French in gaiety of heart, as they rushed into the lists or rode after the hounds; the Castilians marched against them with a grave and solid decorum, fighting, not out of lustiness of life, but in the spirit of a camp of misers, counting each groat of the cost against every acre of the gain. To two small counties lying on the French slope of the Pyrenees, called Roussillon and Cerdagne, known to us now by a poor red wine which they export, Fernando had some claim. The fact is, these counties had been pawned to France, and Fernando had a hope of getting them back into his hands without paying the 300,000 crowns which France had lent. So far he had made but little way. As a short

CHAP. II.

cut to his end, he had sought to make a bargain with Madame de Bourbon, mother of the King of France, offering her his eldest daughter, the Infanta Isabel, for her son. Madame had declined this honour; having her eye on Anne of Bretagne, a lady who would have a French province for a portion, and was therefore the most tempting morsel for a king of France. Failing to act with Madame, Fernando began to act against her. In playing this game for Roussillon, his children were his stakes. Isabel, refused by Charles, was given in marriage to Don Alonzo, Prince of Portugal, his nearest neighbour on the west; and secret negotiations were commenced in London, Naples, Brussels, and Vienna for planting all the rest. France was to be netted in a web of Spanish queens. Isabel was nine years older than her sister Juana, eleven years older than Maria, fourteen years older than Catalina: but even a baby in the cradle might have a place and use in Fernando's house. Her future could be sold. If the king can be said to have loved his children at all, it was only as the picador prizes his lance, as the gamester values his stake; they were his weapons of defence when driven to bay, his counters to be played, and, if need were, to be sacrificed to the success of his game. When he had planted one child on the Tagus, he began to scheme how to send a second to the Scheldt, and a third to the Thames; also how he should fetch a wife from the Danube for his son Don Juan. Either he must find allies on every frontier of France, or give up his dream of getting Roussillon back without paying the loan. Whether these nurselings, when they grew up, would like the fate he was making for them, was their own affair, poor things. They were his own: it was not for them to say yea or nay. Don Juan, if he grew to be a man, and happened to dislike his Austrian wife, might console himself after the fashion of his race and of many other kings. Bright eyes abound like

pomegranates in the south of Spain. The girls must take their chance of misery, as in this world women have all to do. Two of his daughters, not by the queen, had already become nuns: — Fernando may have thought that a bad husband was better for a child of his than a convent cell.

To a king like Henry VII., new to his crown, perplexed by his foreign affairs, distrusted by his own peers, the advantages offered by De Puebla of a close alliance with a powerful and prosperous house, were great. The very title by which Henry held his crown was revolutionary and insecure: won in the field, and subject to the changes and risks of war. What the sword had gained for him the sword might take away from him. If he had the crown, he could show in his own person no strict right to it. His descent from John of Gaunt was a bastard descent; his mother, not himself, was the chief of his house; his family was not the eldest branch of the House of Lancaster; the House of Lancaster was not the eldest branch of the royal race. At every step of the enquiry into his right the law forsook him. True, he could quote a parliamentary act of settlement; but then the act only proved that he had won the battle of Bosworth Field. Any other conqueror could have quoted that paper title. Could he make men forget the rights of blood? No one knew better than Henry VII. that more than half the world, despite his wisdom, valour and success, despised him as a usurper, and would have made merry at his fall. Fernando, too, knew this, and counted on it for his gain. But there was no great risk; the title which his daughter Catalina, should she go to London, would have to share, stood clear from doubt. Arthur, the Prince of Wales, being the son of Henry VII. by his young Queen Elizabeth of York, heiress of Edward IV., would inherit his mother's rights at the same time as his father's power; uniting in his own person the

CHAP. II.

strength and fortune of the two great factions of Lancaster and York. To his claims, however, there were some romantic doubts. King Edward IV. had had two sons by Elizabeth Woodville — Edward Prince of Wales, and Richard Duke of York. Were these sons dead? For many years the public had been told that these young princes had been murdered in the Tower of London, by command of their uncle Gloucester, much as Shakespeare has put the legend in his play; but the fact of their death was doubted by many, and it had never been proved in a court of law and record. Were they truly dead? The king in his heart could not feel sure; while Edward's surviving sister, Margaret, Duchess of Bourgoyne, affirmed that the younger of the two boys, Richard Duke of York, had been preserved by those who were set to kill him, that he had been carried to her court, and that he was still alive. In her train there was a youth of Richard's age, of singular likeness to King Edward, whom she and the world about her treated as Edward's son. This youth was a dangerous pretender to the crown.

Two other men, one barred in the Tower, one starving in exile, had also claims upon the English crown which Fernando, as a prudent father, was bound to note: in the Tower, the young Edward Plantagenet Earl of Warwick, heir to George Duke of Clarence; in exile, Edmund de la Pole Earl of Suffolk, a son of Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV.; neither of them formidable so long as the chief pretender lived and the Yorkist faction clung to the Duke of York; yet strong enough for mischief, should events either crush that youth or discredit him with the Yorkist peers. A cautious sire, ere sending his child to London, might like to have those two men put out of the way of doing harm; but until the day for sending her should be near at hand, he could drop them from the calculations of his game, and in the meanwhile play to win, as fortune should

resolve, on either Prince Arthur or the Duke of York.

A reader who knows the tale of Perkin Warbeck only as it is told by Bacon, and by the moderns who derive from him, can hardly dwell on his claims to the throne of Edward IV. without a smile. That story is an expanded jest. The illustrious writer, laughing over the easy faith of king and mob, caught up this tale in his most mocking mood, quizzing alike the frauds of the court and the excess of popular belief, so that in the end a reader's mind retains no image of Warbeck's claim more serious than it does of Malvolio's love for Olivia or Sancho's pretensions to the crown of Barataria. A man must forget that delicious fun, that unrivalled banter, fixing his eyes steadily on facts, ere he can hope to judge with fairness of the situation with which Fernando, in the affair of Catalina, had then to deal.

To Henry and to the allies of Henry, the White Rose of York was far from being the pleasant jest which it appears on Bacon's page. Margaret moved all Christian princes on behalf of the youth whom she called her brother's son; and whether they were right or wrong, the princes of Europe believed her word. Maximilian King of the Romans pledged his honour to restore the youthful heir. The Archduke Philip received him as a king. When he repaired to Edinburgh, the King of Scotland bestowed on him his cousin the Lady Catharine Gordon as a wife. The King of France, though loth to injure Henry, then his ally, believed the pretender to be Edward's son. Even the Pope was satisfied of the justice of his claim. Nor is it easy to reject the evidence which satisfied so many competent judges of men who saw and spoke with the young Duke of York. Everyone allowed that he resembled Edward in face and form; that he could describe the king's person and imitate his ways with singular felicity. Unable to deny these facts, his enemies had recourse

CHAP. II.

to fables, saying that the young man's father, a converted Jew, had been much about King Edward's court, and that Edward, out of love for the Jew, or perhaps for the Jew's wife, had been sponsor to the boy, and had given him the name of Peter. Bacon, laughing over the pranks of this jovial king, who loved to roam in the city and make love to Cheapside madams, hints that the boy may have had in his veins some royal blood. This story of the Jew — this hint of a frail Jewess — will not sustain enquiry. The Jewish father was never found by those who wished to find him; no proof that such a man had lived in London or elsewhere, and had a son to whom Edward had been sponsor, has ever been produced. Why should a godson of Edward have been called Peter? That is obviously false. In truth, the story of a Jewish father comes from a misunderstanding on Bacon's side of an obscure passage in Speed. Bernard André, Speed's authority, says that Warbeck was brought up in a Jew's family; not that Warbeck was a Jew's son or a king's godson. André, poet laureate and Prince Arthur's tutor, a partisan of Henry and the historian of his reign, a man to put the strong side of the king's position outward, distinctly says it was the Jew himself, who took the name of Edward, to whom the king stood sponsor when he went to church. André nowhere states that Warbeck was this Jew Edward's child; only that he was clerk or pupil (servulus) in his house. This makes a difference. If one of the princes, spared by the murderers, had escaped from the Tower, as was alleged, such a trader as this Jew Edward, bound to the dead king by personal ties, would have been the very man to stand his friend; to hide him in his house as clerk or pupil until he could be carried abroad; and to convey him, when it could be safely done, to the court of his illustrious aunt. It is certain that when the young man appeared before the world he possessed gentle manners, unusual

parts, and a noble style. For many years he lived, in youth and manhood, with princes of haughty temper and fastidious taste; yet these men found him every inch a prince. The best scholars admired his attainments, the finest women approved his demeanour. A lady royally connected gave him her heart. In every country he found partisans, in every palace friends. Go where he would the people loved him and clung to him. It is difficult to believe that these things could have happened to a rascal low in birth, in breeding, and in education. Who Warbeck was no man can say. Had he succeeded in the field as brilliantly as he succeeded in the court, history would have bent its brows to him as Edward's son. Failing in military genius, he is condemned by the common voice as a rogue who was properly treated when put into the stocks and hanged.

While, however, this young man was free, the nephew of Margaret, the guest of France and Scotland, the light of every Irish malcontent, the secret idol of the Yorkist peers, the King of England was but half a master in his house and realm. To him, therefore, while this danger lasted, and to his heirs after him on other grounds, an alliance with a sovereign like Fernando had values which he could express in dollars, regiments, and ships; so that even if he did not first suggest the idea to De Puebla, as many think, he snapped at the lure of a contract between the Doña Catalina and the Prince of Wales, even though it might cause him some misunderstandings with the court of France.

Two commissioners were named by each of the two kings. Richard Fox and Giles Daubigny, on the part of England; Roderigo de Puebla and Juan de Sepulveda, on the part of Spain. Fox and Puebla, the chief, in truth the real negotiators, were ecclesiastics of high position, both of whom happened to be servants of the

CHAP. II.

Holy See; Fox being Collector of the papal revenues in England; Puebla being ambassador of the Pope; so that the treaty of marriage between Arthur and Catalina was to be framed under the sanction, signed with the blessing, of Rome. The first steps were taken in the fashion of Jews fencing over a bargain of sweet wine. Each party praised the beauty of its wares. Henry, proud of his boy, took Puebla and Sepulveda to his country-seat at Sheen, where he showed them the young prince; first in his cot, then in full dress, afterwards as he lay asleep, and last of all stark naked. The old Castilians spoke of the child in raptures. "We discovered," they wrote to Fernando and Isabel, "such excellent qualities in the prince as are quite incredible." At Sheen they saw the Queen, Elizabeth of York, and with her "two-and-thirty companions of angelical appearance." The king and queen desired them to say in their letters home how much they should like the Infanta to sail for England soon, in order that she might learn to speak French, and grow used in her early youth to the English mists and rain.

The Castilians knew that such pleas were false; that the king only wished to get hold of the Infanta as a pledge; but then they also knew that Fernando was playing a game even deeper than Henry guessed. He wanted aid against France; aid, that to be useful, must be swift and strong. He had told his agents to haggle and gain time; though he had no thought, either then or ever, of sending his daughter into England to take her chance of a disputed throne. Puebla must sign and swear so far as might be needful to induce the King of England to take the field; but Catalina would never be sent to London so long as either the Duke of York or Edward Plantagenet lived, or so long as Edmund de la Pole was roving about the world at large. If Fox tried to overreach Puebla, Puebla tried to overreach Fox. They began about dowry. Fox and Daubigny

naming a vast sum of money as a good point to start from, Puebla and Sepulveda raised their hands:— "Ugh!" said they, "bearing in mind what happens almost every day to the kings of England, it amazed us that our royal masters should consent to give their child to a Prince of Wales at all." The word was lightly said, with a smile on the face to avoid offence; but it was not idly uttered by Puebla, being meant by him as the truth which may be spoken in jest. Henry VII.'s reign was but three years old:—who could swear it would last for three years more? You English are a strange people. The late king had been slain by rebels on Bosworth field. Edward V. had been murdered in the Tower. Edward IV. had been crowned, deposed, and exiled. Henry VI. had been cast into prison and doomed to death. These things being no secrets, Puebla felt free to hint that a king and queen who loved their child might very well pause before sending her to confront such a doom. But he never forgot that a prince who to-morrow might be exiled or murdered by his people, could to-day march an army of 50,000 men against France. Puebla, a dry old doctor of law, a priest, a cripple, a beggar, an ambassador, a usurer, and a spy, familiar with every trick and artifice of his trade, only threw out the hint, in his sport, to make Henry believe that the Spaniards were sincere in what they said, and, meaning to go forward in the treaty, were looking their perils and advantages straight in the face. But his real thoughts were in Roussillon, and among the English tents. Fox, seeing through his craft, was firm. He must have a large dowry: in all 200,000 crowns.

Of the two great gamesters who were playing for Catalina's soul, it is hard to say which was the more base and sordid. A man who can sell his child, for either lands or dollars, is perhaps a more hateful character than the man who buys her. The butcher has

CHAP. II.

not fed with his own hands the pet lamb; the planter has not seen the negress bear and rear her child. To them the purchase is a thing of business, not of the affections. But to the vendor? Each of the two kings who haggled over Catalina was rich, and unscrupulous as to the means by which he increased his store. To Henry nothing on earth was so good as money; not pearls and rubies, diamonds and sapphires, could compare in the miser's sight with silver and gold. No one could cheat him in the price of minted coin. Fernando, too, thought higher of his doblas than of his honour. He could manage to live without honour. The Inquisition had been contrived to fleece merchants and bankers of their substance, as well as to test the purity of their faith. In his hands everything was made to pay. He took toll of the fires at Seville and Salamanca; he fought with the Abencerrages for their hoarded gold. The question of Roussillon and Cerdagne was one of money. The two royal misers fudged and lied like pedlar Jews, each treating his correspondent as a cheat who would take him on his blind side, rob him of his coin or his possessions, and even sell his secrets to the King of France. If Henry appeared to be driving the harder bargain, it was because he was more in earnest; for when he signed an article, he meant to keep his bond. Fernando, false from the first, was freer of his promises and pledges; looking on the transaction as one which might bring him an instant good, in the shape of troops and ships, while costing him no more than a drop of ink. The King of Aragon had even less faith in Henry's virtue than in the stability of his throne. Indeed, when offering his child for Arthur he made no secret of his belief that he was dealing with a prince who was ready to commit the darkest deed for the basest motive. Puebla was told in emphatic words to provide that the marriage treaty should exclude the English king from any claim of succession to the Infanta's dowry, on the

express ground that a yearning to possess so large a sum of ready money might tempt him into crime. Each of them tried to befool the other. In public they smiled and bowed, like two stage kings of Brentford, dazzling their agents with politeness. Henry flourished his hat like Osric; Fernando chose his words like Armado. If the English king had to speak of Fernando or Isabel, he doffed his hat and bent towards the ground; if their Catholic highnesses wrote a letter which they meant to be shown, they spoke of Henry as the pattern of all Christian princes. Yet Henry fully believed that Fernando would deceive and cheat him if he could; while the two Spanish sovereigns, in their confidential cyphers, expressed a strong conviction that the pattern of Christian princes would not shrink from murdering their child to get her dower.

In such a spirit the poor little baby was bought and sold.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION OF CATHARINE.

CHAP. III.

FOX and Puebla, the wily bishop and the unscrupulous priest, agreed on the 7th of July 1488, upon articles of peace and amity, such as might serve them for the bases of a family contract; amongst others on a great many stipulations of mutual aid on the part of Henry and Fernando against the French. The next step was for England to send an embassy to Spain to get these articles ratified by the government, and the treaty of union signed by the king and queen. Such an embassy would have to be kept a secret; most of all from the Court of France; for as neither of the kings, thus sporting with their children's lives, would bind himself to go on in this business to the end, nothing could be now done openly and before the world. The agents to be sent into Spain must therefore be nameless men, whose going and coming would pass unseen. Fox, a prelate and a Papal Collector, could not be sent over on such a voyage; so Thomas Savage, a doctor of laws, and Richard Nanfan, one of the king's body guard, with Roger Machado, a herald, as secretary, were appointed to proceed into Spain. Puebla and Sepulveda sailed with them from Southampton in two Spanish ships.

The Spaniards hoped to make the port of Bilboa, in Viscaya; but one storm drove them back into Plymouth, and a second storm into Falmouth; their tiny vessels with squat sides, heavy castles, and loose sails, being badly handled, were unable to breast a gale of

wind. After some days spent at Falmouth they sailed once more; starting with a fair breeze, which rose into gusts and squalls as they rolled into the Bay of Biscay; when the Spanish ambassadors, as Machado merrily tells, roared out to their saints, voting candles for the altars, and pilgrimages to the shrines, if San Vicente would but still the winds and send one of his holy crows to pilot them safely into port. Thanks, as they thought, to these prayers and pledges, which latter it may be hoped that Puebla and Sepulveda kept, the vessels sighted land at Cape Ortegal, and after drifting along the coasts of Galicia and the Asturias all night and the whole of next day, made the little port of Laredo, in the kingdom of Old Castile, as the vesper bells were tolling the inhabitants to church. By short and weary stages Savage and Nanfan crossed the mountains to Burgos and Valladolid, ambling over stony roads, through a wild woodland country, with a few bad inns, sometimes sleeping at a merchant's house, sometimes at a venta or posada, paying the host of the day for their bed and meal, and in one case at least meeting very foul usage from their hostess. At Valladolid, from which city the Court had gone to Medina del Campo, they were lodged in the house of a rich merchant, Ruy Gonsalvo de Portilho, who had been arrested by Torquemada the Grand Inquisitor and robbed by King Fernando on pretence of heresy. The rooms of his house had been stript, the cellar emptied, and the larder swept bare by the thirsty and famishing guardians of his faith. Beds and sheets had to be fetched in from other houses; but the city officers sent them a present of shew bread and sweetmeats, with two hogskins of white wine; so that Savage, Nanfan, and Machado ate, drank, and made merry in the heretic's house. On their way to Medina del Campo, a city of the plain, the cold wet capital of the Spanish corn country, much loved by Queen Isabel, they were met

CHAP. III.

by three sets of dignitaries, and welcomed with much formality to Spain; a mile from the town by the Bishop of Malaga, the king's Secretary, and a troop of knights and esquires; half a mile from the town by the Grand Commander of Leon, and the Grand Master of the Courts of Castile; at the gate of the city by Valasco Constable of Castile, the Duke of Abuquerque, the Conde de Haro, and a host of lords and prelates who led them into the city, lodging them in a house of which the rooms were hung with tapestry, the beds covered with sheets, and other things snug and stately, much to their surprise. About nine o'clock at night, the month being March and the day long spent, a crowd of people came to the door with lighted torches, fetching them away to the Castillo de la Mota, the royal house, for an interview with the king and queen. This Castle of the Moat, built on a mound which sweeps the corn plains for many miles, had been recently enlarged and beautified by Isabel, as her chosen home. There lived for the moment the royal children, with their masters, ladies, and attendants; among them that baby Princess of Wales whom Savage and Nanfan had come from London to see.

At the Castle of the Moat everything had been arranged to dazzle and dupe these English guests. They found Fernando and Isabel arrayed in cloth of gold, with trimmings of silk and sable, their belts being studded with rubies and diamonds of enormous size. The Cardinal of Castile, the Conde de Haro, the Duke of Placentia, with the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, were nearly as fine as the king and queen. Machado, who had an eye for jewels and clothes, startled by the splendour of her Highness's attire, priced, as he was well able to do, the dress which Isabel wore that night at two hundred thousand crowns of gold. Savage and Nanfan, having kissed the royal hands, presented their letters, and made a short Latin speech, of which

neither the king nor queen could understand a word. Calling his clergy apart, and asking them what Savage had said, Fernando, after hearing a translation of the speech, one of goodwill and compliment only, told the Bishop of Ciudad Rodrigo to answer the English in formal and unmeaning words. This bishop, a very old man, with neither voice nor teeth, mumbled something which was lost on Savage, much as Savage's Latin had been lost on the king. The old priest having done, the English took their leave; not without a suspicion that they had heard just as much as Fernando wished them to hear. It was two o'clock in the morning when they left the Castle of the Moat.

At a second audience, Savage and Nanfan said they hoped they might see Don Juan and the young ladies, so as to pay them their respects, as they were bound in duty and right to do. Fernando's cue being to wait the game, he told them in answer they should see Don Juan and his sister Isabel; some other time they should see the younger ladies, even the Princess of Wales. Fernando and Isabel had four daughters and one son; the eldest child, Doña Isabel, over eighteen; Don Juan, near eleven; Doña Juana, over nine; Doña Maria, seven; and Doña Catalina, three years and three months; all born, as it were, in the camp and on the march; no two of them in the same city or even in the same province; Isabel at Dueñas, Juan at Seville, Juana at Toledo, Maria at Cordova, Catalina at Alcalá de Henares; each brought into a world — poor child — of rage and war, marked from the cradle to be the sport and victim of ambitious kings. At a third audience, after hearing complines in the queen's chapel, Fernando took Savage and Nanfan into a great room, where the Infantas were dancing with the noblemen and pages of their households; the king and queen sitting down to see the dance, with the English on their right hand, the Cardinal and grandees on their

CHAP. III.

left. A joust, a bull fight, a royal feast, were given in honour of the English king; indeed, Machado was so much delighted with these mock courtesies as to declare on his return that the honours done to ambassadors in England, though great, were nothing compared with those in Spain. In the bull-ring they saw the baby Princess of Wales in her mother's lap, or held up in her arms to see the sport. When the bull had been slain by an espada, his trunk whisked away, his blood smothered out of sight with sand, a hundred knights, mounted on fine jennets, rode into the arena, skirmishing and coursing with dogs, in the manner of the Moors. "It was beautiful," says Machado, "to see how the queen held up her youngest daughter, the Infanta Catharine, Princess of Wales, and at that time she was three years of age." The sports of the bull-ring done, the king and queen retired to their rooms, where the ladies danced with the picadors and banderilleros, and midnight again chimed from the gothic tower of San Antolin in the public square before Savage and Nanfan left the Castle of the Moat.

In the midst of these follies Fernando made his move. When he found how far the strangers had power to go in their suit, he closed with them at once, and on March 28, 1489, the famous treaty of Medina del Campo, which sent Catharine to die at Kimbolton, was signed and sworn.

Of this treaty of war and peace, the Infanta was to be the hostage. In some respects it was a good treaty; making peace between the two kingdoms by sea and land, giving Spaniards a right to come into England, Englishmen a right to go into Spain, without either general or special passports; lowering the customs on merchandise; cancelling all letters of marque and reprisal which had been granted by the two crowns; opening ports and harbours to each other's ships; and pledging mutual aid in case of aggression from without. Some

of the terms, and those of more use to Spain, were not so good. In Fernando's eyes the treaty had one end in view: it was a blow at France; as a stroke against Charles, he sought and signed it; strong in his faith that by it he should be able in his own good time to draw England into a declaration of war. On the other side, Henry's true policy being peace, he hoped to receive support from Spain, without paying for that support the enormous price of a campaign in France. That the treaty, if known in Paris, would alarm Charles, he knew too well; but then, on the other side, he could not expect an Infanta for a song, and he fancied that, in spite of Fernando's craft, he should be able to keep the question of peace and war with France under his own control. Prince Arthur was to wed Catalina when the girl and boy should be of age for it, and by ceremonial and consummation in course of time. The dowry to be paid with her was 200,000 crowns. The Spanish king and queen were to send their child to London at their own expense, with decent clothes, and with such ornaments and jewels as became her rank. One point only the negociators left in doubt. Puebla declared that Fox and Daubigny, when drawing up the articles in London, had agreed that 50,000 crowns of the dowry should be taken in ornaments and jewels; but on Savage denying all knowledge of such an article, the point was left open for Fox to decide on oath.

Puebla returned to London. This man, a priest, a doctor, a professor of the civil as well as of the canon law, who represented in London the interests and the virtues of state and church, holding in his hands a commission from Fernando and Isabel, a mandate from the German emperor, and a brief from the Italian Pope, was the evil genius of Catharine's life. He was, in truth, of a nature despicable, crawling, and corrupt. Though he had been sent to London by the Pope and

CHAP. III.

the King of Aragon, he took Henry's wages and did his work: often the very dirtiest work that the King of England found to do. It was Fernando's whim to employ none but priests in negociations, finding them, as he said, cheaper, more adroit, and more unscrupulous than laymen. He did not expect or wish them to be honest men. Indeed, he rather enjoyed their roguery. If he heard that Puebla had put English money into his pouch, he consoled himself with the fancy that his enemy was being plundered. The old priest, too, if willing to sell his master's secrets for money, had no objection to lie and cheat for that master in his turn. Nor did he mind the shame of being found out. While the affair of Arthur and Catalina was in hand, he thought it would be well to entice another prince, James IV. of Scotland, from the side of France, if this could be done by the usual lure of offering him an Infanta for a wife. There was this impediment to success, that all the Infantas of Spain were now engaged. Isabel had no more daughters to give away; and Puebla knew very well that if she had twenty more, she would not allow one of them to be sent into the savage north. Yet the priestly deceiver saw his way to bamboozle James. Among those relaxations of peace which the King of Aragon had abused, was that of making love to his neighbour's wife. One Catalonian lady, beautiful and frail, had borne him a daughter, whom he had called Juana, a name which was afterwards given his third legitimate child. Puebla proposed to palm this spurious Juana on the King of Scots. Of course, he never expected to play this trick on James without a good deal of lying; but with the lying he fancied it might be played to the end. At first, he was successful. When he was partly found out by the Scots, and was pressed by James's agents as to the particulars of Juana's birth and age, he impudently told them that although

it was true she was not Queen Isabel's child, yet she was Fernando's legitimate offspring by a previous and clandestine marriage. Fernando, when the news of this negociation reached him in Spain, was a little perplexed; aware that so gross a deception could not be concealed from James should the suit go on; yet rather amused than outraged by a falsehood which betrayed the unscrupulous artist in deceit. The King of Aragon envied the poor old priest. In his answer he expressed his thanks for the good intentions shown in this affair, while fearing it was scarcely wise for him to say that Juana had been born in wedlock; so many persons knew the truth, that the Scotch ambassadors, on their way to Spain, would be sure to hear it; and would it not be better they should learn the facts from him? If, knowing what she was, the King of Scots would take her for his queen, her marriage portion might be raised. The true Juana could never be the wife of so small a king. Yet nothing must be done by them to wound Scottish pride. Should James refuse to hear of the bastard girl, and again ask for an Infanta, let him be fed with false hopes, lest a plain denial of his suit should drive him into the arms of France. To guard against such a cross in future, he told the priest he must deceive with a little more discretion. "The Scots," he added, "have so good an opinion of themselves as to boast of being able to persuade Charles to restore Roussillon and Cerdagne to Spain; tell them they shall have an Infanta when they have done so. They will not succeed in these efforts. They will waste much time, get embroiled with the French, perhaps drawn by vexation into the war against them. At worst, they will be prevented from rendering aid to Charles."

Savage and Nanfan had been instructed to request not only that Catalina might be sent over to England at once, but that the king and queen should pledge themselves to pay one half her portion, 100,000 crowns,

CHAP. III.

within four years. If neither the girl nor the money were in London, how, argued Henry, could he be sure that the Spaniards would keep their word? The Spanish king and queen said nothing in reply until their English guests had gone away towards home. Then they told their agents in London to reject all such demands. Why, asked Fernando, should the king, his cousin, require to have any other security than his royal word, his signature, and his oath? If these were not binding, how could a prince be bound? With a grim irony he added—they gave Catalina to his son for a wife because they knew and appreciated the causes which led him to seek their friendship; but they were not bound, and were not inclined, to give up their child into his keeping; neither would they pay the dowry one day before it was due by the sworn terms of the bond. Henry, he said, must sign the treaty of Medina del Campo without omission or even the change of a single word.

The very letter which conveyed to London these protests from Spain might have satisfied the English king, had he seen it, how far he was wrong in suspecting Fernando's signature and oath; for it contained the clue and secret of another project for a royal marriage besides that of Arthur and Catalina. A private understanding had been come to at Medina del Campo, that England should raise no obstacles to a union of Don Juan with Anne, that young Duchess of Bretagne on whom Madame de Bourbon had fixed her eye for Charles. This was a sacrifice on Henry's part; for Anne was a great heiress, a near neighbour, a useful ally of his own; and when asked to promote her union with Don Juan, he said he should hope to receive some acknowledgment of his courtesy. Fernando answered dryly that the English must not build on such a ground, for he did not mean his son to marry Anne at all — the proposal was a mere deception, made to gain time,

to entangle Anne in negociations and prevent her from accepting an offer from the King of France.

A less suspicious man than Henry might have wished for some guarantee against the word of such a prince.

Much time was spent by each of the two kings in struggling to extract from the other side the full benefit of a treaty which had been signed, but which had not yet been ratified. On the whole, Fernando gained rather more than Henry; for though Henry was not a child in politics, Fernando was the older and more unscrupulous prince. The young Duchess of Bretagne, then twelve years old, who, besides having a great estate, was a beautiful girl, had a host of lovers; five at one time; all of whom made pretensions to her heart; besides Don Juan, whose offers were far more serious than the Spaniards wished the English to believe. These suitors were: the Duke of Buckingham, favoured by the English; Count d'Albert, a candidate of the Gascon party; the Duke of Guelders; Maximilian, King of the Romans; Charles, King of France. Of all these lovers, Anne, if a child of twelve could have any choice, would have preferred Maximilian, a man of thirty, very handsome, and heir to the imperial crown. Charles was a growing youth, ugly in visage, but with very fine eyes. Don Juan was a child of ten. Three of the six wooers, Guelders, Buckingham, and D'Albert, were soon dismissed; having small chance with a young lady who was courted by powerful kings, and who was only to be snatched from such rivals by force of arms. Knowing his mind and his means, Charles put on his mail, set his camps in motion, broke into the young duchess's province, and pressed his suit upon her by the light of her blazing towns. She called aloud for aid. Spain, seeing her danger, sent at once, while begging of England to do the same. By a sudden concentration of English and Spanish troops, Fernando thought he could drive the

CHAP. III.

French out of Bretagne, get the duchess into his power, and, stealing a march on the Germans, marry her beyond redemption to his son. An English army passed gaily into Bretagne, though with orders to act for themselves, apart from the Spanish force. Maximilian, slow but astute, in place of hurling his lanzknechts on the French lines, sent a secret agent into Bretagne with an offer of marriage. Anne accepted this offer, and on the marriage being performed by proxy, assumed the name of queen. Henry only laughed at this imperial farce, for his troops were in the highest glee, breaking and routing the French in every field of conflict; but the graver Spaniards, fighting with protocols and treaties even more than with steel and lead, were very much hurt. They refused to acknowledge the union of Anne and Maximilian, though the ceremony had been performed by holy church, with the consummation by proxy's leg in the bridal bed. They even proposed that the English and Spanish forces then in the duchy should take the lady under their protection, and dispose of her in wedlock — in other words, that they should seize her by force and marry her to Don Juan. Such was not Henry's game. But on hearing of this offer, and fearful of losing the bride whom he had won, Maximilian made a separate peace with Charles: Treaty of Frankfort, July 22, 1489: undertaking that Anne should become a party to the peace, and that those valiant English troops, who had come to aid her, should be ousted from the duchy. Anne's part in this affair, though black enough, was not so bad as Fernando's. Finding himself fooled by the imperialists, who had snatched the young duchess from his son, Fernando made a secret offer to France, to abandon the cause of Anne, and wink at the occupation of Bretagne by Charles, taking Roussillon and Cerdagne in compensation, and giving his daughter Juana to the King of France. Juana, it will be remembered, was

already pledged to the Archduke Philip, Maximilian's son. Of these secret offers Henry was to know nothing; every ruse and trick of diplomatic art being used to prevent any steps towards a reconciliation of the French and English courts; so that when Innocent VIII., a man not versed in Fernando's schemes, sent a legate to persuade those courts to make peace, his mission was opposed and defeated by the King of Aragon, who told the Pope that peace between France and England could not be made until Spain was satisfied, and that Spain could only be satisfied by the cession of Roussillon and Cerdagne.

Charles had the luck and sense to play these allies against each other. Leaving them to wrangle and cheat in Paris, he set his camps in motion for Nantes, the young lady's capital; stormed that city; occupied the best part of her duchy; and then, with the sword and torch in his hands, invited the fair bride to forget her marriage with Maximilian, her oaths at the altar, her bedding with the bare leg, and become Queen of France. The poor child was fifteen; her husband was far away; her towns were in her suitor's power. If she refused, she would soon be a prisoner; if she complied she would offend against holy church. Charles did not care. By peace or by war he must have her duchy annexed to France. What were the canons and decretals to him? He had won her and he would wear her. Anne was a sharp girl; with a quick sense of what she could do, what she could not do. She had never seen the husband who had left her to struggle alone, neither spurring to her side nor sending troops for her defence. Charles, if not handsome, was young and a bachelor; so when all things were considered, and chiefly, perhaps, the fact that she had no choice, she forgot the oath she had sworn, the bridal bed in which she had been laid, and for the benefit of her country she became Queen of France,

CHAP. III.

Fernando, foiled and enraged by these turns of the war, yet willing to make his game in the Pyrenees, called loudly to his allies to lay on. Henry too, though he saw that Charles had now won his stake, and could not be deprived of either his bride or her duchy, had spent money in preparing for war; which money he would like to have repaid. So at the call of Spain he crossed, in the month of October, 1492, from Dover, advanced from Calais to Boulogne, and within thirty days of his landing in France, signed the peace of Etaples, by the terms of which the king of that country was to pay him 745,000 crowns. While Charles stood in front of these invaders, Fernando was employed in Roussillon, moving his counters as the English moved their forces; and on the 3rd of January, 1492–3, he obtained a concession of the two counties, a prize of which, being won by craft and not by arms, he was prouder than of the conquest of Baza or Granada.

These successes changed his plans, if not his ideas. Henry, having got his own bill paid by Charles, and having helped his ally to regain the counties, asked the Spaniards to ratify the Treaty of Medina del Campo, to send Catalina to London, and to pay down her dower. Fernando must have squinted more than ever, when he received these despatches, for, in a secret treaty with Charles, he had sworn to assist the King of France against all his enemies (Borgia, the new Pope, excepted), and not to marry any of his children, including Catalina, to a son of the English king! What could he say to Henry after such an oath, even though it was a secret act?

In their own eyes, and perhaps in the world's eyes, Fernando and Isabel were not now the same princes who had feasted Nanfan and Savage in the Castle of the Moat. In a few years they had increased their territories far and wide, for since Catalina was pledged to Arthur they had brought the great Moorish war

to an end; captured Loja, Malaga, Baza, even Granada itself; driven the last of the Abencerrages into a mountain fastness; and reduced the great patrimony of the western caliphs into a province of Gothic Spain. By the contract with Alonza and the conquest of Boabdil, the sunny and fruitful regions spreading from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar had been grouped in a state obeying a single will, if not actually united under a single crown. France was conciliated, Roussillon recovered. The amity of a king ruling over an island in the northern sea was of less importance to a king and queen of all the Spains than it had been to them while Granada held out, and Roussillon and Cerdagne were garrisoned by France. The marriage might go on or not; they would wait and see. The Duke of York might win in some new Bosworth field. How then? At present their hands were free; they wished to keep them free; though in the presence of Englishmen, or when writing to England, they still spoke of Catalina as the Princess of Wales.

While her father was waiting for events to decide her fate, the girl was growing up. When the army marched from Medina del Campo, where Savage had seen her clapping her baby hands at the dogs and bulls, to Baza and the vega of Granada, she had been carried in its train. When the Moors made their famous sortie from the gates of Granada, firing the besieger's camp, she had been present in the royal tent, amidst the devouring flames. She had seen the city of Santa Fé rise up on ground which the tents had covered. When Abu Abdallah, whom the Spaniards call Boabdil, fled at last from the Alhambra, when the Cardinal Mendoza raised a Christian cross on the vela, and a swarm of dirty unkempt Franciscan friars, on pretence of purifying the palace, smeared the mosaics and filigrees of Arabian art with chalk and paint, she had been taken, with her two sisters, Juana and Maria, from the

CHAP. III.

dust and misery of the camp at Santa Fé into the abandoned and desecrated, yet still supremely beautiful and poetical, home of the Moorish kings. There, for some years, with a break and a change at times, she had lived and grown—a plain girl, with red hair, a broad face, an enormous jaw and chin; eating her pan de dios, angel bread, and pomegranates, lisping her endless prayers, lounging with her duenna in the Alameda by the Xenil, dancing with the ladies and pages of her household, clapping her paper fan in the bull-ring, counting her beads in the royal chapel, gazing at the fires lit up to consume a Moor or Jew in the public square, trembling at the frowns of an Inquisitor, wearing next her skin the coarse serge of St. Francis, or plying a restless and skilful needle in the alcoves and ventanas of her delicious home.

Some English writers who have told her story have invented for Catalina a childhood full of grace and piety, of happy feminine studies, and pretty girlish delights; a state of things not merely impossible for her, a daughter of Fernando and Isabel, but impossible for anyone living at her time in Spain. Such writers do her, though unwittingly, much disservice. It is only by a strict regard for truth in her early days that a reader can comprehend the nobleness of her pride and her virtue in later life. When her troubles came crowding on her, she had the merit of soaring high above the circumstances in which her fate was meshed; but in order to see how much she learned that was good, how much she unlearned that was evil, in those years of her suffering and constraint, we must bear in mind the passions amidst which she was born, the principles in which she was trained, the difficult and enduring evils against which she had then to strive. No girl, it may be said, was ever placed by nature under conditions less favourable to the growth of feminine graces. She was born in a fanatical camp, nursed on the sen-

timent of a remorseless war. Her parents, especially her father, could barely read and write; and they read and spoke no language but their own. Their natures may be expressed in a single fact—they founded the Inquisition. The violated oath, the murderous decree, by which the noble Moor and the industrious Jew were driven from their homes, were rehearsed and applauded in those chambers of the Alhambra in which the young lady danced with her pages and toyed with her guitar. Torquemada was her familiar. Every man and woman about her, noble or base, was a member of some monkish fraternity. She herself was made a sister of the mendicant order of St. Francis. She witnessed the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. In her own household she met the downcast eyes of Moorish damsels, captives of Malaga, Baza, and Granada; women more beautiful, more refined, more intellectual than herself and her sisters; the choice of crowds who had surrendered to Fernando, and whom, in violation of his kingly word, he had sold for slaves. The pastimes of those who could have influenced her mind for good or ill were brutal, even when they were not inhuman: their comedy a bull-fight, their sentiment an auto da fé. Two learned Italians, Antonio and Alessandro Geraldino, were engaged by Isabel, conscious of her own defects, to instruct her daughters in languages and religion; but, either through the wars which distracted her reign, or the Castilian indolence of the Infantas, these Italian brothers met with but poor success. None of the four sisters became learned: the youngest of them was a wilful little dunce. She would not learn French. Until many years later she did not speak or write a word of Latin; while of English, the Princess of Wales had not a single phrase. The beauties of the Alhambra and of the landscape which lies around it, to live amongst which is of itself an education, were perhaps not lost on her; for that airy structure and that

CHAP. III.

tropical scene appeal with an irresistible warmth to the imagination of the young. On every side she beheld the noblest forms of nature, the most gracious lines of art. Below the red tower of the Comares glowed a scene which the Arabian poets have extolled beyond the valley of Damascus; mountain, plain, and water-course, tropical in their luxuries of form and colour; while, in the courts and gardens of the palace, then perfect in its marble and golden beauty, she could hear the jet and plash of fountains near and far; peep out from the purple gloom of Abdallah's hall into the fiery noon-day of the court of lions; breathe her evening hymn from that cool ventana of Zoraya which opens to the western winds; look down on a steep ravine made musical by the spring and rush of the Darro; train her vine-shoots through the fretted ironwork of the balconies; reach at the orange or the pomegranate burning in gold and red on her garden walls; toy with the secrets of the Moorish arch, or snatch at a meaning in those traceries and inscriptions which to her eye meant no more than beauty, while to that of a Moorish maiden they told of meditation, penitence, and prayer. But the charm of her oriental home, the dream of poets, the despair of builders, if it refined her taste, never touched her soul or softened her heart towards the gifted but unhappy race which had been driven by fire and sword from within its walls.

Isabel, her mother, loved the Alhambra even more than she had loved the Castle of the Moat. To cleanse it from Moslem taint, she dug within its lines some holes and kennels for the Franciscan friars, built for them a chapel, and in this chapel chose for herself a tomb. It was of this Franciscan body, that the Princess of Wales was a member in the third degree. And thus the years of her life went by:—Henry still urging that his son's wife should be sent to England, she and her dowry; Fernando, more and more loth to part with his dollars

as he grew old, and more and more fearful about the Duke of York, keeping her back in Spain. Either in the Moorish palace of Granada, or at the Generalife, a country-seat of the Abencerrages, which sprang on the hill-side from amidst fig-trees and olives, the foam of the Darro, and the cypress groves of Zoraya, the Infantas spent their days with soldiers and inquisitors. Once and again war swept the family to the north or east of Spain; but only for a time of storm and siege. Peace brought them back to Granada, the city of their choice, the emblem of their power. Isabel took a pomegranate, which the Spaniards call a Granada, for her cognizance.

No other town in Spain would have been likely to nurse in the heart of a young girl so much unbending will and pride. It was her city and her mother's city, won by the sword and the blessing of heaven, to be kept by the same sword and the same blessing of heaven. One day of doubt or weakness might have lost it, with the kingdom of which it was the heart. The Moors, though crushed and divided, still lay near. Beyond a hill, which the Spaniards call the Last Sigh of the Moor, within sight of Granada, stretched a mountainous tract of land from which the foe had not been driven. The rich Moors of Granada had buried their wealth and carried off their keys, in the hope that when the sword of the Goth should be sheathed or the prayers of the church should relax, the Moslem cavalry might again swarm over the vega, and the crescent gleam in its silver pride from the Comares. To watch and to pray were therefore duties which the victors took upon themselves and eagerly discharged; but the watch which they kept, the prayers which they said, were of a kind which hardens and sears the heart. God, as Voltaire has said, was propitiated by a revival of human sacrifices. Hundreds of Jews and Moors, men better nurtured, better read, than their

CHAP. III.

conquerors, were burnt to death, in what the Grand Inquisitors called acts of faith. This awful scheme of appeasing heaven by burnt offerings was the invention of Catalina's parents, and was forced by them on a remonstrant country and an unwilling church.

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

NO wonder that the child grew up into a girl deficient in the accomplishments common to ladies of gentle blood in England, Italy, and France. Those who set down the languages mastëi'ed, the authors perused, by such women as Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, Renée of France, Olympia Morata, and many more, must smile when they hear of the education which Catharine received under her father's roof. In fact, she had no education beyond what she might have gained from her dancing-master, her nurse, and her confessor. She could sing a few songs, say an Ave Maria, work upon an altar cloth. At fourteen years of age she could not speak one word of English or of French.

So much neglect towards a girl who would have to come into England as Princess of Wales, and in due time might have to mount the throne as queen, annoyed the wiser members of the English council. How could they deal with such a dunce? The princess, when she came among them, would be shut out by her own stupidity from the secrets of English society. No woman at the English court could speak Castilian, then a mere dialect of Spain, unknown beyond the frontier. Not yet a literary tongue, Castilian had few books, and those only ballads and translations; for the genius of Lopez and Cervantes had not yet made that idiom necessary to scholars and delightful to wits and men of the world. Scarcely an English gentleman then

CHAP. IV.

alive could have made a speech in the native idiom of Valladolid; yet Catalina could speak no other. If she failed to learn English, French, or Latin, how would Prince Arthur court her? How could the king instruct her in her duties? In what way could the London people come near her? Would an interpreter have to stand between husband and wife, attending on them at bed and board? The inconveniences of the table and the bridal-room would be only the signs of worse: for a separate language would, in fact, require a separate household. If the Princess of Wales could speak Castilian only, she would need to have about her Castilian servants — a Spanish confessor, a Spanish steward, a Spanish mistress of the wardrobe, a Spanish keeper of the purse. What hold would a king of England have upon these men and women? Would not these strangers be likely to seek their good in isolating the Infanta, keeping her in their own circle, making her a stranger in the land to which she came as a bride? If the lady could be got over into England at an early age, some of these troubles might be spared; as in that case she would pick up the language of her new countrymen bit by bit as she grew up, and learn to be an English girl before she was required to be an English queen.

When Henry saw that this great point could not be carried against Fernando, he begged that his son's affianced bride should at least be taught to speak and write French, a language still used in the law courts at Westminster, pretty freely spoken in society, and occasionally in the House of Lords. No reply to this request from London was given in word or deed: the court of Granada, having dropt the subject since they had got back Roussillon, were keeping in the dark, watching the cross game of English politics, and inclining, perhaps, to stake their fortunes on the Duke of York.

The duke, the White Rose of England, appeared

to Fernando and Isabel to be gaining strength; the most powerful princes treating him as an equal, and some of them proffering him active aid, while treason to the Tudor family was beginning to show itself, not only among the Yorkist peers, where it might be looked for, but among the king's own friends. Fitzwalter was condemned, Ratcliffe and Mountford were put to death, for plotting to proclaim Richard the Fourth. The king's old comrade, Sir William Stanley, the man who had saved his life on Bosworth-field, declared that he would never fight against the Duke of York:—on which avowal the king struck off his head. Thus, Richard the Third was well avenged. But this defection of a man who had made Henry king, this murder of a friend who had saved Henry's life, made the people gloomy and morose; and who could tell, in the midst of such stormy passions, the effect of a landing by the duke on the coast of Kent?

The White Rose had sent a most eloquent and seductive letter to Isabel, when the Spanish court was at Barcelona, in which he had described his miseries, his adventures, and his rights, imploring the woman to pity him and the queen to help. In that letter he had told her how his brother Edward had been killed in the Tower, how he himself had been handed over to a gentleman with orders to take his life, how that gentleman, having some compassion for his youth and innocence, swore him on the Sacraments not to divulge his name and birth, and sent him, under the charge of two guardians and spies, beyond the sea. Eight years, he said, they had wandered from place to place until one of the men died, when the other, returning to England, had left him alone in the world while still little older than a child. He had passed a long time in Portugal, whence he sailed for Ireland, and on landing had been received and recognised by his kinsmen, Ormonde and Kildare, and by many of the Irish chiefs. The King of France had sent over to him, asking him to Paris, and proffering

CHAP. IV.

him men and ships against the usurping Earl of Richmond, on receipt of which message he had crossed from Ireland into France, where he had been received with royal honours; but the promised help in recovering his crown not being given him at once by Charles, he had repaired to the court of his aunt, the Duchess Margaret, who knew him to be her brother Edward's son, and received him with open arms. The King of the Romans, the Dukes of Austria and Saxony, the Kings of Denmark and Scotland, as well as the King of France, had all, he said, acknowledged his birth and pretensions; and many of the chief persons in England had sent him in confidence their pledge to take up arms in his name so soon as they should hear of his having landed on the English coast. He had appealed to Isabel, not only as to his own kinswoman, but as the most just and pious of reigning queens, to have pity on his cause, and to intercede for him with the king, her husband, so that aid might be given to him in his enterprise against Henry, pledging his gratitude to their highnesses in return, and proffering a solid and earnest alliance between England and Spain.

How had the queen answered him? Like a prudent mother. That both she and her husband believed him to be all that he said, the true son of Edward, the actual Duke of York, and legal heir to the English crown, their secret papers, still at Simancas, place beyond a doubt. Among these secret papers is a key to the Latin numbers which were used to designate royal persons in their most confidential correspondence; a key, entitled "The Pope, the Emperor, Kings, and Princes of Royal Blood." In it, in his proper place among royal persons, stands the name of the Duke of York. The cypher by which he was designated in their secret writings was "DCCCCVII;" his place in the royal list was between the Duchess Margaret of Burgundy, his aunt, and Alfonso, King of Naples. A note on this

paper adds that the Latin numbers employed for men who are not of the blood royal will be found in another place. This evidence is decisive. Whoever Warbeck was, the King and Queen of Spain believed him to be King Edward's son. But they were not going to put their hands in the fire for him. The two men must fight it out; enough for them to be in at the death and to throw up their caps on the winning side. As yet, the duke was single; should he gain the next Bosworth fought in England he would want a royal bride. So the prudent queen, with an eye on all openings for her children, wrote a note to the Archduchess Margaret, not to the young man himself, expressing her sympathy in his trials, and offering him her friendship. It was something to have gained; the poor duke thought it much: until he met with a disaster in the field, and could read her reply in the light of a more lurid sky.

A fleet, having the duke on board, came out of a Flemish port, and, on the 3rd of July 1495, threw a rabble of Dutchmen, French, and Spaniards on the beach at Deal. The farmers and boatmen, seeing no English gentlemen of name among them, mustered by roll of drum, marched down to the shore, set upon the invaders with bill and hook, and in a brisk little onset, either slew them, captured them, or drove them into the sea. In half a day the peril was over. A hundred and sixty wretches, the chief of whom bore Spanish names, being roped together, were driven with blows from Deal to London, where, in the public places, they were exposed and hung. The fleet, weakened in numbers and cowed in spirit, stood over to the Irish coast; but, on failing to surprise and secure any town of note as a place of arms, the duke retreated into the port from which he had set sail. For the moment his cause was lost.

While this storm was raging round the English and

CHAP. IV.

Irish coasts the poor old Canon, Puebla, having returned to London, was at his wit's end how to act between the many masters whose pay he took. Maximilian had openly espoused the duke's cause, and Puebla knew very well that Maximilian and Fernando had signed a treaty by which they were to have the same friends and enemies, to join the families of Spain and Austria by a double marriage, Doña Juana marrying the Archduke Philip, the Archduchess Marguerite wedding Don Juan, so that their objects for the present, their interests for the future, should be always and everywhere the same—that treaty which united Austria to Spain, and produced in the next generation the union of Europe under Charles the Fifth, the issue of Philip and Crazy Jane. Could one prince be acting without the other? Puebla had to guess his way, for while the danger lasted, his master would not speak one word. The duke tried and failed. So soon as the Court of Spain heard of the repulse at Deal, they told Puebla to inform the king they had never answered the letter which he had sent to them at Barcelona—a pretty white lie, as the matter stood; but when they had sure intelligence of his retreat from Ireland, they added to their congratulations a belief that he was a vile impostor, whom they would gladly help to expose.

They said, too, they should be pleased to see the contract of their child, now ten years old, proceed. They said so; but they did not mean it.

The King and Queen of Spain had a good many pieces on the board, on all of which it was needful to keep an eye; but so long as they could play to win in France, in Italy, in Germany, without English help, they had no great mind to renew the debates about Catharine's marriage. Should the day come again, which had come so often, when the cry of "St. George to the rescue" would be welcome in a Spaniard's ear, it would be time enough to speak.

It was nearer than they thought. Their French ally was growing troublesome in Italy, into which country Charles VIII., being offended by the scandalous life of the new Pope, Roderigo Borgia, who had assumed the style of Alexander VI., had sent an army, which was improving the public morals, after the French manner, with drink and dice, with bacchanalian song and illicit love. From the Alps to Florence, and from Florence to Rome, they danced and fought, merrily, making an accomplice of the Pope, a friend of his son Cesare, and spreading themselves far towards Naples and Sicily. Spain, though she had winked at the enterprise, hoping it would fail, was stirred from her dream by news of this march to the south. No time was to be lost. In a week or two Naples might fall, and the dynasty of Aragon with it. Orders were given out; fleets were manned, troops put in motion, ambassadors hurried off to Rome and Vienna, to Milan and Venice. A league was soon formed against the French. Alexander, who had feasted the invaders, took his place in the league, and his son Cesare, whom he had pledged as a hostage, forfeited his parole, and escaped from the French camp. Then Fernando sent an agent to Charles with the original treaty, instructed to read that clause to him about assisting him in all his wars except those against the Pope, then to tear up the treaty in his presence and take his leave.

It was of moment that the King of England should be drawn into the league, and Fernando, Maximilian, and Borgia pressed him to take the field, so as to call back the French from Naples to defend Amiens and Paris. They urged him to plunder his old enemy while his troops were engaged beyond the Alps; the Pope adding that if the king would join the league, he should be assisted against the Duke of York by every arm known to the spiritual power. It is sad to think that the Pope believed in his heart that the Duke of York was King

CHAP. IV.

Edward's son. But Borgia mingled threats with his bounties. Puebla was instructed by him to hint that princes who had lost the favour of Rome had often been cast down from their lofty seats, and the Canon insolently told the council that the only chance for the king's dynasty lay in a prompt obedience to the Holy See.

Henry, who felt strong enough to smile at their cajoleries and threats, could not be moved. He had no quarrel with France. His people no longer panted for new Cressys and Azincours. What would the Kentish yeomen and the Yorkshire shepherds care about a war for the benefit of Borgia and his bastard son? Would even the fiery Nevilles, and those Percys who never died in bed, draw the sword against France in order that Lucrezia might live in incest or Cesare steal a crown? The allies could not expect it. If England was to move at all in this Italian war, it must be for an advantage which the people could see and feel.

But to prop up the Borgia's throne in Rome, and to secure for Fernando the benefit of having a Spanish pope, his natural or born subject, Catharine might be pledged; it would only be a trick, a signature, an oath the more. Up to that date Puebla had never been deceived into supposing that his master would go on; to his priestly eye the game was a mere game between two players who were consummate cheats; but when he was commanded to draft a new treaty, based on that of Medina del Campo, and get it signed and sworn, binding the two princes one to the other should the draft be ratified within six or seven months, he began to waver a little in his want of faith. Yet this, too, was a mere trick to gain time. Should Henry sign, he would be bound towards Spain for six months, while Fernando would be practically free. And who could say what events might happen in half a year? The French might be driven across the Alps, the Duke of York might be

seated on the English throne. The leaguers were playing to win either way. Indeed, the White Rose was the card by which they proposed among themselves to force their game; and when Henry was seen to hang back, the first part of Borgia's threat of causing him trouble at home was carried into execution in the north. At the prompting of the leaguers, James the Fourth of Scotland was induced, by offers of friendship, and a hint that he might have Catharine for a wife, to espouse the cause of the Duke of York, and invite that personage from Flanders as a royal guest. James took the office, and played into their hands. But Fernando, having no great faith in the duke's abilities or fortunes, thought it well that Puebla should draft the new agreement in such a way as he could stand to it in case the Tudors held their own; he therefore told his agent to declare that the dowry of a Spanish Infanta was 100,000 crowns, just half the sum which had been fixed upon by Fox; but he told him further that should the king refuse to sign on these new terms, he must advance by bit and bit, and at any cost of promises to pay he must get the king to sign. Something might be saved, he said in these secret cyphers, by a false return of the exchanges, giving the Spanish crown or scudo at 328 maravedis instead of 350: though, if Henry could not be cheated, he must after all be allowed to have his way. Much, also, might be gained by asking Henry to take the girl's clothes and ornaments as part of her dowry; for if this were conceded the dress and jewels might be set down at 50,000 crowns. Should the English still hold back he was to hint about the Duke of York being a friend of Philip and Maximilian, whom those princes were secretly anxious to assist with men and money. He was to say that Fernando, however eager to prevent those princes from giving aid or countenance to the duke, could only speak to them with effect as father of the Princess of Wales, in behalf of a member of the holy

CHAP. IV.

league. When the draft should have been signed and sworn, it was to be sent into Spain by sea, to avoid thieves and spies in France:—and the secret of this negociation was to be closely kept.

When Puebla spoke to Henry, he found him aware that Catharine was being offered to the King of Scots. Of course the Canon protested by the holy cross that his royal master was acting in bad faith, and merely to gain time. That was quite true. But who could tell whether these professors of bad faith, who called heaven to witness that they were only lying and cheating, might not end by deceiving Henry as well as James? Everything lay upon the cards. The king, however, had to choose between many evils, for the giddy James had not only invited the Duke of York to Edinburgh, and given him his kinswoman Lady Catharine Gordon for a wife, but confident of help from Austria, Rome, and Spain, had raised an army to invade England, crush the usurper, and place Richard the Fourth on his father's throne. This little cloud might grow into a storm. Maximilian seemed in earnest for his friend, and Borgia made no secret of his resolution to declare for James and the Duke of York, unless England should join the league against France. On the other side, Fernando pledged his word, whatever it might now be worth, that if Henry would sign the contract of marriage, a thing which would put him in line with the league, if it did not make him an active member of it, Maximilian should abandon the impostor to his fate. Taking the words and facts together, the game seemed to Henry worth the risk he would have to run: so, without undertaking to declare war against France, he agreed to muster his troops and man his fleets, the preparations in Scotland being an ample reason, and to sign, with the consent of his council, the marriage draft.

By the terms of this treaty, which was dated September 22, 1496, Arthur and Catalina were to be married

by promise of mouth when the boy should be fourteen years of age, or when he was twelve, should either of the parties wish it. The Infanta was to be landed at Southampton or Gravesend at her father's cost; her portion to be 200,000 crowns, of 350 maravedis to the crown; one-half the whole sum to be paid down, 50,000 crowns more within a year, and the rest within a second year of the nuptials.

To one of the advantages of Maximilian's daughter Margaret being married to Don Juan, Henry was quite alive. The Austrian lady had been well schooled; if she went to live at Granada, as Don Juan's wife, there was some hope that Catalina might learn from her a little French.

It was now Fernando's cue to check the career of that young prince whom he conscientiously believed to be King Edward's son. That youth could be of no further use to him; for at Deal he had proved his incapacity, at Edinburgh he had given away his hand. The King of Aragon having elected to win on Prince Arthur, the Duke could only serve him by rushing down the road to ruin without leaving an heir behind. Fernando's influence with the Emperor and the Pope was now used to drive the Duke and Duchess of York from the Scottish Court. The King of France, too, had begun to court the English by denouncing York as an impostor, offering to produce evidence as to the origin and history of his romantic fraud. A paper, written by a Portuguese herald, which described the guest of James IV. as a barber's son, was sent to London, with a promise that the boy's father and mother should in due time be produced. On hearing of this move on the part of Charles, Fernando wrote to London, saying that the French tale was false and the paper forged, as in fact they were; adding, for himself, that he could supply the king, his cousin, with safer witnesses, among others with one Ruy de Sosa,

CHAP. IV.

who had lived at the court of Edward IV., and could swear to the person of the Duke of York. The offer came either too soon or too late. While the Pretender was in Scotland, a cloud of false witnesses, ready to swear black white and Richard IV. a Jew, could do him neither good nor harm. The only cure for the disorders on the Tweed was to capture the duke and keep him safe; so Henry, smiling and thanking his correspondents, prepared for war.

Poor James IV., being deserted by the princes of the League, who advised him to give up a losing cause, was fain to send his kinsman the duke away from Edinburgh, which he did in July 1497, in a Spanish ship. At sea, an English cruiser, lying in wait for him, hailed and stopped the boat, when the Spanish master and crew, being told that the two courts were on terms which required them to surrender the duke, if they had him on board, replied that they had no such person in their ship. The captain showed them that the king, his master, had offered 2,000 nobles for the arrest of this fugitive; to which they answered that they had never seen such a man, nor ever heard his name. They were then allowed to pass, and all this time the Duke of York was in the ship's bow, hid away in an empty pipe. But his day was nearly over. In the autumn he fell into Henry's power, a rebel in arms. Fernando was consulted as to what should be done with him; but Fernando would not speak — his mode of saying that the youth must die. At first, indeed, the duke was held in free custody, more like a prince than a barber's son or a fraudulent Jew, having horses, attendance, and a sumptuous table; but on making an attempt to escape from his keepers and his parole, he was lodged in the Tower, in a cell near that of the unhappy Warwick. A communication was opened between these young men. They proposed to each other to escape; their secret was betrayed; and on the

charge of a conspiracy to break from prison and murder the king's lieutenant, they were condemned and put to death; the duke being hung at Tyburn, Warwick beheaded on Tower Hill.

As no English law could justify the king in killing Warwick, whose only offence was his royal blood, the scene on Tower Hill was hushed up as a dark necessity of state. We have Bacon's great authority for saying that letters from Spain were shown about, in which it was said that the King of Aragon would not send his child into a realm with a disputed succession, and that he could see no hope of peace while the Earl of Warwick lived. These hints sufficed: and, indeed, it is clear that if the murder was a necessary prelude to the marriage, then Borgia, Henry, and Fernando had each his part in the crime. The two kings, says Bacon, understood each other at half a word; and the deed which swept away the last rival of the Prince of Wales was done. The Infanta herself, when she was old enough to understand such things, always thought that her own elevation had been bought with crime. "The Lady Catharine herself," says Bacon, "when King Henry the Eighth's resolution of a divorce from her was first made known to her, used some words that she had not offended, but that it was a judgment of God, for that her former marriage was made in blood."

A few nice points had yet to be settled. Spain would have sent over an army of male and female servants, while England was unwilling to receive such plagues. The English Court required, too, that if any Spanish women came over to stay, they should be pretty and of gentle birth. It would be well, they thought, for the queen's companions, if she must have any, to marry into good houses; and what English gentleman, in a country where a bright face was as common as a red rose, would fall in love with an ugly girl? The king also begged that the Infanta should begin to drink wine,

CHAP. IV.

as English water was not fit to take, and the climate was so damp that even if the water were good it would not be wise for her to drink it.

On the 19th of May, 1499, the marriage by proxy was performed. Arthur was thirteen years and eight months old, but the Pope, Alexander VI., allowed the two children to marry at this tender age. The decrepit canon stood at the altar, holding the prince's hand, and receiving the ring as representative of the bride.

Yet more than a year elapsed before Catalina left her home in the Alhambra; a war, which broke out in the Ronda mountains, keeping her father in the field, and a fit of ague, which attacked her limbs, confining her to her bed for a length of time. Granada was not for her a happy home. Catalina was well content to leave it and return no more. Her father and mother, though they burnt up hundreds of Jews, sold crowds of Moors into slavery, stood well with the Church, and even had a pope of their own in Rome, had not been blessed in that part of their fortunes in which parents of humbler rank pray most for blessings. Their children had been unhappy. Isabel had returned to them a widow, morose and broken-hearted, with her infant son, Don Miguel, in her arms. Juana had gone to Flanders, where she lived with Philip, the archduke, a miserable and neglected wife, an undutiful daughter, and, more than all, a suspected Catholic. Don Juan, their only son, had perished in the holiday of his wedded life. The boy whom the Princess Marguerite of Austria had borne to him had also died. When Isabel's child, Don Miguel, had been made an Infant of Spain, and sworn in as heir to all its crowns, he also sickened and passed away. No male heir to the thrones of Aragon, Castile, Leon, and Granada was now left alive; their kingdoms would have to sink into Austrian hands, passing into the imperial house through

the blood of a crazy and ungrateful child. Queen Isabel was sick; Catalina had an attack of ague; the father was away, engaged in a troublesome and inglorious war. This royal house was in every sense a house of woe.

When the child, still suffering from her ague, set out from Granada for her home beyond the sea, her father and mother, whom she was never to see again, parted from her—not at the last port of their kingdom, as they might have done, but at the palace gates. A parting so unusual, they excused to Henry on the ground that she would be able to travel faster alone than if she rode in company with them—an excuse which throws light on Catharine's resolution, never, under any sorrow or vexation, to return to Spain. The speed of her travel was not alarming, for she took about four months in going from Granada to Coruña. On the road, and at the port, she was left to make her way very much among strangers. When she went on board the Santa Crux, Juan de la Rea, master, the weather was bad, storms driving her little boat to Laredo, the port at which Savage and Nanfan had landed when they came from England to seek her hand. Again putting to sea, De la Rea, though he met with contrary winds, brought her safely to Plymouth, where the welcome of the people helped her to forget the coldness of her friends and the disasters of her voyage. "The princess could not have been received with greater rejoicing," wrote the licentiate Alvarez to the Queen of Castile, "had she been the Saviour of the World."

CHAPTER V.

PRINCESS DOWAGER.

CHAP. V.

THE part of Catharine's story which lies between her landing at Plymouth and the sudden death of her first husband at Ludlow Castle, a period of six months, has been told at great length by the chroniclers. It is a recital of shows, jousts, dances, and amusements, only one question springing out of which is of moment to a modern reader: Was the rite so far completed as to be a legal marriage? On the answer to this query turns a good deal of public history and personal romance. Out of that fact, if it were indeed a fact, came, on one side, the state reform in our religion, the separation of England from the Continental system, the growth of our civil liberties at home, and, in no remote degree, the foundation of our colonial empire; on the other side came doubts as to the legality of Catharine's second marriage, questions as to the legitimacy of her daughter Mary, the king's proposals for a divorce, the splendid rise and dramatic end of Anne Boleyn, the birth of Queen Elizabeth, the long and passionate struggles of the divorced queen for the recovery of her place and state, her isolation, piety, and death at Kimbolton, and the king's subsequent marriages with Lady Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Lady Catharine Howard, and Catharine Parr.

To this query it is well known that Spain gave one answer, England another. Spain publicly affirmed that the prince and princess had never been put together as husband and wife; that the Infanta at Ludlow

Castle was the same as she had been at the Alhambra; that the contract of marriage between her and Arthur was, from the beginning, null and void; and, consequently, that the young widow of the Prince of Wales was free, on his death, to marry when and whom she chose, as though she had never been espoused at all. On the contrary, England affirmed that Arthur and Catharine had been truly made man and wife; and this being so, that no power on earth, papal or other, could unbind Catharine from her vow, so as to render a union with her dead husband's brother lawful. Nearly all Roman Catholic writers have adopted the Spanish, nearly all Protestant writers the English, version of these facts. The evidence, however, on which the case has been judged has hitherto been slight and unsafe. The writers have relied on assertions made by the queen on her own part, and by her husband's subjects on his part, twenty-five years after Arthur's death. Such evidence must be liable to much suspicion. One side may refuse to admit the queen as evidence in her own cause; the other side may object, and with justice, to the testimony of subjects given under their prince's eyes. Charles Butler, a Roman Catholic who rarely writes like a fanatic, has gone so far as to say that the queen's word is enough for him, and that he believes her bare assertion against the oaths of all the world.

Any new light on this romance of history must be welcome, the more so should it be of earlier date than the maddening controversies of the divorce, and should it come from one who must have known the truth. A few dates and notes will bring the story down to the point at which the witness most worthy to be heard may be called into court.

October 2, 1501, Catalina landed at Plymouth, with her household, comprising Doña Elvira Manual, first lady of the bed-chamber; Juan de Cuero and Señora de Cuero, master and mistress of the state rooms; Doña

CHAP. V.

Martina Salazar and four other maids of honour, with two slaves to follow them; Pedro Manrique, first chamberlain and major domo; a master of the hall, a master of the ceremonies, a cup-bearer, a secretary, six pages; Alexander Geraldino, first chaplain; George de Atequa and Pedro Morales, second chaplains; an almoner, a marshal, a chief butler, a warder of the chapel, three gentlemen in waiting, four equerries, a comptroller, a keeper of the plate, a quartermaster, a cook, a purser, a laundress, a clerk of the household, even a waiter at table, a baker, and a sweep. All these were Spaniards, whom she meant to keep. Others came over for the voyage and the wedding only; the licentiate Alvarez, the Bishop of Majorca, the Conde de Cabra, and the Archbishop of Santiago. Of those who were to live with Catharine, Doña Elvira, the duenna, was queen and lady, with an establishment of her own; a lady in waiting, two gentlemen in waiting, and two other servants, who had been appointed for her service while in Spain. This woman, after the manner of duennas, was to exercise the widest power in Catalina's house, even upon the young princess herself.

November 14, 1501, the Prince and Infanta were married at St. Paul's by Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury, the bride being led to the steps of the altar by Prince Henry, a chubby child of ten. To the wonder of the London citizens and their wives, the Infanta wore a Spanish mantilla, and had her gown stuck out with hoops—a thing which had never before been seen in a London street. These hoops, however, in due time grew into favour with the city madams, and, in spite of satire and sermon, continued to hang upon the feminine hip in London for a couple of generations. Bride and groom went home from the church to London House, where the Duchess of Norfolk waited upon them in the nuptial chamber, and saw them put to bed in state. Next morning, when the

prince arose, he called to Willoughby for drink, and, putting the ale to his lips, cried, "Masters, it is a good pastime to have a wife." Arthur was then fifteen years and two months old; in twenty days Catharine would have been sixteen. Half her dowry, one hundred thousand crowns, was paid to the king.

April 2, 1502, Prince Arthur died at Ludlow Castle. The second half of the dowry had not been paid over when Catharine was left a widow, in the midst of doubts, which she either could not or would not clear away, as to whether she was likely to have a child. Thirty years later, when her crown, her state, her honour as a wife, together with the legitimacy of her daughter Mary, hung upon her assertions, she maintained that her marriage with the Prince of Wales was canonically null and void; but for many weeks after Arthur's death she could not satisfy the king, now anxious to create his second son Prince of Wales, as to the probabilities, yea or nay, of a heir apparent to the crown being born.

Some new facts may now be stated.

In his letters to England Fernando had very much insisted on the union of Arthur and Catharine being celebrated and consummated without delay. When Henry objected, on account of his son's tender age, and when, after the pastime of the wedding, he had taken the boy away from the woman, her father considered that he had some good right to complain. His game, indeed, appeared to him to have fallen into a very bad state, for he had paid a hundred thousand crowns, and lost the custody of his child, without being sure that she was canonically married at last. For weeks the prince and princess lived apart; but during the Christmas festival, the king, out of deference to Fernando, though against his own judgment and in opposition to his council, sent the boy and woman, under charge of Doña Elvira and Father Geraldino, to keep house

CHAP. V.

together at Ludlow Castle. In announcing the fact to Catharine's parents, he expressed the fears which he felt, and which were soon to be realised in the young prince's death.

The royal letter which contains these new and very curious facts has a story of its own which may be partly told. It is not found at Simancas in its proper place, among the archives of Spain, but in the private cabinet of the Empress Eugénie at the Tuileries. How it passed from Simancas to Paris may be explained in the following manner. Eugénie, a pious woman, a Granadana, and a Roman Catholic, is said to nurse a romantic tenderness for the name of Catharine of Aragon, of whom, and about whom, she has collected some autographs in her album, mainly, it is surmised, from the bounty of Isabel II., the present Queen of Spain. Henry's letter to Fernando is supposed to be one of the gifts from Isabel to the empress. How it came into the private cabinet of the Spanish sovereigns will be guessed by some, and the guess may be taken by others with a grain of salt. King Henry's letter is evidence on a point which was fiercely disputed between England and Spain; it was in Charles V.'s possession, and its substance was against his views. Had its contents been known to Cranmer or Cromwell, they would have been produced at Dunstable and published to the world. It would have been unlike Charles V. to leave such a letter in the hands of clerks and custodians. May he not have lodged it for safety and secrecy in his private cabinet, in which it would come down to the kings and queens, his successors, until Isabel II. presented it as an autograph to the Empress of the French? Be this as it may, Henry's letter, signed by his own hand, is now in her Majesty's album at the Tuileries, and is here faithfully reproduced:—

HENRY TO FERNANDO AND ISABEL.

"Serenissimis ac potentissimis principibus dominis Ferdinando et Hellizabet, Dei gratia regi et reginę Castellę, Legionis, Aragonum, Sicilię, Granatę, etc., consanguineis et germanis nostris carissimis.

"Serenissimis ac potentissimis principibus, dominis Ferdinando et Hellizabeth, Dei gratia regi et reginę, Castellę, Legionis, Aragonum, Sicilię, Granatę, etc., consanguineis et germanis nostris carissimis, Henricus eadem gratia rex Anglię et Francię ac dominus Hibernię, salutem et prospera successuum incrementa. Ut antiqua regni nostri instituta servaremus, destinavimus paulo antea in Walliam illustrissimos Arthurum et Chaterinam, communes filios. Quamvis enim varia multorum essent consilia, quę huic rei, ob teneram filii nostri ętatem, obstabant, noluimus *tamen tamen* (sic) pati ut ipsi principes aliquo terrę intervallo essent segregati. Quod quidem voluimus his nostris litteris vobis ostendere ut prȩcipuum nostrum amorem quem erga illustrissimam D. Chaterinam, filiam nostram communem, gerimus etiam cum periculo filii nostri intelligere valeatis.

"Cęterum est penes ipsam illustrissimam Dominam venerabilis vir dominus Alexander Geraldinus, capellanus major illius, quem, partim ob suas virtutes multimode nobis demonstratas, partim quod ipsius dominę prȩceptor fuerit et Vestrarum Majestatum diuturnus servitor, plurimum diligimus. Non dubitamus autem illum tam de nostro et regni nostri quam illustrissimę suę Dominę fęlici statu et tranquillitate Vestris Majestatibus veram rȩlationem suis litteris esse facturum. Quare non erimus impresentiarum longiores in scribendo. Ex castello nostro de Richemonte, die xx. Februarii M° ccccci°.

"HENRICUS R."

CHAP. V.

The authenticity of this state paper, and the accuracy of the copy here given, are certified by M. Teulet, imperial archiviste, who made the copy of it for Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls, by whose courtesy it is inserted in this book.

"Paris, le 5 décembre 1862.

"Je soussigné, Archiviste Paléographe, certifie en vertu du diplôme qui m'a été délivré par M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, que la présente copie est littéralement conforme à l'original conservé dans un recueil d'autographes qui fait partie de la Bibliothèque de S. M. l'Impératrice Eugénie.

"(Signed) A. TEULET,

"Archiviste aux Archives de l'Empire,
"Section historique."

The king's letter may be rendered into English thus:

"To the most serene and most puissant Prince and Princess, the Lord and Lady Fernando and Isabel, by the Grace of God King and Queen of Castile, Leon, Aragon, Sicily, Granada, etc., our well-beloved kinsfolk and cousins, we Henry, by the same grace, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, send greeting and ever-increasing good fortune.

"That we might observe the ancient customs of our realm, we recently despatched into Wales the most illustrious Arthur and Catharine, our common children. For although the opinions of many were adverse to this course by reason of the tender age of our son, yet were we unwilling to allow the prince and princess to be separated at any distance from each other. Thus much we wished to show unto you by this our letter, that you may understand our excessive love which we bear towards the most illustrious Lady Catharine, our common daughter, even to the danger of our own son.

"But the said most illustrious lady has with her a venerable man, Alexander Geraldino, her principal

chaplain, for whom we have the greatest regard, partly by reason of his virtues shown unto us in many ways, partly because he has been the said lady's preceptor, and for a long time your Majesties' servant. And we doubt not that he will, in his letters, give a true report unto your Majesties of the well-being and tranquillity as well of ourselves and our realm as of the most illustrious lady his own mistress. Wherefore we shall not at present write at greater length.

"From our castle of Richmond, this 20th day of February, 1501.

"HENRY R."

A letter written by the prince's father to the princess's parents, before the boy's illness and death, describing what he had done, the reasons for doing it, and his fears for the consequences, has a weight not due to such evidence as that of Lady Fitzwater and the Duchess of Norfolk, taken under pressure from above, more than thirty years after the events occurred at London House and Ludlow Castle. These ladies were old, and were not free to speak. They may have told no more than the truth, but in receiving testimony such as theirs, a judge will always be on his guard. Men had a right to distrust the officers of Prince Arthur's household when they saw that these officers lived in the king's smile, and would have perished in his frown. Who could expect these courtiers to bear witness against their king? Where could Willoughby have found courage to tell the truth, or Rochfort to gainsay the royal whim? Would the Duchess of Norfolk have been likely to unsay the word that would make her niece a queen? Such witnesses were tainted in their beginning, and the hesitation of many who are not fanatics to receive their testimony cannot be called unfair. A Roman Catholic writer is almost bound to reject the evidence of such men and women as partial, antiquated, and compulsory.

The letter now cited from the Empress Eugénie's cabinet

CHAP. V.

stands in a different order. No doubt can occur as to the date, the sense, or the authenticity of Henry's message to the King and Queen of Spain. That danger to his son can have no meaning but one. The motive, too, is no less clear than the sense. The writer could have no private ends to serve. A strong objection to the story told by Lady Fitzwater and the Duchess of Norfolk has always been the length of time which elapsed between the facts and the deposition; but Henry's note was written when his second son was only ten years old. When the king sent Arthur and Catharine into Wales to live as man and wife, Prince Henry was a little boy, more likely to become a monk, a cardinal, and a pope than a reformer of the Church and the husband of half a dozen wives. The king's message appealed to the Spanish Father Geraldino in confirmation of its words.

What did Fernando and Isabel think? Were they of opinion that their daughter was not in fact Prince Arthur's wife? There is at Simancas abundant proof that they had read Henry's note and were of Henry's mind. One paper, at least, being of supreme authority, may be cited—the original treaty of June 23, 1503. The first clause of this new contract, signed and adopted by all the parties, stands thus in the original:—

"Fernando and Isabel, as well as Henry, promise to employ all their influence with the Court of Rome, in order to obtain the dispensation of the Pope necessary for the marriage of the Princess Catharine with Henry, Prince of Wales. The papal dispensation is required because the said Princess Catharine had, on a former occasion, contracted a marriage with the late Prince Arthur, brother of the present Prince of Wales, whereby she became related to Henry, Prince of Wales, in first degree of affinity, and because her marriage with Prince Arthur was solemnised according to the rights of the Catholic Church, *and afterwards consummated.*"

Such a clause, introduced in such a paper at such a time, makes it clear that the Spanish theory of Catharine's first marriage having been null and void from the first, was not the original view taken by Fernando and Isabel of their child's position. That theory was, in fact, never theirs. The King of Aragon, a soldier, a gambler, a marauder, was incapable of the finesse which belonged to a weaker time and a subtler brain than his own; and he, for one, never doubted, either first or last, that his daughter had been the actual wife, and was afterwards the actual widow, of the Prince of Wales. The author of that Spanish theory was Charles V. It would have driven Fernando mad to think of a mob of doctors and canons being engaged in debating whether his daughter was a lawful wife. If a question arose, was not Borgia at hand? The one trouble of Fernando and Isabel, on which they consulted the Salamanca lawyers, was, whether, the prince being dead, they could demand the hundred thousand crowns back again, without imperilling Catharine's settlements as Princess of Wales. That she was the Princess of Wales they considered a thing of course.

Their game had gone badly on every side; but they lost no time in snatching up the cards and dealing them afresh. To have a child on the English throne was good for them and for Spain; France again growing troublesome in Italy and the Pyrenees, and Arthur being dead, they quickly, very quickly, cast their eyes on the new Prince of Wales.

On the 10th of May, fast riders having dashed into Toledo with the news from Ludlow, the king and queen drew aside the secretary Almazan, to whom they read their letters, and gave their commands that Fernando, Duque de Estrada, should be despatched into England, where he was to set aside the canon, and open a new negotiation with the king and council for a match between the Princess of Wales and the king's second

CHAP. V.

son. They had no misgivings about her marriage. They never spoke of her except as the Princess of Wales; in fact, in proposing to the English Court this shameful alliance, they felt no scruples and they affected none. If it were wrong, they relied on Borgia. Before a dozen persons in Toledo knew of the event, before a word had been received from the stricken king, before a line of condolence had been penned to the widowed girl, Estrada was on the road with proposals for a second and unholy marriage. So sharp a speed was urged upon the Duque that he left Toledo without precise instructions, carrying with him in his race through Spain no more than a brief commission to prepare and conclude the match. Two days later, they sent a formal letter of condolence to London, talking of the loss which had opened their wounds afresh, and begging that the Princess of Wales might be allowed to come home. Of course these words were deceptions, especially the wish that Catharine should return to Spain. Their true design was in Estrada's hands. Being just then pressed on the side of France (where Louis XII., who had succeeded Charles, after a long show of friendship, and a high course of victory in conjunction with their troops in Italy, had parted from them in anger, attacking them in both their new province of Roussillon and in the Milanese), they were bound to secure themselves an ally at any price. For an inroad by the French they were unprepared, nor could the Italian princes take the field in immediate force. The reign of the Borgias had become not only the scandal, but the scourge of Europe, shaking loose the sinews of Italy, and, by the exhibition of her domestic weakness, drawing down from beyond the Alps the most restless and ambitious of her foes. In the preceding year that infamous family had risen to the height of their fortunes, sunk into the abyss of their crimes. Lucrezia had married her fourth husband, Alphonso d'Este;

Cesare had established his power in the Romagna; Alexander had merited the distrust of every prince and city in Central Italy. Who would be the next victim of this impious priest? Fernando, too, having played a winning game in Calabria, where his general, Gonsalvo de Cordova, had been acting with the French, had begun to quarrel with his allies for the spoil. The French were in greater strength than the Spaniards; and in a few weeks their attitude was such as to alarm Fernando for the safety of Naples, as well as Borgia for that of Rome. How were they to be met? In this hour of peril, the pontiff and his ally looked for help, as of old, to the far west. If England could be induced to take the field in force, the French might have to repass the Alps in defence of Normandy and the Isle of France; even should her active aid in the war be refused, as it had been in the days of Charles, her neutrality would be something gained. Anything was to be done, everything to be promised, which might win King Henry to their ranks. Should the Princess of Wales go back to Spain a childless widow, leaving no ties in London but the sore of a disputed dowry, she would cease to act as a bond between the nations; Henry would be freed from his political engagements; a field would be thrown open to the intrigues and blandishments of France.

Thus, when the truth is laid bare from the secret cyphers, we find it was in order that Fernando might extend his usurpation over the whole of Naples, that Lucrezia might have another chance to murder and marry, that Cesare might be strengthened to rob, violate and enslave the cities of the Romagna, and that Alexander VI. might be encouraged to despoil the Church for his children's benefit, that the young Spanish lady was to be sacrificed again, as she had been sacrificed once before.

If Henry's council could be induced to receive these

CHAP. V.

proposals and prepare for war, Estrada had no fear of objections to the proposed marriage being raised in Rome. To men like Alexander and Cesare Borgia what was a degree of affinity more or less?

Fernando, it has been seen, made no attempt to deceive himself as to the facts; the queen was not so frank; or perhaps it was only a woman's sense of shame which caused her to tell Estrada that she had gathered from Doña Elvira's notes that her daughter remained after the prince's death what she had been before. To what extent, if at all, she trifled with the truth, we can only infer from what is otherwise known. No such passage can be found in any of Elvira's letters. Of course, the letter containing that particular phrase may have been lost; and the chances of Doña Elvira knowing the truth, and telling it, must be taken at their worth. She was a servant—she was false and unscrupulous—she knew what the Queen of Spain would be glad to hear—and she may have dropt some words to that end from an ardent desire to please. Certain it is, that if Isabel fancied her daughter, after Arthur's death, a virgin intact, she soon afterwards abandoned that fancy for a safer creed. Like her husband, she insisted, in the sharp discussions which arose out of the settlements, on her daughter being treated by the English Court as a veritable Princess of Wales.

The situation of affairs, the motives which induced Fernando and Isabel to press the new match, the subtlety and duplicity of the Spanish queen, are very freely disclosed in one of her most secret and confidential notes to Estrada. Of this strange state paper, until now locked up in the Simancas presses, there are six copies in cypher, so that every care would seem to have been taken of it by the queen, the copies being sent to London by separate messengers, some by water and some by land. The cypher is hard to read, two keys being used in it, and the numbers being inter-

mixed throughout. The extract is translated by Herr Bergenroth.

"ISABEL TO THE DUQUE DE ESTRADA.

"Know that the King of France is on his way to Milan with an armed force, and has sent a force against us with the intention, it is said, of endeavouring to take from us our possessions there. He has also sent to the frontier of Perpignan many armed men, foot and horse, and has commanded that ban and reban be proclaimed.

"All the time this was going on we were at ease here, for we did not believe that he would break the agreement which he had made and sworn.

"But now you must see of how great importance it is that there should be no delay in making the agreement for the contract of marriage of the Princess of Wales, our daughter, with the Prince of Wales who now is. It is the more necessary, as it is said that the King of France is endeavouring to hinder it, and is intending to obtain the said alliance for his daughter, or for the sister of Monsieur d'Angoulême. Therefore, without saying anything about this, since it is already known for a certainty that the said Princess of Wales, our daughter, remains as she was here (for so Doña Elvira has written to us), endeavour to have the said contract agreed to immediately without consulting us; for any delay that might take place would be dangerous. See also that the articles be made and signed and sworn at once, and if nothing more advantageous can be procured, let it be settled as we proposed. In that case let it be declared that the King of England has already received from us 100,000 scudos in gold, in part payment of the dowry, and let that be made an obligatory article of the contract, with a view to restitution, in accordance with the former directions given you. Let it be likewise stipulated that we shall

CHAP. V.

pay the rest of the dowry when the marriage is consummated, so please God; that is, if you should not be able to obtain more time. But take heed, on no account to agree for us to pay what still remains of the dowry until the marriage shall have been consummated. See, moreover, that the King of England gives immediately to the Princess of Wales, our daughter, whatever may be necessary for her maintenance and that of her people. Provided also that, in the arrangement of her household, everything should be done to the satisfaction of the King of England. Take care that Doña Elvira remain with her, and any other persons whom she may wish to retain, according to the number which was agreed upon for her service.

"Be very vigilant about this, and endeavour to have the contract made without delay and without consulting us. Do not, however, let them see you have any suspicion of hindrance, or show so much eagerness that it may cause them to cool. But set about it prudently, and in the manner which may seem best to you, so that there may be no delay in making the contract, and let us know immediately what you have done in it. Notwithstanding that a league of amity has been concluded between us and the King of England, binding us to aid each other in the defence of our possessions, yet the treaty says, *in what we possess at present*, that is to say, what we possessed when the treaty was made. According to that treaty, therefore, he is not obliged to aid us in the defence of Apulia and Calabria, because we have obtained those countries since. Consequently, we desire that at the time when the treaty of marriage is made, you should say to the King of England that it is reasonable, since the treaty of kinship is being settled afresh, he should renew the treaty of amity in such a manner that, without altering anything in it except the date, all that we have mentioned may be remedied.

"The clauses of the treaty are very clear in this respect. If you think well of it, you may make use of the old treaty.

"Before you say anything to the King of England respecting the King of France, we desire that the affair of the treaty of marriage should be settled, so that the one matter may not hinder the other. On this account, it would be well that it should be done quickly. In case that you hear anything of the King of France, appear as if you did not believe it, until after the treaty of marriage is concluded. Afterwards you must show to the King of England the relation, which we send you herewith, of the matters between us and the King of France."

CHAPTER VI.

NEW PROPOSALS.

CHAP. VI.

ESTRADA was ill received. The cause which he had come to serve was a Spanish or an Italian, not an English cause. The land was at rest, and he proposed to vex it with moil and strife. When he arrived in London, he found the court in correspondence with France, the city flattered with the hope of seeing either Claude or Renée on the English throne. To the wit and gaiety of their race, these French princesses added a degree of beauty, learning, and enfranchisement, which stood in very bright contrast to the slow brain, the homely face, the dull fanaticism of Catharine. Had the Spanish lady offered peace and blessings in place of fire and sword, she would scarcely have been able to make men forget the superior charms of Claude. Estrada was soon made aware that he would meet with opposition from the clergy and the lawyers on canonical grounds; the Church being represented by Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, the Bar by William Warham, Doctor of Canon Law and Prebendary of St. Paul's. Fox, as Collector of Peter's pence, the man who had arranged the previous treaty, was the first political authority in the Church. Warham, though as yet he held no great place in the Church or at the Bar, stood high in Henry's confidence as a wise and learned man, and it was well understood that, in matters connected with ecclesiastical law, the king would be strongly influenced by his views. Both Fox and Warham were against the proposal made by the Queen of

Spain; not only as against a thing odious in its own nature, but one which was dangerous in its consequences —putting into question the legitimacy of their future kings. Even from Puebla the ambassador Estrada could get no help; for the old canon, proud of his past service, and of his intimacy with Henry, was incensed at seeing a business of such gravity taken out of his hands, to be placed in those of a grandee whom he considered a fool, and who certainly was a stranger to English affairs and the English tongue.

On meeting with this first rebuff in London, Isabel tried back; imagining, as Puebla misled her into doing, that all would have gone well but for Estrada's ignorance of English life. So she now wrote to the canon, coaxing the old fellow to do his best for her, promising him abundant favours should he succeed in drawing the English Court into her plans. "If there be any service in the world to be done to us," she said to him, "it is surely this." In her earlier letters she had put the canon at Estrada's feet, commanding him, in no civil terms, to do nothing, say nothing, be nothing, except as the duque, her servant, should give him leave. Now he was to act for himself, in his own way, and to avail himself of Estrada's assistance in what had to be done. Now he was first, Estrada second; but the question before the council being one of general policy, not of particular persons, Puebla failed in his attempt more signally than the grandee.

The Queen of Spain was surprised and vexed; yet as Doña Elvira still assured her, in letters which have been preserved, that the King of England, in his secret soul, desired the match to be brought about, and only put the ambassadors off with a shrug to make higher terms, she imagined that a little feminine strategy would bring the affair to a happy ending. In this belief, she made a feigned retreat from her proposals, with a pretence of sending ships to fetch Catharine home to Spain. In

CHAP. VI.

the comic writers of her country, full as they are of subtleties and deceptions, there is nothing more droll than these tricks and devices of the queen. Estrada was to announce in London that the Princess of Wales was going home. "You shall tell the king," her instructions to him ran, "that you have commandment from us to freight vessels for her voyage. To this end you must make such a show of giving directions and setting about making preparations for the journey, that all the persons about the household of the princess may believe that it is true. Send, also, some of the members of her household on board with the captain I am now sending to you, and make arrangements with him about the freight, and show all other signs of approaching departure." A power to take up ships of all nations was sent to Estrada, who was told, however, that though the ships were to be got ready, they were on no account to set sail. "The one object of this business," said the queen, "is to bring the betrothal to an end as soon as you can."

In the midst of these secret intrigues she was nervously alive to the risks she ran; and, being fully aware of the indelicate position held by her daughter and herself, as the wooers of a reluctant boy, she employed every art of a consummate actress to conceal her shame from the world. Estrada had no joyful task. In London his proposals were unpopular, and the statesmen who were bound to hear him listened to his speeches with a cold though polite reserve. In Toledo his queen insisted that he should not only persuade the English to make a demand for Catharine, but compel them to make it with heat and haste, impetuously, incessantly, with such earnest wooing as would deceive the world into believing that the English, not the Spaniards, had been the first to move. On this point she was firm and fierce. Again and again the unhappy duque was told that his work would

be ill done, unless he made it appear that Henry had sent over the first proposals; that she had received his message coldly; that the English Court had then urged her to comply with their most ardent wishes; that on public grounds, but unwillingly and almost against nature, she had at length consented to receive their suit. Estrada was to act as though Elvira's words were true. "You shall go immediately," she wrote, "to the King of England, about the betrothal of the Princess of Wales, our daughter, with the Prince of Wales. In doing so, you shall tell him that we are aware he desires it should take place. Moreover, that on account of the love which we bear him, as because we know that it is a good thing for both parties, we have decided to conform to his wishes. Likewise, since it is well for him and his realm to be assured of our friendship, and of our children's, and of our kingdom's, in the same way that it might chance that his friendship would be of advantage to us and our kingdom, we are therefore pleased that in the name of our Lord the said betrothal shall take place."

The queen had much genius for that form of intrigue which sparkles in the plays of her countrymen Lopez and Calderon. Henry, on his part, having no mind for a war with either France or Spain, continued his negotiations with Louis, while listening with a smile to everything that Estrada had been told to say. His public policy, if not his personal sentiment, would have led him to decline the queen's proposal for his son; this policy requiring him to stand well with France on the one side, and with the empire and its connections on the other side. Already, through a long and costly negotiation, he had formed an alliance between his daughter Mary and the Archduke Charles, the lady being six, and the gentleman two years old; and as Charles, besides being grandson to the Emperor Maximilian, was also grandson and heir general to Fernando

CHAP. VI.

and Isabel, it seemed a waste of power for Henry to connect himself with their family by a second tie. For the Prince of Wales a wife ought to have been found in France, so as to complete the circle of his alliances with reigning kings.

But while his council were for the moment clear as to what was right, they were not so clear as to what might prove to be safe. The Spanish queen being eager to proceed, they could not answer her proposals by a direct refusal without wounding her pride, perilling the contract of Mary and Charles, and perhaps provoking those recriminations and reprisals which so often end in war. They had to act with prudence; saying little, doing less; above all, endeavouring to provoke an objection on the side of Spain. Not so well versed as Isabel in the ways of Rome, they fancied that if the consummation of the first marriage were once allowed, the thought of a second must drop of its own dead weight; and they appear, in their simplicity of heart, to have sought from Isabel some indirect or inferential acknowledgement of the fact.

On the death of Elizabeth of York, Henry being left a widower, some unknown person about the court threw out a strange hint to Puebla. The king, said this nameless courtier, is now free; you want the Princess of Wales to remain in England; suppose the king himself were to marry her? Puebla sent this hint, as the speaker must have known he would, to Spain. Isabel was shocked. What! a man marry his son's widow? She wrote back instantly to tell Estrada that such a thing could never be; that it was full of evil; that even to name it was offensive; that the king must not be allowed to dream of it. If he wanted a new wife, as of course he would, she could find him one in her own family, in a young woman, very rich, very pretty, and of very high rank—the Queen-dowager of Naples.

It has been supposed from Puebla's letter that Henry may have actually thought of marrying Catharine, and very bad names have been given to him on the strength of that surmise. But there seems to be no ground for it. The thing is mentioned only once. Puebla does not say the king spoke to him, or that anyone sounded him in the king's name. Isabel does not treat the hint as real, or one that could be real. It is unfair to assume that Henry knew of the hint being thrown out, more unfair to say that he caused it, and most unfair to condemn him for a design which nothing exists to show that he ever entertained. His character is black enough without this stain upon it. If the hint were thrown out by Warham or by Fox, to surprise the queen into an expression of disgust, and therefore, into an implied confession of her belief that Catharine was truly Arthur's widow, the artifice succeeded. The error lay in supposing that this confession could have any influence over the public policy of such a queen as Isabel.

The very letter in which she expressed her horror at the idea of a man marrying his son's widow, proves with what warmth she pressed her scheme for marrying a child to his brother's widow. "You shall endeavour by all ways and means that you can use," she tells Estrada, "to have the betrothal of the Princess of Wales with the Prince of Wales concluded and settled." Again, in the same: "After you have had an audience of the King of England, and offered him consolation on our part, you must set about bringing to a conclusion the betrothal of the Princess of Wales, our daughter, and the Prince of Wales." And again: "You must see what honour would be done to the princess and to us, if she, being a woman and our child, should have to stay waiting in England, and made to appear as if she were waiting and wishing for the said marriage. Therefore we command you by all ways and means that you can use to endeavour to have the act of

CHAP. VI.

betrothal concluded without delay." And yet again: "To get this affair of the betrothal concluded, use all the eloquence that you may see to be requisite, not omitting anything which may appear advantageous to it." And yet once again: "Take care that there be no delay in the betrothal."

Before this passion of the great queen, every barrier, great or trivial, raised by the council to put off the evil day, was forced to yield. She engaged that the crooked should be made straight, the rugged smooth, the bitter sweet, the wrong right. To the grand objection of the prohibited degrees, she pleaded the power of Alexander VI. to grant a plenary dispensation. To the hint that on such a point there might be difficulties in Rome, she charged herself with the task of procuring that dispensation from the Pope. When they fell back on the old quarrel about dowry, she promised that her daughter should have the two hundred thousand crowns. On no ground whatever would she make a stand. When the council played upon her husband's miserly feeling, and on her own good faith, she took no offence, agreeing not only that the money should be paid on the nuptials being performed, but that every maravedi of these two hundred thousand crowns should be sent to London and lodged in a banker's hands before a day was fixed for the holy rite. She even yielded her consent to a clause being inserted in the draft, declaring that the previous marriage had been fully celebrated and consummated — a fact which she knew very well would make a union of Henry and Catharine incestuous. On these hard terms being allowed, the English politicians could say no more; but the clergy and the lawyers, having taken their stand from the first on higher grounds, were firm in their conviction that such a marriage as that proposed by Estrada would be an offence against religion, involving the land in a great

sin which would sooner or later call down upon it the chastisement of heaven.

The king's private opinion was with Fox and Warham; but he was bound to treat the question, not like a priest and a civilian, but like a prince and a man of the world. To gain time for thought, and perhaps for escape, he made a compromise with the two parties. Warham, the chief opponent of Estrada, was raised with a rare rapidity from his unpretending stall in St. Paul's to the see of London, to the Rolls, to the keepership of the Great Seal and the king's conscience. Then, on the 23rd of June, 1503, the king took a step which seemed to meet Isabel half way, for he signed his name to a preliminary draft drawn up by Spain, pledging him to marry his son to Catharine on the Pope being satisfied and granting a full and satisfactory brief. It was a deceptive move; for the first clause of the draft, in setting forth the canonical difficulty, declared that the project should go no farther unless a dispensation could be procured in Rome, which Henry and Fox believed that his Holiness had no power to grant. After he had signed the draft, the king made Warham, the man who could best oppose it on canonical and moral grounds, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England, putting this great opponent of the marriage at the head of the English Church and the English law.

Had Alexander lived a few weeks longer, Henry would have found himself pledged much deeper than he wished to be; but this infamous Pope had gone to his grave when the draft drawn up at Richmond arrived in Rome. The new pontiff, Julius II., had not the same strong reasons for obliging the Spanish princes.

To gain their point, Fernando and Isabel were ready not only to deceive the Pope and cardinals, but willing to stain their child's reputation by a deliberate lie. In the Case which De Rojas, their ambassador near the Lateran, was commanded to lay before the Sacred

CHAP. VI.

College, it was set forth that the first clause in the Richmond draft (reciting the celebration and consummation of Arthur's nuptials) was untrue; that everybody in England knew it to be untrue; and that no affinity of blood existed between the princess and the new Prince of Wales. This part of the Case got rid of the whole question of conscience and of law; but then it also got rid of the necessity for a papal brief. If Catharine had never been Arthur's wife, nothing prevented her from becoming Prince Henry's wife. Fernando had of course foreseen this answer of the Roman lawyers; and Rojas had among his papers an explanation for it ready drawn. The Case alleged, in continuation, that although a Roman brief was not in strict law required, yet, as the English people were apt to cavil about forms, it was necessary for Spain to humour them; and since the chief end of the new alliance was to protect the Holy See against all its enemies, their Catholic Majesties hoped that his Holiness would also humour them and sign the brief. On the Case thus put by Rojas before the Court of Rome, Julius II. acted; and it is not too much to say that from this deception of the Pope sprang all the miseries suffered in later life by the unhappy queen.

Lingard and the best of our Catholic writers, coming after Mariana, fancy that the Princess of Wales was, on her side, either indifferent or averse to a new English match: a fancy which has much of nature in it; as, apart from piety or girlish sentiment, she might very well have been averse to waiting for Prince Henry to grow up, seeing that while she was already a woman of eighteen the prince was but a child of twelve. On the day when Henry would be of age, she would be twenty-seven; at which years a Spanish lady is past her prime. Yet she raised no objection; nay, she insisted on the match going forward, having learned to like England, and being afraid of going back to her dull and comfortless home in Spain.

CHAP. VI.

Of Catharine's life in England, in this early time, we catch a glimpse or two in her secret and familiar correspondence with her father, with whom she was not indeed always frank, but to whom she is likely to have told more of the truth about herself than she could confide to anybody else. The young Spanish lady of our common histories and novels is a creature of the imagination. In her letters, we see before us—not a nun-like figure, with a book or rosary in hand, musing with austere gait and unsmiling face, to matins or complines—but a woman of flesh and blood, the blood rather hot and high, with a thousand little wants, a good appetite, an occasional bit of cough or touch of fever, with many milliners' and doctors' bills, a rather saucy tongue, a most unruly household, and a world of debts, cares, and quarrels of the commonest human sort. It must be added, that her letters also show her in still less charming lights. One finds with regret that she brought with her from Spain not a little of her mother's fondness for crooked ways, even when the straight way would have been the nearest to her goal. From the first she had a nest of little secrets which she kept from the king. She would clandestinely sell or pledge her jewels. She would borrow money from the Jews, without Henry's knowledge and consent. She would trick, and amuse, and deceive the astute old canon.

Puebla was not her favourite, nor could he be the favourite of a wilful and ardent girl, desiring above all things to remain in England. She found him cold in her affairs. Proud of his abilities and his position, for he had gained the king's ear as no other man had ever won it, Puebla was annoyed that a silly fool of high quality should have been sent to do his work. To revenge himself for the slight, he was suspected of a disposition to defeat the match, at least for a time, if he could do it without risk to his life and place. Between the princess and the canon there was daily and hourly

CHAP. VI.

strife, and it is impossible not to feel for the high-born lady who had to live in daily dependence on such a rogue. For a man of his sacred calling, Puebla's character had been somewhat blown. When the old canon had seemed to stand highest in his master's favour, a spy had been sent from Toledo to rake up the kennels of London against him, and send home a secret report on his ways of life. That report had been highly unfavourable; in fact, it was a ludicrous and laughable picture of one who represented at the English Court not only the Queen of Spain, but the Emperor of Germany and the Pope of Rome. It appeared that when he was not living at court he lodged with a mason, who made money by sheltering disreputable women and by robbing the gallants who used his house. The Pope's ambassador dined at the common table of the harlots and apprentices, paying two pence for his dinner, and having the run of the house, for which privileges he paid in kind by protecting the mason and his Dollies against the officers of the city ward. He did a little usury, then a most profitable trade. From every Spanish merchant or captain who entered into the port of London, he contrived, in one form or other, to extract a fee. He put a price on his good offices with the court, and sold to his countrymen pardons for their crimes. As Spanish ambassador, he had an authority over all Spaniards which he knew how to coin into scudos. If he had to judge between litigants, he took bribes indifferently from either sides. Besides all this, he was said to be a sneak and a sponge. The miserliness of his habit was so well known that the royal pages used to jeer when they saw him approach the court. On one pretext or other he was always dropping in to dinner, so that one day the king's mother asked him if his masters did not provide him with enough to eat. Once, when the king saw him coming, he asked some of the lords if they could guess what

Puebla wanted. "Why, yes; to eat," said one of them. Henry liked the old fellow, as the cheapest tool he had ever found. Such, in brief, was the report sent back to Spain; yet, being a useful servant to his king and queen, and costing them very little money, they thought well to retain him at his post. On her side, Catharine, hating and despising the old sinner, felt a wicked delight in plaguing and befooling him, which she did very often, for in spite of his experience of kings and courts, she was more than his match in craft.

From the day of her coming into England, the king had objected to her Spanish train, some of whom he had sent back at once, and many others from time to time. Yet as her house remained full of dons and pages, ladies and abigails, the king, to abate this nuisance, begged of her to come and live at the palace, as the Princess of Wales ought surely to have done. She refused to go, on the ground that she could not put up with the king's table, or with the strictness of English religious rites; telling her parents, in her secret letters to Spain, that the English people called her a heretic because she ate flesh on Wednesdays and Fridays out of Lent! She insisted on having a separate household, where she could dine as she pleased.

The king, having no better means of inducing her to come and live under his roof, refused to pay her bills. Like other ladies in the same position, she soon got deep into debt with tradesmen, who clamoured for their dues, and compelled her to pawn her plate.

It is right to say for Catharine, in this bad business, that her mother showed her the way to her first false step, the hint about raising money on her jewels and silver cups having come to her from Spain. Isabel, eager to enlist an English brigade, but doubting whether Henry would allow his subjects to sail until sure about their pay, told Estrada to inform the king that the money for these troops was already in London. The

CHAP. VI.

tale was false; but Isabel said the fiction might be made good in case the king should demand to have the money paid down, by Catharine secretly sending her ornaments and flagons to Lombard Street. This plate, being part of the dowry, was not her own to pledge; so that Henry was to have been deceived and cheated in the affair, his contingent being paid in his own money, and the instrument of the wrong was to have been his daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales. It is impossible to imagine that a king, so well served by his spies as Henry, could have been ignorant of this projected fraud on him, and of Catharine's share in it.

She was not strong in health. At the age of eighteen she had an attack of green sickness; slight shivers came over her; the food would not lie on her stomach; she lost all healthy appetite; the colour fled from her face. Her physician, a Spanish sangrado, put his lance into her flesh, but the blood would not flow from the wound. It was not until the brief allowing her to marry the young prince arrived from Rome that she got well.

After this second engagement she still sank into debts and quarrels. The king refused to meddle. He was not bound, he said, to pay her bills, and he could not interfere with her Spanish servants, unless to send them home. She pestered the king for money, and when she found that Puebla had his ear, she even supplicated the good will of the canon. She told the priest that her position was most wretched, and the king would be disgraced unless her debts were paid. Had she spent her money in luxuries, he might have refused to pay her debts; but she had been forced, she said, to borrow money from the Jews, as otherwise she would not have had enough to eat.

She had not yet learned to write French or English; so that her letters of complaint to Henry were in Castilian, of which language he did not understand a word.

While she was coaxing and wheedling the old priest in London, she was doing her best in Spain to get him recalled and punished. She told her father he was the cause of all her miseries. Her servants, she said, were without clothes, and she had only money enough to buy food. When she spoke to Puebla about her wants, he took the king's part against her. The king wished her to dismiss her Spanish household, and go to live at the English Court. She hoped her father would send a new ambassador to London. There was another ticklish point. Fernando had told her she must keep her plate and jewels under lock and guard, as they would have to be delivered in payment of her dower; but, having already given away or pledged some of this property, she had now to excuse herself by saying that she was certain the King of England would not accept as dower any part of the plate and jewels which she had brought from Spain, lest people should say he had taken the dishes from her table and the pearls from her neck.

Some of her people settled in England, others went back to Spain. The Doña Martina de Salazar married Lord Willoughby. Hieronimo de Vega, her cook, took ship, together with his wife and daughter, for Spain; but were captured by a Barbary cruiser and sold as slaves. When Catharine heard of their mishap, she implored the English king to recover them from the Moors. She said she had heard that every year he rescued out of bondage a number of Christian slaves, and she begged him to purchase the freedom of her unhappy cook. This habit of liberating slaves out of bondage, thus testified by Catharine, is a very bright light on Henry's sombre character. Why did she not speak to her father? De Vega was his subject. Had her father no generous whimsies?

The false Case drawn up by Fernando being presented by De Rojas to the Sacred College, Pope Julius,

CHAP. VI.

in the very hour of his pontificate, pronounced the prince and princess free to marry, despite the degree of affinity in which they were said to stand. But he was ill at ease about it. When the decree of the holy chair was put into writing, and he had time to read it, he dared not launch it on the world. The celebration and consummation of Arthur's marriage were recited, not as things which the Sacred College had ascertained for itself to be either true or false, but in words of vague inconsequence. But no abuse of words could hide from Julius, or from mankind, the inevitable logic of the facts: if the rite had not been consummated, a brief was unnecessary; if it had been consummated, a brief could not be given. From this conclusion there was no escape. For a long time Julius would not sign the brief; when he had signed it he would not issue it. Isabel grew impatient, De Rojas pressing; yet week followed week, month followed month, and the messengers brought no comfort to the queen from Rome. She fell into despair. The pontiff had many foes to meet: Cesare Borgia in Rome; Baglioni in Perugia; Bentivoglio in Bologna; the French in Normandy; the Venetians on the shores of the Adriatic. The only allies who could aid him promptly were the King and Queen of Spain: he knew this well, and he dared not wound their pride; though in sparing them he feared lest he might have to incur the wrath of God. The priest might have done right; the prince must not alienate his friends. But he knew they were asking him to do wrong, and he shrank from the service with shame and fear. When they urged him to sign the brief, he begged of them to be satisfied by his word of mouth. But they could not meet his scruples, for they knew that the English Council would insist on having a full dispensation or none at all. Then, he said, they must give him time; an English ambassador was on his way to Rome, and when he arrived the Holy See would

proceed in the business. Time flew fast. The queen, worn out in mind and body, sent word that she could not die in peace until she had seen with her own eyes the papal brief; on which the good-natured Pope consented that his unpublished decree should be carried, under the seal of secrecy, to the bed-side of the dying queen. It was not to be read or shown to any human being besides Isabel. Yet once in her power, as fleet as messengers could ride and sail, a copy was sent from Spain to London, with an earnest prayer that the king would instantly make it known, under a letter-patent—an act which would have made Henry appear to the world as a principal party to the breach of faith. But the king, who was still negotiating for Claude or Renée, answered dryly that he might sign a letter-patent and issue the papal brief when the original paper, with the Pope's own signature and seal had been shown to the members of his council, and had been found valid by the Collector of Peter's pence. Then, he added, he should have no objection to its being communicated to the Minister of the Holy Trinity in Spain.

A part, however, of Fernando's wishes had been attained. A copy of the brief had been got from Julius by a trick, and had been sent into England by a breach of faith. If Henry had not fallen into the snares laid for him, the existence of a papal sanction had become known to many persons in both countries; the preliminary draft had become a public fact; and the Pope and cardinals had been committed to the brief. The rest would be easier now that these things had been done. Julius, it is true, complained loudly of the bad faith which had been practised against him; but the King of Aragon was past being troubled by accusations of bad faith, knowing that Julius, however angry, could not, in the case of such a friend as himself, go back from the spirit of what he had signed.

Eight months after this copy had been secretly sent

CHAP. VI.

from Spain, a second copy arrived at Greenwich; a formal brief, without the articles, which were promised to be sent after it. On the receipt of this paper, the king, unable to dispute its authenticity, had to take the further step of engaging Henry to Catharine by word of mouth. Such a step could be taken without committing the Prince of Wales, a child too young to engage himself for life. De Rojas had overlooked the prince's youth; and no bull having been granted on the score of his tender years, a promise to marry was but wasted breath.

The promised articles, moreover, were long in coming in from Rome; for the Pope was sorely tried, being aware that what he was asked to do was evil in its own nature, whether he believed De Rojas's Case or not, yet having, as a temporal prince, to choose between offending the King of Aragon and the King of Heaven. He saw no easy way out of these troubles. If incest were abominable to the high priest who held the book of law in his keeping, the Spanish legions were important to a prince who had to face the French in Upper Italy, Bentivoglio in Bologna, Borgia in Rome. A pontiff who was pontiff only, one who had no designs on Urbino for his family, and on Parma and Piacenza for the Church, might have acted justly, as his duty bade him, paying no regard to the smiles or frowns of earthly kings. Even with the storms of war and politics raging round him, with a daily and hourly need for the countenance of Spain, he hesitated long before publishing the act which he had already signed. A year passed by. The Court of Aragon, not without cause, beginning to suspect that some part of the delay was due to the representations made by Henry in Rome, Puebla was instructed by his master to require that the English Council should associate themselves with him in compelling the holy father to complete and grant the brief. This request could not be denied,

unless the council were prepared to close the negotiation and break with Spain.

The important thing was, that the Prince of Wales, on coming to the canonical age of fifteen, should take upon himself the promises which had been made in his name. But this was not done. In fact, the reverse was done. On the 27th of June, 1505, the prince being then of age, a private council was convened at Richmond Palace, in the presence of Bishop Fox, Collector of Peter's pence, when the young prince declared, in the most solemn manner, that though he had been promised to Catharine during his minority, he should not, on coming of full age, ratify and complete the contract; but that, on the contrary, he should denounce it to the world as null and void. A formal record of this act of repudiation was drawn up and signed by Fox, and by Daubigny and four other witnesses.

We thus arrive at a date in the affair when each of the principal parties to the marriage had defined his position.

Fernando had proposed the match.

Henry VII. and the English Council had received the proposal coldly, and put it off.

Isabel had pressed it forward with all her heart and strength.

Pope Julius, on a false Case, had very reluctantly, engaged to issue a dispensation of the degree of affinity, but would not publish the bull which he had signed.

Catharine wished to remain in England and to see the contract go on.

The Prince of Wales refused his consent and denounced the match.

Such was the situation of affairs in the summer of 1505. There is no reason to suppose that the act of repudiation by the Prince of Wales was communicated to Fernando; for the publication of such an act would probably have led to the recall of Catharine, followed

CHAP. VI.

in its turn by the complications which lead to war—a word not then to be lightly spoken. Isabel, it is true, was dead, and her daughter Juana, wife of the Archduke Philip, had become Queen of Castile; but the government was still in Fernando's hands. His wars in Italy had prospered; the victories of Gonsalvo at Seminara and Cerignola having enormously increased his power. In spite of Isabel's death, and the claims of Philip on Castile, Fernando was still the most formidable sovereign in the world. It was no part of Henry's policy to provoke such a man. So, when Puebla hinted that he had heard of the act of repudiation, he was told to consider it an idle form. Yet the king held himself free from the contract on grounds which he could openly avow. When the prince had plighted his troth to Catharine he was under age, and the treaty had never been fulfilled on Fernando's part. These were enough for him. To Catharine herself, the king had one answer for all complaints of delay—a reference to the dower which her father had never paid and could not be induced to pay.

Once, for a few weeks, a hope arose in her mind that all would yet be well. The Archduke Philip, having made a journey from Brussels to Toledo, to take possession of his wife's kingdom, calling in London by the way, had sickened and died in the Spanish city. It was then suddenly suggested that the English king might marry Juana; in which case Catharine might be allowed to have the Prince of Wales. Juana was a tempting prize. She wore the crown of Castile in her own right, and governed the Netherlands for her infant son; her husband, should she take another, would wield the armies of Castile, the navies of Holland and Flanders, as well as hold in his keeping the young heir of the German Empire and of the crowns of Naples, Rome, and Spain. Such a position would make the man who held it arbiter of Europe. Juana, it is true, was mad; but for

that Henry was prepared. To obtain such power and wealth as hers, he was ready, not only to marry an insane creature, but forego a suit in which he was warmly engaged elsewhere, and even to forget his scruples in the case of his son. Since the death of Elizabeth, his queen, he had been twice in love at second hand; once with the ex-Queen of Naples, once with the Archduchess Marguerite; the first of whom was Catharine's cousin, the second her sister-in-law. These ladies were rich, but they were not queens. Marguerite would have been a brilliant rather than a creditable match; for at twenty-four years of age she had been twice a widow and once a repudiated wife; but trials which had given her settlements in Savoy and in Spain increased the number of her charms in Henry's eyes. Maximilian wished her to accept the king; but the lady took time; and the negotiations were proceeding when the Archduke died. Henry now proposed for Juana's hand and estates. In truth, the two affairs went on together; but so eager was the king to snatch at the crown of Castile, that he offered to throw Marguerite aside at once, and subscribe to any other terms which might be found acceptable in Spain. It was soon noised about, that if he could get Juana for himself he would waive his objection to a match between persons standing in the first degree of affinity. On this hint the Princess of Wales took hope.

As the king could write no Spanish, and Juana scarcely understood French, Catharine undertook to make love for him to her sister, the widowed queen. The office was in every sense odious. The woman whom she courted was her sister; the lover whom she proposed to that sister was her own father-in-law. That sister was a girl; that father-in-law a worn old man. The lover was addressing another woman; and that other woman was the sister of Juana's dead husband. The dead

CHAP. VI.

husband was still unburied; the widow was insane. Yet strange to relate and hard to believe, the Princess of Wales consented to intrude into the house of death, and into the darkened mind of the bereaved queen her sister, with this loathsome suit. To Fernando, who was then in Naples, she also wrote, urging most warmly that the only way to secure her settlement in England was to humour the king about Juana, and to pay the remaining portion of her dower. Her father seemed to accept her project, though he could hardly hear of it without rage. The last husband of his crazy daughter had been more than enough for him. They had quarrelled about money, about Juana, about politics, about religion, above all, about their rights in Castile. Would Henry be pliant where Philip had been stubborn? To hope such a thing would be folly, and Fernando was too glad to be free from the rivalry of one king of Castile, whether by poison or gold, to desire another in his place. So long as he could help it, Juana should have no more husbands to embarrass his movements and dispute his power. Yet, as it did not suit him to offend the English king for nothing, Catharine was instructed to tell him it was not yet known whether Juana would be likely to marry again, and that nothing could be learned on the point until her father returned from Italy to Spain. But she could assure Henry, that if Juana was inclined to wed a second time, she should have for husband no other person than the English king. So soon as his return from Naples was known in London, an ambassador might be secretly sent over to discuss the terms. On her own part, working to the same end, Catharine was told to study in every way she could think of, to please the king; she was to try and gain the love of the young Prince of Wales; she was to strive by every art in her power to win the esteem of the English people, the confidence of the English Court. By word, and sign, and facts, the king should be made to feel

that his best chance of preserving the succession to his son was to promote the union between that son and the Princess of Wales.

The King of England knew his own mind. With Juana and her crown for himself, he would take Catharine, notwithstanding her first degree of affinity, for his son; but should the King of Aragon not consent, the affair of Catharine was at an end. He told Fernando that princesses with larger dowries than his daughter had been offered to the prince; and by a ready consent to postpone any payment on account of the dowry, he let the Spaniards see, to their dismay, that he considered the affair as all but closed. The Princess of Wales now found her position changed. Up to this time, though she had been pleased to live apart, and to annoy the king by her quarrels and her debts, she had always been received as a member of the royal house, had been free to come and go, to be with the Prince of Wales, and to see the king whenever she pleased. All this was at an end. She was no longer treated by Henry as a daughter. When the court went on a journey, she was left behind: worse than all, she was not allowed to speak with, or even to see, the Prince of Wales. How could she make the boy love her if she was not to play with him or even to see him? Was she not his betrothed? Ought she not to complain? On going to Henry with this new grief, she was quickly undeceived of some part of her illusions; the king himself telling her, in so many smiting words, that he was not now bound by the old engagement, and that she must no longer look on herself as being contracted to the prince. These words fell on her face like a blow. Up to that date, whatever had been known to others, the young widow had believed herself promised, if not actually betrothed, to the handsome boy. Though ignorant of law, she fancied that if anything were wrong, her confessor and the Pope would be

CHAP. VI.

able to set it right. Probably she had never heard of the solemn act of renunciation done at Richmond Palace. Having been led to regard the Prince of Wales as her future husband, she resented this prohibition to see and speak with him as the hardest trial of her life. Could the king be serious? Was she no more in the court than Prince Arthur's widow? In her misery she sent for Puebla. Could he not tell her, he, a canon and a doctor of law, whether the king was free to renounce her engagement with his son? The old canon shook his head; he feared his Highness was free to do so. She ran to her confessor; the confessor told her in effect the same. There was more than one flaw in the bond. Fernando had not done his part: which cancelled the treaty and left Henry free. Then the prince was not of age when he made the promise; and the Pope having granted no dispensation on the score of youth, the promise made by the prince, unless it were afterwards renewed, was nothing but a form of words, of which law and religion took no account. Such was the comfort she received from the Spanish ambassador and the Spanish priest. In her agony at making these discoveries, new to her, she addressed a long and passionate letter to the king, her father, calling upon him to satisfy the English Court, to put an end to her disgrace, and allow the engagement to proceed.

Yet even when her position in London had become most galling, she would on no pretext consent to go home. Avoided by the prince, rejected by the country, ill-treated by the king, she said she would remain in England, even if she "were to die for it." The wild expression is her own. But to stay in London, with the Jews at her door, with no definite position, was neither easy nor safe. So she plucked the courage from despair to tell her father a little more truth than she had ever yet told him. With a good deal of shame,

she confessed that she had sold or pledged most of the plate from her strong box; though she still excused herself by saying that she had done so only to buy herself food and clothes.

To relieve her, in some degree, from a shameful dependence on usurers and Jews, her father sent her two thousand scudos in silver; and to give her a distinct position in London society, he signed a formal warrant empowering her to act as his ambassadress at Henry's court. With the money she redeemed her jewels out of pawn, with the letter of credence she sought an audience of the king.

Henry then told her he had heard from France that her own father confessed there was nothing binding between them. A flush came to her face: she could not bear, she said, to hear such a thing asserted: a treaty had been drawn up; the King of England and the king her father had signed it; that treaty was regarded by her parent as irrevocable; so that what had been said of him in France was manifestly false. The king was perhaps startled by her spirit. Meaning to soothe her, he replied, that being well aware how much Fernando desired the match to go on, he could not conceive why such a thing should have been said in Spain; yet the thing itself was true; for nothing had yet been done by either side which would prevent him from disposing of his child as he saw fit. Catharine answered, that she could not understand such words as these, and did not like to take them in the sense which they appeared to bear; and so she left the king. In writing to her father of this audience, she told him that unless Henry could obtain Juana, with all her rights and her estates, for himself, he would never consent to her own marriage with his son. The affair had come to that shameful pass. Catharine had reconciled her mind to the two matches, if they could be brought about. If the poor maniac should continue to prefer a dead corpse to

CHAP. VI.

a living husband, she was still ready to gain her own ends by professing a devotion which she did not feel. "I bait the king," she told her father, "with the match, as I have written to your Highness, and his words and professions have changed for the better. . . . They fancy I have no more in me than appears outwardly, and that I shall not be able to fathom Puebla's designs. I dissimulate with him, and praise all that he does. On a former occasion I tried the contrary course, but it was injurious to me. I therefore consider that the better plan is to dissemble." In the same strain she wrote to her insane sister, begging her, Juana, to marry the King of England, in order that she, Catharine, might obtain the Prince of Wales. "I entreat you," she says to Juana, in conclusion, "to pardon my writing to you on so great an affair. *God knows what my own wishes are.* And I have not found it possible to resist the desire to write; for it appears to me that if this thing be not done, it will be a great sin against God, against the king our father, and against your Highness, whose life and royal estate may our Lord guard and increase."

Poor maniac! How was her bewildered brain to comprehend such words? Not to marry a sick old man, of cold temper and hard heart, who wanted her property, not herself, a sin against God! The Prince of Wales was a very tall and handsome youth, and Catharine was much in love. Nor was this all. She went so far as to insinuate to this mad girl that Henry had fallen in love with her, during her brief visit to England, while the adored but neglectful Philip was yet alive! A reader who would gauge the full strength of Catharine's resolution to stay in London and marry the prince—as seen in the lengths which she could go, the depths into which she could descend—must study her own expressions. After hinting at the existence of this guilty and dishonouring love in the king's heart, she says:—"If the king had acted as he secretly wished,

he would have prevented you leaving his states; but as he is a very passionate man, it was thought wise that his council should tell him he ought not to interfere between husband and wife; on which account, and for the sake of other mysterious causes, with which I was very well acquainted, he concealed the feelings roused by your Highness's departure, although it is very certain that your leaving weighed very heavily on his heart. The great affection which he has felt, and still feels, toward you from that time is well known."

The woman to whom she addressed these indecent suggestions had a dead husband in the house with her! The lover in whose cause she pleaded thus warmly was a worn-out old man, dying of consumption, with a foot already in the grave!

The madness of poor Juana saved her from the proposed alliance; for, in place of listening to the sighs of a new lover, she refused most stubbornly to bury her dead lord. A new agent, with the name and style of Don Guter Gomez de Fuensilada, Preceptor de la Membrilla, of the order of Sant' Iago de Spata, was sent to London as Resident Orator and Councillor, with instructions to coax the king, by every art and artifice at his command, into a humour for completing the agreement as to Catharine and the Prince of Wales. "With this view," Fernando wrote, "it would be well, even if the Preceptor de la Membrilla were not to hold out to King Henry a certain prospect of obtaining the Queen of Castile, that he should feed him with hope. He must tell Henry that Juana is still in the same state, and has not yet buried the corpse of her husband, the archduke. The business must be conducted with due regard to her condition of mind, and he must tell the king that if all the wise men in the world were to meet together and consult about it, they could do no more than the king, her father, has already done. He has tried to persuade her to bury the body, but without success; for she re-

CHAP. VI.

plies that there is no hurry; and her father sees that to drive her against her wishes would be to ruin her health. It is necessary not to oppose her will, but proceed by roundabout ways. Don Guter is to counsel the King of England, but as an idea of his own, not as a suggestion from Fernando, that it will be wise to hasten the nuptials of Catharine and the Prince of Wales; as after that event people would have more confidence in what might be settled with regard to the Queen Juana." Fernando says, in conclusion, that he hears the king is nigh to death. Membrilla must, therefore, pay particular attention to the Prince of Wales. "In one word, he must make use of all the means in his power for bringing the nuptials to a speedy conclusion."

Henry was not much moved by Don Guter's eloquence. Unless he could have Juana, with her kingdom of Castile, his son should take a princess of Austria or of France. Fernando, vexed to the heart, told his Resident Orator and Councillor it would be better to break with England altogether; and that he should do so at once were it not for the great love which he bears to the princess his daughter, for whose sake he is content to bear much ill-will, and to make the largest sacrifices. What, he asks, does the King of England want? He is ready to pay the dowry; to pay it in silver scudos, that there may be no discussion; to pay it in full, throwing in the jewels and flagons, that there may be no delay. But the King of England would not budge from the ground which he had now taken up. For the crown of Castile he might be induced to sacrifice his son and risk his dynasty; not for any meaner prize. Don Guter, having come to London as Orator and Councillor, thought it his business to pour forth floods of Latin; but his efforts were made in vain, as those of a cooler and wiser man might have been, in a cause in which every one, from the king to the page, was against his suit.

The florid and loquacious Don meddled with everything, chiding Catharine herself, abusing the officers of her household, quarrelling with Atequa her confessor. Atequa thought Guter intemperate, Guter thought Atequa roguish. In the hands of this gentleman, poor Catharine's hopes grew every hour more faint—a fact which she soon perceived, and which she took care that Guter should learn from her own saucy lips. Don Guter said the blame lay on the other side, not on his; and thus their common failures were embittered by angry words. At length the princess told her father that Don Guter was so hasty in his speeches as to do nothing but harm, and begged that a more sensible minister might be sent to aid her—if possible, a priest. "No one," she added, by way of general hint, "can be of use here who does not proceed with moderation."

She wrote in a tone of despair, her proud heart seeming as though it were about to break. For the first time in her life, she now hinted that it might be well for her to go home to Spain, where she would be able to spend the remainder of her days in praising God, the best thing, she said, which could now happen to her on earth.

But before these words could have reached Valladolid the conditions of her life were changed—the English king was dead.

CHAPTER VII.

CATHARINE QUEEN.

CHAP. VII.

THE accession of a new king caused many changes, both in the policy pursued at home, and in the action which took place abroad; though none so strange as in the position of the Princess Dowager of Wales. During the first weeks of the new reign, her fate was like that of the heroine in a play or an Eastern story. Helena's advancement in the house of Rousillon was not more swift, nor Morgiana's reward in that of Ali Baba more sweet. One day she was a stricken and despairing widow, the next day, so to speak, she was a jubilant and exulting bride. One month before the king's death she appeared to be left, through the corruption of Puebla and the eloquence of Guter, alone and without a friend; one month after it, through her own strong will and devices, the world was at her feet. In April, her talk was of tears and fasting and of a convent cell; in May, she was the affianced mistress of an ardent and lusty youth. About the time when she had thought of passing into the gloom of a Spanish cloister, to live the remnant of her days under the eye of some Torquemada or Mendoza, she was seated in the midst of a royal court, under the vaulted arches of the great abbey, surrounded by the beauty, chivalry, and piety of England, its anointed queen.

How was the change brought about? Is real life no more than a play, a ballad, or a fairy tale? It appeared to be so in Catharine's case. The boy who

at Richmond Palace had denounced the treaty of alliance, now came to her and took her hand. The councillors who had run away from Don Guter's eloquence, advised their young king to marry the Infanta of Spain. Some of those very ecclesiastics who had denounced the match as incestuous, who had helped the prince to pronounce it null and void, withdrew their ban, assisting the king to become the husband of a woman whom they had always professed to regard as his brother's wife.

By what arts had a change so great been wrought in the minds of men? Were they the work of Puebla, Atequa, or Fuensilada; or was Catharine herself the genius of the play? A few vague hints from contemporary writers — such as the choice under which the king lay of either marrying Catharine or paying back the 100,000 crowns of dower; the popularity which might accrue to him from an alliance with Spain against France; a passion which the young prince is alleged to have conceived for the Spanish lady — have been the only explanations offered to the world. Few have suspected that the true magic lay in Catharine's resolute determination to remain and become queen.

The hints thrown out by the chroniclers are manifestly insufficient to explain so great a change. The dowry was not large, and, from the full treasury which the late king had left, it could easily have been repaid. Then, again, the princess who might have been chosen, Claude of France for example, would have brought with her an ample dower, even had she come to England as a bride to the Prince of Wales. The suitor had now a crown to offer. Causes more general and more precise must have urged the prince and his council to this unexpected deed.

There is good reason to believe, not only from what is known of the young prince's words and acts, but from the larger history of human passion, that the king, if not

CHAP. VII.

deeply enamoured of his brother's widow, had the sort of desire for her which boys of eighteen nearly always indulge for affectionate women of twenty-five. When he had renounced her in the presence of Fox at Richmond Palace, he was little more than a child, only fifteen years old, a stranger to love, and innocently blind to the dangerous light that lurks in a woman's eyes. But the very act which he had there been led by others to perform, must have sent his imagination wandering into new and seductive paths. Such beauty as lay in Catharine's face and form would now become bright to him as a summer day. Her lovely eyes, her abundant hair, her stately figure, even that breadth of feature which an artist might have called a fault, would appear to him as beauties of the rarest kind. Nature is full of stealthy and soft reactions. Dam a river, it floods into a lake; lop a branch, it shoots with increasing life. So will it be with love, or with the fancies which in very young men assume the name of love. Imagination delights in difficulties, grows strong under pressure. The attempt to separate the seductive Catharine from the susceptible boy must have roused his curiosity. Why should he not prattle with her, play with her, peer into her dark eyes, take lessons in Castilian from her mouth? He was beginning to speak Spanish with her; why should he be stopped? Is there no fugitive and delicious joy in things forbidden? Is there not a price beyond price in what is gone from us and may not return? We have heard the parable of the lost sheep. It is in human nature that the love which, when it comes a begging to us, is but dirt and ashes in our sight, shall become when it is cast away the apple of our eyes. Sir Philip Sydney slighting the heart of Penelope Devereux only that he might be fascinated by the face of Penelope Rich, is but one of a hundred contradictions of love. That Catharine liked Henry, and tried to be with him,

and to become pleasing in his sight, the prince must soon have been aware; and at the age of seventeen what boy can withstand the ardent coquetry, the consummate wiles, of a woman of twenty-four? For a long time they had been much together, living in the soft familiarity of brother and sister, not in the jealous and exacting state of lovers. It was only after Fernando's refusal to give Henry VII. Juana and her crowns, that their visits to each other had been put on a footing of ceremonial etiquette. That during three or four years she had been in love with him, and preparing herself to become his wife, we may read in her own letters; that her quick woman's wit had been sharpened to that end by advice from Spain, the despatches written to her by Fernando will also show. That with such desires, opportunities, and obstacles as hers, she should have succeeded in her aim is what every one acquainted with the depths of human passion and the devices of woman's wit would expect.

A boy's first fancy is for a woman. A girl is more likely to attract a man of twenty-five. An undergraduate cares but little for sweet eighteen; it is his own age; he thinks it green, unknowing, and unformed; and his first experiment in the madness which boys call love will most likely run in favour of some tragedy queen of ampler person and riper years. And women know this well. By the time that a youngster has passed his teens, he is pretty well out of that particular peril; but the chances are many that if a boy's choice should lie mainly with himself, and he should marry before he is twenty years of age, the bride of his choosing will be a woman, not a girl. If a lady is near him, and in love with him, some seven or eight years more advanced in life than himself, it is almost certain that that lady will become his wife.

In the king's person and in his accomplishments there were at this time many things to capture a

CHAP. VII.

woman's eye and enslave her heart. It is true he was only eighteen, the unruly age in which a youth is commonly neither man nor boy, a being without beard and bone, without courage and experience; but Henry was an exception to all ordinary rules. While he was still a youth in youth's rosiness, blushingness, and grace, he was also a man in stature and in strength; tall, square, and bluff; standing higher than the tallest of his guard, and capable of drawing to the ear a bow which few of these giants could bend. His face was handsome, his frame compact; the skin very fair, the eyes blue-grey, the hair of auburn gold, the nose broad and straight, the mouth exquisitely pure and sweet. He had "a round face," says the Venetian Pasqualigo, "so very beautiful, that it would have adorned a pretty woman." A broad chest, a long arm, a superb calf, suggested the possession of enormous physical powers. And these he had. In the dance, in the field, in the cockpit, in the tennis court, he found no equal. If he followed the stag, he would wear down seven or eight horses in a day; if he ran at the ring, or cast the bar, or played with the ball, or stripped for a wrestle, he was generally more than a match for the most vigorous athletes. At the joust, of which amusement he was passionately fond, he shivered almost every lance, overturned nearly every rider. Brandon himself could not always keep his seat against Harry's thrust. On horseback he was magnificent; a hero, a paladin, a demi-god. Sagudino, one of the adroit Italians in the pay of Venice, described him to the Doge, when he was mounted on his charger, as "in truth looking like St. George in person on its back." Man and horse rolled down before this splendid knight. Nor was he less a master of that weapon which was the pride of Englishmen of every rank — the bow. Every man in his dominions was then an archer, and the most skilful of all archers were those of the royal guard; yet Henry could draw a bow

against the best of them. Few things pleased him better than going down to the butts, making up a match, and beating the most skilful at the weapon.

In mind he was no less accomplished than in body. He was well read in literature and divinity, and had a fine taste in art. With the physical sciences of his time he had an extraordinary familiarity; understood diseases, and practised medicine with success. In works of building and engineering he was a master, and few shipwrights in the Royal Navy could instruct him in their difficult art. As to lighter studies and attainments, he could sing at sight; play on the lute, harpsichord, and organ; set ballads and hymns to music. In the midst of a thousand cares of state, he composed two full services for the royal chapel; for among many more shining and showy qualities, he had in his heart a profound conviction of man's need for a religious life, and a lowly reverence for the ministers and services of God. He had a fair knowledge of Latin and Italian: he wrote and spoke French like his native tongue; and as Catharine could not learn English, he made himself free of Castilian. In the next generation, such accomplishments were by no means rare, even among women, as in the case of Lady Jane Grey, Lady Bacon, and Queen Elizabeth, but in the days of Fernando and Maximilian they were especially rare among reigning kings. Nor is there any reason to suspect that Harry's fine gifts existed only in the minds of flatterers, for many of the proofs remain, and can be put in evidence. The author of the 'Assertio Septem Sacramentorum Adversus Martin. Lutherum,' and of many papers on the canonical question of the divorce, must have had a familiar knowledge of divinity and canon law. The patron of Holbein, the builder of Nonsuch, the contriver of masques and May-days, the hero of the Field of Cloth of Gold, must have had the instincts of an artist, as well as a deep love for art.

CHAP. VII.

The contriver of the Great Harry must have been a good engineer. All the Italians who approached his court bear witness to his competency in music, both as to science and practice, and some of his pieces are still extant, and occasionally sung. The anthem for three voices, 'Quam pulchra es, et quam decora,' and the highly characteristic ballad, 'Pastance with good company,' may be cited as among those best known. Guistiniani, a very good judge, says "he was extremely skilled in music;" and Sagudino, himself a player on the organ and virginal of extraordinary merit, declared, after hearing the king play and sing, that in these exercises "he acquitted himself divinely." Pasqualigo heard him sing at sight the services of the royal chapel, which were conducted under his care, and described by these Italians as unequalled in the world. "High mass," says Sagudino, "was chanted by his Majesty's choristers, whose voices are rather divine than human; they did not chant, but sang like angels — *non cantavano, ma jubilavano.*" His free use of foreign idioms is equally well attested. Among the letters written by him which have been preserved, is one in Latin to Erasmus in his own hand, others in French to Francis I. and to Marguerite of Savoy, which attest his knowledge of these tongues. At Tournay, he was called by Marguerite of Savoy to translate a repartee to Brandon, whose glibness of tongue was much less striking than his strength of arm. Brandon had pulled a ring from the duchess's finger and put it on his own, on which she told him, laughing, that he was a *larron*; a word which the king had to come up and explain to his friend.

His moral qualities were in line with his physical beauty and his intellectual range; indeed, his moral qualities, as became a young man who had been trained in early life for the Church, were but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. Before his nuptials, and long after his nuptials, his life was

without a stain. Bright eyes had no power to lead him astray. For cards, and for the luxuries of the table, he had no immoderate love. Excess of any kind was his aversion; so that the vices which come of drink and dice were never tolerated in his court. To find a youth so pure as his, we have to look into the lives of poets and saints, of the Miltons and Howards, of men who have had no temptations to resist. In Harry's 'Pastance with Good Company,' his favourite ballad, of which he wrote the music, and perhaps the words, the sentiment of his life is expressed in song:—

Pastance with good company
I love, and shall until I die;
Grudge who will, but none deny,
So God be pleased, this life will I,
For my pastance,
Hunt, sing, and dance,
My heart is set;
All goodly sport
To my comfort
Who shall me let?

Youth will needs have dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company me thinketh the best
All thoughts and fantacies to digest,
For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all;
Then who can say,
But pass the day
Is best of all?

Company with honesty
Is virtue,—and vice to flee:
Company is good or ill,
But every man hath his free will.
The best I sue,
The worst eschew:
My mind shall be,
Virtue to use:
Vice to refuse,
I shall use me.

The king's affections were quick and warm, profuse,

CHAP. VII.

abounding and explosive; for where he gave his heart he expected everything in return, and on the slightest disappointment broke into volcanic heats. From his mother, the queen, and from his grandmother, Lady Richmond, he had been used to most tender love; and his father, who so rarely showed any sympathy for children, learned to smile on his handsome and accomplished son. The courtiers and the priests adored him; the clergy more than any other class either at home or abroad; accepting the promise of his youth as the highest ornament and best defence of the Church on earth. In Maximilian, in Fernando, in Louis, the prelates and cardinals found men of the world, who used religion for police, and who would either sack Rome or imprison the Pope with as little compunction as they would feel in burning Oran and enslaving Moors; but Henry appeared in their eyes not a pious and learned prince merely, but a Catholic, a devotee, a crusader for the Holy Faith. Though delighting in jousts and games, in shows and pageants, and sniffing a far-off scent of battle with the restless craving of the war-horse, he never missed being in his place in the chapel at matins, mass, and complines; never shirked the confession of his sins, the words of repentance, or the mysteries of the sacred bread and wine; never failed in the duties of a good Christian towards his church, from a weekly offering of an angel on the altar to an unbounded veneration for the occupant of the Holy See. Indeed, the excess of his devotion to religious ideas, in comparison with secular and material interests, was the weak side of his character in youth; and a wise man might have feared that if anything were to go wrong with Henry in his later life, the evil would arise from disorders in a conscience much too sensitive for health.

But in these spring days of his reign, the tragic sorrows of a later time were yet far off. These days

were no less full of noble labour than of innocent sport. In every branch of the administration his force was felt; in the navy, in the treasury, in the chancery, in the Church; he had the good nature to remember everybody, and the good fortune to remember everything; so that the coursers of the great chariot of state very soon began to feel that a quickening and elastic hand was upon them. It was his craving to go everywhere, to do everything, to know everyone. His father had been rarely seen in public; that saturnine ruler having thought it unwise in a king to make himself cheap in his people's eyes; but his son, who was of another mind in this and in many other things, liked to descend from his high estate into the street; to share in the pastimes of his people and invite them to share in his; to mix in the cudgel-playing, the May mummeries, the morrice-dances, and the archery contests; holding his own in these national games by a quick eye and a strong arm, and playing his part in them with a frankness, a courage, and a good humour, which no chance could disconcert. Harry was English to the backbone.

This king, who, in his length of limb, in his rosy cheek, in his tender heart, in his burly vigour, in his scorn of idlers, in his love of enterprise and war, in his purity of life, and in his natural piety, was a type of the Anglo-Saxon youth, enjoyed a popularity in his capital and in his country of which no example had then been known; and this devotion of the people, which followed him through good and evil during his whole career, accounts in part for the mighty changes which he was enabled to bring about among them.

Such was the young prince with whom Catharine, her own ambassador at his court, was sore in love. And who can blame her? That he shared her passions is more than can be truly said; it is enough to say that his fancy had been kindled, and that he thought himself

CHAP. VII.

in love. Their ages must be borne in mind. If a man of twenty-five will healthily prefer a damsel of eighteen, a boy of eighteen will morbidly prefer a beauty of twenty-five. Had Henry been more mature, he would probably have been more cold to Catharine; yet even such ardour as he felt for her could scarcely be called love. At the end of his honeymoon, he had begun to make comparisons and talk of preferences; and six weeks after his nuptials he thought it well to assure her father that if he were still free to choose, he would take Catharine before all other women to be his wife. Would a man truly in love have thought it necessary, or even decent, to make such a protest at such a time?

Around the reasons which induced the English Council to yield their consent to a match against which they had long stood out on various pleas, a good deal of mystery has been thrown. The writers of the time, Hall, Morison, Holingshed, knew very little of these state secrets; only from the Privy Council registers, the Records in Fetter Lane, and the cyphers at Simancas, can we glean any part of the real truth as to this extraordinary affair. To say all in one word, the Council succumbed to *force*. Fernando gave them no choice. His game, in spite of his care and craft, had gone so far wrong, that he was maddened into forcing his adversary's card; and it was to prevent a quarrel with Spain and her allies, for which they had made no preparation, that the English Council gave in. If the old king had lived, his craft would scarcely have sufficed to carry him through another year, except by either yielding to the marriage or allowing a rupture of the peace. Even in his time, the Council had been much divided; the clergy, with William Warham and Richard Fox in their front, being warm against the match on religious grounds, while the more worldly laymen lent an ear to it as a profitable affair of state. Fox and Warham, one the Pope's Collector, the other

the king's conscience keeper, had prevailed in the past; but the strength of these parties in the Council was greatly changed when the question of Catharine's rejection had to be debated, not under the sage old prince, who had his treaties and friendships in every court, but in the hearing of an inexperienced boy, suddenly called to the throne, with his treaties all broken and his friendships unformed, under threats of a declaration of hostilities, to be followed by an invasion of England, troubles on the Scottish Border, perhaps a revival of the civil war. The facts were more eloquent than Don Guter's speech.

The case which they had to consider was one on which few of the lay peers could pretend to offer advice; a case involving, first, the question of what was the precise Hebraic law of prohibition; secondly, what part of the Hebrew law had been adopted into the Christian code; thirdly, whether that portion, if any, of the Hebrew rule which had been adopted into the Christian code was also a part of the natural law; and fourthly, whether a prohibition laid down by Moses, adopted by the Christian Church, and sanctioned by natural law, could be set aside by a papal brief?

Warham, who, from his piety and learning, and from his position as Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor, had a very great influence in the Council, with a still greater influence in the country, took his stand on the religious ground, declaring against the proposed arrangement as a thing unlawful and offensive. The lay peers took a more secular view. To those who could conveniently pass over the vexed point of consanguinity, as one which concerned only priests and lawyers, the arguments for standing well with Spain —in other words, for the match—were of exceeding strength. The king was young and unused to affairs. The death of his father had dissolved all treaties of amity with foreign princes; and not a prince in Europe

CHAP. VII.

could be safely reckoned as a friend in case of war. Spain was not only a good market for wool and cloth, but was the only effective ally against France, and against Scotland when combined with France. No power in the world could do England so much good or so much harm as Spain; and the Council were not left in doubt that sending Catharine home, or even deferring her nuptials, would so offend their most powerful neighbour as to destroy all chance of opening the new reign without a scene of blood. They may be said to have studied these provisions of the Mosaic and canon law under the muzzles of shotted guns. Fernando, while affecting to believe that the young king would do right, that is, that he would marry Catharine, took pains to let it be well known in London that, unless he had his way in this affair, there should be such a war between the two crowns as he had waged against the Moors—a war to the knife, and beyond the knife; a war in which, as many in the city of London knew, the fighting men had been put to the sword, and the women and old men had been sold into slavery. He had it told in London, from his own mouth, that if Catharine were sent back to him, he would glut his vengeance, though the whole world should perish in the strife. Nor were these threats of an angry father all that an English council, in rejecting Catharine, would have had to brave. Spain, under him, was the centre of an empire, of which Austria, Naples, Portugal, the Papal territories, the Netherlands, and the New World beyond the Atlantic, may be described as the outlying states; the princes being bound to him by marriages and services, the people by community of interests and the rights of his grandson Charles; so that he was nearly as strong to do injury in Lisbon, Naples, Rome, Vienna, Brussels, and the New World, with the high seas leading to it, as in Zaragoza and Granada. So many royal houses had allied themselves with Spain, that for England to

repudiate Catharine would be to insult nearly all the princes of Europe in the weakest moment of the new reign. CHAP. VII.

The Council had also to consider the chances of the widowed princess, driven away from London, carrying her wrongs and her haughty temper, not into the cloisters of the Holy Trinity, but into the warlike and restless court of France. That combination had been secretly proposed by Spain; the Courts of Paris and Zaragoza being for a time at peace; and the hope of securing aid in their wars against England being to the last degree tempting to the French. Then, again, they had to measure the effect of refusing Catharine on the prospects of the king's sister, the young and beautiful Princess Mary. Mary had been pledged to Charles, Archduke of Austria and Prince of Castile; and Fernando declared that his consent to this marriage of his heir and grandson with an English princess never could or should be given until Catharine's marriage had been celebrated with the English king.

Before these enormous difficulties, the spirit which had animated some went down: for the case, as put before the Council from all sides of Europe, stood thus:—

The king must marry Catharine, or prepare for an instant and bloody war with Spain;

The king must marry Catharine, or undo for ever the contract of the Princess Mary with the Archduke Charles;

The king must marry Catharine, or provoke the indignation of nearly all contemporary princes;

The king must marry Catharine, or appear to outrage the Pope and set himself above the counsels of Holy Church.

Fox had been mainly influenced in his action by the papal brief. So long as Rome had been silent, he held his own opinions, which were contrary to the policy of a Spanish match; but when the Holy See had spoken, he

CHAP. VII.

ceased to contend that the case was beyond human help. So, too, when he saw that the king would have to marry Catharine, either with or without his consent, he accepted the Julian brief, and tried to think it right and to make others think it right. A majority of the Council, lay and clerical, were prepared to treat the thing as one in which prudent men had no choice left to them. With Catharine they would have peace, secure alliances, and a settled future; without her they must prepare for sharp and cruel hostilities with one great power, disturbances on the Border, perhaps an invasion and a civil war. As men of the world, they could offer no advice to the throne save one. If the thing were wrong, it was the Pope's affair. Lay peers and knights could not be expected to seize the subtle distinctions of the Levitical, Roman, and natural law; and in pleading the papal warrant for their votes, they might leave the rest to their spiritual guides. The Roman brief set forth the facts which they knew to be true, admitting the first marriage and its consummation; so that no material point appeared to have been concealed from the Sacred College. Was it for a Surrey or a Buckingham to say whether the pontiff could or could not dispense with this or that degree? His Holiness was the only judge, and his Holiness had signed the brief.

Still, there were some among the prelates who could not change like the lord privy seal—men who thought less of present than of future troubles, less of the convenience of kings than of the wrath of God. Of these councillors the chief was Warham. As a lawyer Warham believed that such a union would be contrary to the canons, and that the legitimacy of the offspring might be afterwards brought in doubt; as a minister of religion he feared that it never could be otherwise than abominable in the sight of heaven. On these high grounds he took his stand. It is improbable that he knew anything about the fraud by which Fernando

had drawn the brief from a deceived and unwilling pope; but the archbishop felt that no power on earth could really dispense with the canonical and natural law. The temptation to do wrong might be great. The lay peers had to consider the question of peace and war; they were soldiers and magistrates, who would have to fight the enemy and raise the taxes; but no need of the moment, however sharp, could make that right which had been wrong from the beginning of time. Such were the views expressed in opposition to the papal brief by the highest authority in the English Church and at the English Bar.

How far the opinions in Cheape, in Paul's Churchyard, and on the old Exchange ran in favour of the two views expressed in council may, perhaps, be inferred from other facts, and chiefly from the extraordinary circumstances attending the marriage rite. The hearers at St. Paul's were probably with the primate, the traders of the city with the politicians. It is known that the minds of men were, for a long time, dark with doubts, which only cleared away, and that slowly, when the deed was done, when the clergy had submitted to the will of Rome, and when the material benefits of an alliance with Spain had become apparent in the large increase of trade in wool and wine. At first the match had few partisans. Perhaps it was in view of Archbishop Warham's speech that the king was persuaded to cut off further parley of his advisers by a private ceremony; covering this singular and secret deed by alleging the Pope's consent and his father's dying commands. This was the course pursued. In place of a ceremonial at St. Paul's, with the whole nation present in the cathedral and in the streets, there was held in some unknown corner, and before unknown persons, a stealthy and clandestine rite, conducted with such perfect mystery that the most nimble wits of that generation, the contemporary gossips and chroniclers, could never learn

CHAP. VII.

with certainty either when or where the solemnity had taken place. One of the keenest among their followers, John Speed, inclined to the belief that there had been no religious rite at all.

This was Speed's error; but the clandestine acts which made that error possible were something more than curious. Henry was fond of pomp and state; a splendid show was customary at a royal wedding; and of all the nuptials which had ever been celebrated at St. Paul's, those which were to unite Henry and Catharine in holy bonds, most needed, after what had passed, the publicity to be gained by pomp and state. The marriage of Arthur, in which Henry had borne a part as Duke of York, had been extremely brilliant; and his own coronation, a few weeks later, was conducted with a magnificence beyond example. Why, then, should the king have denied to himself a gorgeous procession—refused to his bride the honours of a public marriage? Was it because he and his advisers feared lest the festivities should be ill-received? We guess at the truth from surrounding facts. The nuptials were not private only, they were secret. If a reader pauses to reflect how much has been written on that marriage, how many changes it wrought in England and in the world, it will probably strike him as one of the oddest things in all history that the very date of it should not be known. Yet look to these variations among the writers of English history:—

Hall gives June 3, 1509; no place.
Morisin gives June 3, do. „
Baker gives June 3, Salisbury House, Fleet-street.
Herbert gives June 3; no place.
Burnet „ „
Rapin rejects June 3 as impossible, but supplies no date or place.
Carte gives June 3, Salisbury House.

Hume gives no date, no place.
Collier gives June 3; no place.
Eachard gives June 3, Salisbury House.
Lingard gives June 24; no place.
Mackintosh gives June 6; no place.
Knight gives June 7; no place.
Froude gives June 3; no place.

This confusion springs from the secrecy observed by the king and his bride, not from want of care and curiosity on the part of their subjects. Lord Herbert, as we see, knew no more than either Hall or Speed; the very officers of the royal household only heard of the event when all was done. We learn what we now know from a private letter and from a household book. No hint seems to have been given to the royal household or the officers of state about the wedding, for on the very day which we now find to have been that of her nuptials, a grant was made to Catharine of certain fines, fees, waifs, strays, and treasure trove under her ordinary style of Princess of Wales. Such a grant, on such a date, would suggest that the espousals must have been as sudden as they were stealthy.

It is well worth while to fix the day and place of this singular rite; for the events of that day and place, apart from the rite itself, had a fruitful impulse on the direction of Catharine's life.

In May the king was at Greenwich; a spot which he dearly loved, most of all in the spring and summer months. In the palace, by the water edge, he was born; in the parish church of St. Alphege he had been baptised. The palace had been much enlarged by his father, with a new front to the river, built in that noble style of warm red architecture which we call from him the Tudor style. From the towers and terraces of this house he could watch his ships of war and trade go up and down the Thames, noting their

CHAP. VII.

names, their tonnage, and their crews, and scanning with the keen eye of a young viking every quality of their handling and their speed. Catharine was at Greenwich near him, her own ambassador at his court, ready with the sweet smile and the soft word so dear to a young man overwhelmed by grief. She took upon herself all his cares; giving orders to his people about the funeral and the coronation, as though she were already his wedded wife. No thanks to Fuensilada, she was now near her time. Among the pages and gentlemen of the household she was ceasing to be called the Princess of Wales — a title which she had borne for seven or eight years, though it implied her own consent to be considered as having once been Arthur's wife. In Latin or French, she was now an Infanta of Spain; in English, a Princess of Castile; under which title she made her offerings at the Franciscan altar, and caused them to be entered by John Heron, the Treasurer of the Chamber, in her household books.

Adjoining the new wing of Greenwich Palace lay a bit of spare land which the late king had thrown to John Forrest, William Peto, and a small body of friars, who nursed the sick and chanted lauds in the private chapel — a body of whom Dugdale and Tanner have given a poor and confused account. They were Franciscans, called in English either Observant Friars, Grey Friars, or Minorites, and belonging, under either of these names, to that powerful order which we have seen introducing its rags and dirt into the marble chambers of the Moor. Under their founder's rule, these men were sworn to abject poverty and slavish obedience; to own no lands or houses, to beg their bread, meal, figs, and salt in the public streets; to sleep under arches and in door-ways; to herd with the leper, the outcast, and the insane; to follow the camp, to shrive the dying, and bury the dead. Not being in priests'

orders, they had none of the high pretensions and fastidious habits of the regular clergy; not being monks, they had no permanent homes, no splendid edifices and manors, no exalted rank in the Church. They were simply poor Christian brothers, humblest of the humble, lowliest of the low. By the rule of St. Francis, they were to possess no earthly property save their rags and beads; no lands, no convents, not even chapels or altars of their own. The oaths of these lowly men had not been kept to the letter of their rule; in time the weak among them had come to live in houses, to acquire books, of which it must be said they made noble use, even to accept of gifts in land and money from the pious; but these things were considered as innovations on the spirit of their founder, against which the more godly or ascetic of the order lifted up their voice. Yet even after these Franciscan friars had been corrupted by wealth and learning, they were still the unpaid nurses of the sick, teachers of the poor, and comforters of the wretched. They understood diseases, they grew herbs and medicinal plants. They were ready to do the work which nobody else would do. Hence they were popular with the commons and with the great. An order with the rule to work, and the obligation to refuse money for it, had suited the tastes of the late prince, who, finding these poor fathers cheap and useful neighbours, very willingly allowed them to dig their ditch and raise their hovels under his palace walls at both Greenwich and Sheen.

At Greenwich they owned five small hovels, which they had dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Francis, and all the saints; poor enough to excite the compassion of the royal miser, who in his will had left them 500 marks to repair the walls and roofs. The Franciscan body was composed of various sects and orders; some being for male and some for female

CHAP. VII.

members. Many men and women of high rank in the south, especially in Italy and Spain, became members of it. The coarse serge of the friar being the symbol of a saintly life, many rich sinners were affiliated in the hope of salvation, while some who were not affiliated during their life left orders that they should be buried in the saintly garb. Catharine was a sister of the order; her membership being no young lady's whim, no worldly hömage to the spiritual power or secret adornment of her private life; for in her pious exercises, as in every minor act of her life, she was an earnest faithful woman, often to the jeopardy of her health and the destruction of her domestic peace. She heard mass in the little chapel used by Forrest and the friars, instead of in St. Alphege's, the parish church; embracing the material trials of her sisterhood, even to the duty of wearing serge next her skin, of rising at midnight and at early dawn from her bed, and of hurrying to join the holy friars in their lauds and matins. Can we wonder that these poor fathers should have clung to the imperial lady and to the cause which she upheld at the English Court?

She had not been long at Greenwich before John Heron, Treasurer of the Chamber, received orders to pay over the five hundred marks to Nicholas Waring, proctor, and to Philip de Karugys, physician, on behalf of these holy friars.

On Monday the 11th of June, 1509, these humble Franciscan brethren saw the ceremony, which was to agitate the Christian world and to assist in changing the political action of mankind no less than the course of thought; for to that chapel of the palace in which they droned their services stole on that June day the King of England and the Princess of Castile, to be made man and wife. Who stood beside the altar, who gave away the bride, who witnessed the rite, who blessed the union, we nowhere learn. Forrest, if he

was present, never told the tale, and we search in vain among the voluminous records of his order, in the tomes of Wadding and Davenport, for the slightest hint. Bernaldes, however, knew the date, and it is highly probable that the details which were guarded with a jealousy so close from English eyes and ears, were immediately made known to the court and to the religious fraternities of Spain.

The proofs of this secret marriage exist in Henry's household books, and in a letter written by him to Marguerite of Savoy.

Heron's book of the king's expenditure is in the manuscript department of the British Museum, with the entries from day to day of every penny paid out. One brief extract from it, under date of Sunday the 17th of June, 1509, will suffice :—

SONDAY AT GRENEWYCHE.

xvij° die Junii anno primo H. viij^vi	Item for the offring upon this Sonday.	vj. s. viij. d.
	Item for the Kinges offring upon monday saynt barnabeis day at the Kinges mariage. .	x^s
	Item for the Quenes offring the same day	x^s

St. Barnaby's Day was June 11, the previous Monday. The usual offerings had not been made—a fact which means that Heron, the most confidential officer near the king's person, had been absent from the chapel, unaware of what was taking place there. On the following Sunday, June 17, when making the weekly offering of 6*s.* 8*d.* to the box, he seems to have been told of the great event, and ordered to make a particular offering for the extra service which had then been done. This dole of the king and queen was entered in his book, in the order of his knowledge, six days after it had fallen due.

CHAP. VII.

The date is confirmed by a letter from the king and queen, and signed by Henry, of the 26th of June. It is addressed to the Archduchess Marguerite of Savoy, the lady who had been married to Don Juan, and who, after many matrimonial adventures, had been courted by the late king. It runs as follows:—

HENRY VIII. TO MARGUERITE OF SAVOY.

"Treshaulte et excellente princesse, nostre treschere et tresamee bonne cousine, a vous nous recommandons de fort bon cueur, en vous advertissant que nous escripvons presentement unes lettres a nostre tres honnoure frere et cousin, l'empereur, vostre pere, par le contenu desquelles nous luy signiffions que pour la bonne amour et tressinguliere dilection que nous congnoissons veritablement quil portoit a feu prince de digne et bonne memoire, le Roy mon sieur et pere, a qui Dieu pardoinct, et que sans doubte nous esperons quil nous porte, le voullons bien advertir et faire participant de nos nouvelles et affaires. Aussi faisons nous a vous pareillement, parce que nous suysmes certains qu'en ce luy et vous y prendrez joye et plaisir.

"Vray est, treshaulte et excellente princesse, nostre treschere et tresamee bonne cousine, que pour la consideration que nous avons eue du traicte et appoinctement qui de long temps fut fait, promis, accorde et jure entre le Roy mondit feu sieur et pere, et nostre beaupere et bellemere, les Roy d'Arragon et Royne d'Espaigne deffuncte sa compaigne, touchant le mariage de nous a dame Katherine leur fille, et les fiansailles qui furent dempuis faictes entre nous et elle par parolles de present, nous estant venu en nostre aige accomply, aussi entre plusieurs belles saiges discrectes et honnourables doctrines et enseignemens que le Roy mondit feu sieur et pere nous donna, quant il nous feist venir devant luy, estant en son lit mortel, nous

feist commandement expres que nous prensissions en mariage ladite dame Katherine en ensuyvant ledit traicte et appoinctment et lesdites fiansailles.

"Or est il, que pour satisfaire a son ordonnance et commandement que ne vouldrions en ce, ne en nulle aultre chose quelconque desobeir ny enfraindre, considerant aussi la belle grande et honnourable alliance et affinite qui est ores entre nostredit treshonnoure frere et cousin, l'empereur vostredit pere, nostre cousin et beaufrere le prince d'Espaigne vostre nepveu, vostre maison de Bourgoingne, nous et la nostre d'Angleterre, a raison du mariage conclu et accorde entre nostredit cousin et beaufrere vostre nepveu et la dame Marie nostre seur, et nous maintenant a son ante, aussi quil nous sembloit, veu lesdites fiansailles promesses et sermens faitz d'une part et d'aultre et la dispensation obtenue de nostre Sainct pere le Pape, tant par le Roy mondit feu sieur et pere que lesdits Roy d'Arragon et feue Royne d'Espaigne, que nous ne povyons selon Dieu, droit, raison et toute bonne conscience, prendre aultre partie ailleurs, si nous neussions voullu offenser nostre createur et charger nostre conscience ce que ne vouldrions faire en ce ne en quelque aultre matiere quelle soit, pour chose qui nous pourroit advenir.

"Pour les quelles causes et considerations dessusdites, le XI^e^ jour de ce present mois de Juing, furent les espousailles faictes entre nous et ladite dame Katherine a present nostre compaigne, et le jour de la nativite de Sainct Jehan Baptiste derrain passe, feusmes tous deux sacrez et couronnez en l'Abbaie de nostre monastere de Westmonstier lez nostre cite de Londres, qui est tousjours le lieu ordonne et accoustume ou ont este sacrez et couronnez noz progeniteurs Roys d'Angleterre. Ou estoient presens les grans princes seigneurs et toute la noblesse de nostre royaulme en grant honneur et triumphe. Et graces a Dieu nostredit royaulme est en aussi bonne obeissance paciffication et transquillite quil estoit

CHAP. VII.

en temps et du vivant du Roy mondit feu sieur et pere. Dont et desquelles choses nous vous avons bien voullu semblablement advertir, congnoissant que, comme nostredite bonne cousine, vous en prendrez de vostre part toute joye, felicite, et plaisir comme dit est. Si vous pryons ausurplus, treshaulte et excellente princesse, nostre treschere et tresamee bonne cousine, nous faire cest honneur et plaisir de faire convoyer par les postes nosdites lettres que escripvons sur ceste matiere a icellui nostre treshonnoure frere et cousin l'Empereur vostre pere, et souvent nous signiffier de ses bonnes nouvelles sante et bonne prosperite, ainsi quelles vous viendront a congnoissance, et des vostres pareillement; et vous nous ferez tressingulier et tresagreable plaisir, ainsi que scaye nostre Seigneur, qui, treshaulte et excellente princesse, nostre treschere et tresamee bonne cousine, vous doint bonne vie et longue avec l'accomplissement de vos desirs. Escript en nostre palais de Westmonstier lez nostredite cite de Londres. Le xxvii[e] jour dudit mois de Juing.

"Vostre bon et loyal cousin,

"HENRY R.

"[A la tr]eshaulte et excellente princesse, nostre treschie[re et tres]amee bonne cousine, la duchesse douagiere [de] Savoye."

Stript of its fringes and flounces, this letter means:—

"Great and excellent Princess,—We commend ourselves heartily to you, and let you know that we have written a letter to our much-honoured brother and cousin, the emperor, your father, in which we inform him of our news and affairs, for the great love and preference which we are aware that he had for the late prince, of worthy and happy memory, the king our lord and father. We

tell the same to you, because we believe that he and you will take pleasure therein.

"The truth is, that considering the treaty made long ago, touching a marriage between us and the Lady Catharine, and the betrothals then made between us by word of mouth; considering that on our coming of age, among other wise and honourable advice given to us by the king on his dying bed, was an express command to take the Lady Catharine to wife, in virtue of that treaty; considering also the great alliance contracted between the Emperor, the Prince of Spain, and ourselves, in the marriage of Prince Charles and the Lady Mary; considering, finally, the betrothals and promises on one side, and on the other side the dispensations granted by the Pope, we could not, without offence to God, right, reason, and good conscience, do otherwise than as we have done.

"For which causes and considerations, on the 11th of this present month of June, the nuptials were performed, and on St. John the Baptist's Day we were crowned at our Abbey of Westminster, near our City of London, the place in which it has been usual to crown our ancestors the kings of England, there being present all the great princes, lords, and nobles of our kingdom.

"Thank God, our realm is tranquil and obedient, as in the king our father's time; all of which we tell you that you may share our joy and felicity. Be good enough to forward our letter to the Emperor, and let us hear from you as often as you have news to communicate."

In a week or ten days after this clandestine union, it got noised abroad in London, purposely, that the king had put an end to all fears of war, and opened to his states a prospect of perpetual peace, by taking the Princess of Castile to be his wife. For good or ill, the

CHAP. VII.

thing was done; and being done, the people were inclined to hope it might turn out well. It was something to avoid a rupture with the King of Spain. When, therefore, on the 21st of June, the king and queen came up from Greenwich Palace to the Tower to sleep, as was the custom of English kings, in that feudal fortress on the eve of their coronation, and when, on the 23rd, they rode in state through Cheape, along the Cornhill, and by old St. Paul's to Charing and Westminster, the citizens received the queen everywhere as the hostage of peace. The streets were alive with emblems of peace. A line of priests in snowy vestments, swaying silver censers, perfumed the air. A band of fair young girls, in virgin white robes, carried palms of white wax. The bride herself, arrayed in white, with hair hung loose around her waist, and seated in a white litter, drawn by milky steeds, might be taken by a people rich in humour and imagination as the very image of Peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTIONED.

CHAP. VIII.

THE sports and games of the coronation being ended, the king and queen dropped down from Westminster to Greenwich, where they could keep a youthful court, have masques, and jousts, and evening songs, go out maying in the woods, or listen to the droning friars in the royal chapel, without either delaying or disturbing affairs of state. The king, though he loved his pleasure, would not even in these early days allow his business to go undone. They started in their married life with a perfect understanding that they were to have one household and one head; and Catharine, who had learnt to speak a few words of her husband's language, allowed her Spanish chamberlain, Don Juan de Cuera, her Spanish master of the hall, Don Alonzo de Esquival, together with the larger part of that troop of Spanish ladies, pages, equerries, and attendants, who for eight long years had vexed her by their quarrels and complaints, to be sent away. As the late king had never recognised these foreign servants of the Princess of Wales, and as the habits of her household and the traditions of her father's court had been unfavourable to her discharge of daily debts, their wages were in much arrear, few of them having received a maravedi since they had sailed from Spain. Six years' wages were due to Esquival, eight years' to Cuera. All these arrears being discharged by the generous young king for his wife's honour, the whole tribe of her male and female followers, save only George de Atequa, one of her

CHAP. VIII.

chaplains, Francesco Felipo, one of her gentlemen, Marguerita de Vergas, a lady in waiting, with two or three body servants, male and female, and a few priests, were put on board a ship and sent home to a Spanish port. Don Guter de Gomez, her very troublesome orator and councillor, she also sent back, on the honourable pretext of reporting to Fernando on the state of English affairs. The servants whom she retained were those who enjoyed her confidence and were likely to be useful to her. These the king, at her desire, advanced to offices of large emoluments. Atequa became Bishop of Llandaff, Felipo became the queen's sewer.

Left alone, or nearly alone, with her young bridegroom and his loyal people, all went well with the queen. Henry was a pattern husband, Catharine a happy wife. Late, but not too late, happiness had come to her, and in the unexpected sunshine her high proud temper became almost soft and sweet. It is true that, in her letters to her father, sparks of that wilfulness which had caused her so many miseries in the past flashed out into fire. In defending Atequa against Don Guter, she told her father that if her confessor were the worst man in the whole world, she would still keep him in her closet, and would even make him a prelate, in order to spite the hateful orator and councillor. But she was loving and submissive, in her high and austere way, to the king. As time wore on, these spurts of temper grew less frequent and less violent, and her very nature seemed to be changing under the glow and brightness of the first true felicity she had ever known. Her honeymoon may be said to have lasted for a year. The League of Cambray had all but excluded England from the politics of continental Europe, and though the king's ardent and pious temper chafed against a treaty which tied him at home when he might have been gaining glory for himself and provinces for the Pope, he never left her side, and was too loyal a gentleman to wound

her by any open preference for a fairer face. No husband was ever more true to a wife in deed and thought than he; and when, in the second year of her wifehood, she gave signs of being soon made a happy mother, his joy, like that of the nation, knew no bounds. On the 1st of January, 1510–11, the queen gave birth to a boy, whom they christened Henry and created Prince of Wales. Had that infant lived, the mother would have been saved, for in that case Henry's mind would have been at peace; Warham's warnings would have been forgotten; the suspicions of the English Church and people would have slept, and heaven's visible blessing would have rested on the marriage rite. But before it was eight weeks old, the child of promise had been laid in its little grave.

In the bitterness of their grief at this failure of royal issue, some of her people must have called to mind the curse pronounced from of old against the fruit of an incestuous bed.

The death of her first child was the beginning of a long series of disasters to the queen, which she bore with a sad and tender sorrow that ought to have reconciled to her every heart. The following year brought promise of an heir, which passed away, however, to the regret of all. The curse seemed coming nearer. In the spring of another year, this promise was renewed. The Pope having now pressed the king to take up arms against France in defence of true religion and the Ecclesiastical Estates, Henry called his nobles to his camp, committed his wife to the care of all the saints, crossed over the Straits to Calais, and opened that brilliant campaign which began with the Battle of the Spurs, and, passing through the trenches of Terouenne, closed in the capture of Tournay. This war was like an episode in some romantic poem, of which all the details are surprises of the imagination. In the ranks of the army marched the flower of the land; peers,

CHAP. VIII.

gentlemen, commoners, lutinists, choristers, bishops, and friars; Lisle, D'arcy, Willoughby and Essex in the van with a following of 7,000 horse and foot; the household troops next, with Thomas Wolsey as dean and almoner, at the head of 200 men; Bishops Fox and Ruthal each at the head of 100 men, under the banner of the Holy Trinity. It was in the nature of a holy raid into the territories of a bad prince, one who had called the Council of Pisa, and assailed the Pope in his spiritual power. Religious services were frequent in the camp; monks and clergy marched in line with halberdiers and pikemen; and on his setting forth from Calais the king proclaimed the spirit of his crusade by hanging three of his German soldiers for violating a village church. It was a trait of the time. Under the gay banner of the household marched three knights, with whom the king was in after years to contract the most singular relations, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Sir John Seymour, and Sir Thomas Parr. Ammonius the classic, and Carmelianus the musician, were also there. The king jousted and fought from Calais to Tournay, and from Tournay to Lille; the Emperor of Germany serving in his ranks as a subaltern; the Archduchess Marguerite condescending to accept the hospitalities of his tent. The Duc de Longueville and the Chevalier Bayard fell into his hands. At Tournay, the young Archduke Charles, the betrothed of his sister Mary, paid him a visit of state. At Lille the king and Lord Lisle put out a challenge to break a lance in honour of the Lady Marguerite against all the world. But a more perilous adventure than a fall in the lists awaited him in his own city of Calais, in the bright eyes of Elizabeth Lady Talbot, whose lord, Sir Gilbert Talbot, a brave and loyal soldier, was governor of Calais for the king. His wife, a woman of surpassing beauty, had to receive the monarch into her house, and to do the honours of his loyal town. Some persons fancy

that her exceeding loveliness surprised the king into a declaration of love under her husband's roof, and that, flattered by these royal attentions, the unfaithful wife submitted to her shame; but of this dishonourable love on one side, and of its secret reception by Lady Talbot, there is no contemporary proof. That Henry took advantage of his rank to deprave Sir Gilbert's wife there is no good reason to believe; yet it is true that the royal guest, entranced by her grace and beauty, carried away her image in his heart to London, and that an opportunity of renewing his perilous friendship for her occurred to him again after many years.

In the autumn he arrived at Richmond Palace, where Catharine, comelier in his sight for her approaching motherhood, welcomed with prayers and thanksgiving her victorious prince. She, too, in his absence, had been much at war, and had a tale of victory no less glorious than his own to tell. Moved by old hatreds, James of Scotland, when he heard of Henry having left Calais for Terouenne, had crossed the border into England, levelled the towers of Norham Castle to the ground, and ravaged the surrounding country far and near. Like a woman born in a camp and nursed on the Moorish wars, the queen had bounded to meet the peril, sent her forces under Surrey into the north, and busied herself and her ladies in preparing standards, banners, and badges for her troops. On the famous field of Flodden, Surrey had met and broken the Scottish ranks, heaping the ground with slain, among whom lay gashed and lifeless the adventurous and unhappy James. The English triumph had been so complete, that the young king, on his return to Richmond Green, had nothing more to ask of heaven, except the birth of an heir to his throne. In November a child was born—but, to Catharine's misery, only to live a few short hours.

The desire of Henry to have children growing up

CHAP. VIII.

about his knees, had, in common with that noble sentiment in ordinary men, the additional spur of piety and patriotism; for on the fact of his having sons to succeed him hung, in some measure, the honour of his queen and the security of his country, as well as the permanence of his house. A group of boys and girls, full of gladness and frolic, would have given a laughing lie to those croakers who had disputed his marriage from the first, and who were still of opinion that the royal pair, though screened by obsequious deans and bishops, were living in mortal sin. But his children died as soon as they were born. The curse was coming near and growing audible to some.

The next child was born dead; and then, after a few months of pious exercises and pilgrimages, the poor queen miscarried. She was now near thirty years of age, a time of life at which a Spanish woman, a plant of a sunny clime, may be said to have passed into the yellow leaf. The king still hoped for happier issues; and in less than a year from her mishap came the poor frail girl who lived on the brink of a tomb her sad and dismal life—the febrile, scrofulous, dropsical Mary. Two years and a half passed by, when the queen again miscarried. This agony was the end of her dream of becoming the mother of a race of kings, for the unhappy lady was never more to see the face of a living child. The curse was at length ringing through the country deep and loud.

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Governor of Calais, being now dead, the beautiful Lady Elizabeth returned to England, where the king again saw her. The details of their amour are not well known; Henry is said to have visited her at Blackmore, a country lodge in Essex; and in 1519 she bore him a son, to whom after full acknowledgement he gave his name. This child was very handsome, tall and strong like his sire; and as year after year sped by without bringing the legitimate heir for whom Henry yearned, the little

Harry Fitzroy became the darling of his heart, though the royal intrigue with Lady Talbot was not renewed, nor was any second beauty of the court or city ever tempted to fill her place. In the Great Indictment which history presents against Henry VIII., it is right to remember that this lapse from personal virtue, so easy and so common in kings, was his first and last.

From the day of his nuptials Henry had done many acts of kindness to the Franciscan friars, besides paying over the five hundred marks bequeathed to them in his father's will. He had protected them against many foes; he had selected John Forrest to be near his person as the queen's confessor; he had taken charge of them in their quarrels with foreign orders; he had established a colony of them in Jerusalem to look after the holy places; he had written letters to Leo X. in their behalf about certain troubles which they had in Cologne. But they had need of larger services from him. In the body of these holy friars, as in all society of the time, both lay and clerical, a spirit was at work, which, in the name of protest against abuses and corruptions, was hurrying men through change into a new life. That gift of five hundred marks by the late king was only one of many signs, afflicting to the heavenly mind, of a wide departure from their founder's rule. The true Franciscan was a man who lived on alms, who dressed in rags, who fed on black bread given to him by the poor, who slept in doorways and kennels, who sought out the leper, the idiot, and the outlaw that he might stay with them and be a comfort to them in their misery. A friar who possessed lands, houses, gardens, books, rents, rights, immunities, privileges of the earth, was a living lie, like a king in rags or a priest with a dozen wives; yet such is the craving of mankind for rest and riches, such is the need in every society for some one to think and act for the rest, that many Franciscans had been long ago set apart from the filth and wretchedness, and

CHAP. VIII.

trained by education for the more dainty work. As gifts poured in upon them, whole communities of friars applied to the reigning popes for leave to reside in cities, to build houses and chapels, to accept manors and farms, to collect books and manuscripts, to teach the sciences and arts. If they sent money enough to Rome, they never failed to obtain such leave; hence, in every country of Europe, and in England like the rest, the order had separated into two divisions — the Conventuals, who dwelt in their own houses and possessed their own chapels; the Observants, who lived on alms and followed more closely the founder's rule. In England the head-quarters of the Conventual friars were in Newgate Street, in the nunnery now called Christ Church school; those of the Observant friars were in the hovels of Greenwich and Sheen, with Forrest and his brethren under the palace walls. Between the men at Christ Church and the men at Greenwich was a burning feud; the Conventuals, being better educated than their rivals, would have liked to rule them; while the Observants, having on their side the letter of their founder's law, denounced the friars of Christ Church as traitors to their vows, as men who had bought indulgences from Rome with money, paying the wages of corruption for that which they ought not to have bought, and which the popes had no right to sell. Through the reign of Henry VII., this feud had waxed hot and strong, and many years before Luther had nailed his ninety-five theses to the great door of Wittemburg Church, the word 'reformation' had been launched by these quarrelling friars upon the world from Greenwich. The Observant friars attacked the Conventuals in the pulpit, in the street, and in the chapters; first as to their dress, which was no longer a thing of shreds and patches, nor even a garment of coarse grey cloth, but one of soft, dyed wool, costing six shillings an ell in the shops of Cheapside. After beating the Conventual friars on this question of

their garb, compelling them to resume a dress of coarse cloth, made of undyed wool, at two shillings an ell, the Observant friars took higher ground against them, contesting the lawfulness of their immunities, though these had been granted by popes, and demanding their return to the simple life of their founder, St. Francis. These Observant friars excited the Church and appealed to Rome. In some districts, where the Conventual friars were few, they crushed them, either at once or by degrees, and the districts which by these means they recovered to the strict rule of St. Francis, they rejoiced over as having been purged from a deadly sin. The countries so purged they called the Provinces of the Reformation.

In all these efforts of the Observants to secure discipline in their ranks, they found the king their friend. Henry Standish, guardian of the great convent of St. Francis, enjoyed his favour, while John Forrest had at all times access to himself and to the queen. The year 1517 was a great year for the friars. Mainly through the king's entreaties, Leo VI. had summoned a chapter of the Order to meet in Rome, where, under the eyes of papal commissioners, they might discuss their grievances and put an end to a controversy which brought scandal on the Church. At the very time when the bold Augustinian friar was nailing his ninety-five theses on the church-door of Wittemburg, a crowd of friars from all parts of Europe, Grey, Minor, Recollects, Observants, Conventuals, was climbing the sunny steps of the Capitol, with a view to assist in completing a work which they called the Great Reform.

On the crown of the Capitoline Hill, looking down on the forum, the imperial trophies, and the vineyards which cover the golden house of Nero, stands the convent of Santa Maria d'Ara Cœli, the head-quarters in Rome of the Franciscan rite. In that convent the brethren met to decide, under Leo's leave and sanction,

CHAP. VIII.

the future of their Order. The debates were long, and were ended—as attempts to reform the Church had always ended in Rome—by a compromise: for if one side in the quarrel was right, the other side was rich; and riches go far in controversies of faith—more than all in controversies conducted by canons in a Roman court. Leo published his famous Bull of Union; which was a bull in the Irish sense, for in the name of unity it recognised the Observant friars and Conventual friars as bodies of men living under a different rule, though using a common name; the Observants being ruled by a minister-general, the Conventuals by a master-general; the first taking precedence of the second in all funerals, processions, and other solemnities, their general being considered as lord of the whole Order, and true successor of St. Francis. Christopher Numajus was named the first minister-general of the Observants, and then the Great Reformation was said by Leo to be complete.

To Henry and to Catharine this Bull of Union was a triumph. The king had worked hard to gain it; and so soon as it was published to the world, he had the pleasure of seeing nearly all the English friars give up their temporals and join the Greenwich rite. But this great success did not tempt him to go farther in the path of Church reform. The quarrels of a few friars, the inability of Rome to quell them, had brought work into his hands for which they were highly trained—the King of England having more reading in divinity, as well as more piety and reverence for the law, than the voluptuary Leo; but his habit of profound obedience to the Holy See prevented him as yet from touching on a single grievance of the Church. When the Wittemburg friar began to preach against papal briefs, Henry took up an angry attitude towards that rebel; expressing to Charles V., his nephew by marriage, his strong repugnance to any change of doctrine; writing a book in defence of The Seven Sacraments; and obtaining

from a grateful pontiff, in a formal bull, the august title of Defender of the Faith. Luther answered the king with abuse; and the best scholars of Europe got embroiled in the fray. Henry composed a reply. Sir Thomas More entered the field under the name of William Ross. Wolsey, Erasmus, and Melancthon were involved in the correspondence; yet neither Henry nor Leo regarded this squabble with a German friar as the beginning of a new reform: the Great Reformation having, in their conceit, been happily accomplished at the convent of Santa Maria d'Ara Cœli, when, by the Bull of Union, the Conventual Fathers had been ordered to walk after the Observants in all processions and solemnities.

Thus the little knot of favoured friars at Greenwich became the head of all the Franciscans of whatever shade in England. Nor did the king's goodwill end there. Standish being chosen for the mitre of St. Asaph, and Richard Brinkley made provincial in his stead, the king in 1519 applied to Leo for a brief exempting the Franciscan brothers throughout England from all control and jurisdiction of prelates, even from those of the Pope's own legates. This grant was made by Leo, though it placed the holy fathers above all authority in the Church except that of their own minister-general. When Cardinal Wolsey, as Legate à Latere, tried in 1529 to visit their dens in Greenwich, they resisted his intrusion and disputed his right—a position of independence in which they were supported against Wolsey by the king.

The great trouble of the royal pair was now drawing near. In what way it arose, from whom it proceeded, at what time it began to work, have been much and perhaps needlessly discussed. Doubt as to the lawfulness of their marriage had never been a secret. They knew of it, for everybody knew of it; while they were young it was unheeded; while they were prosperous it was despised; but it had never ceased to

CHAP. VIII.

exist. It is not likely that either Henry or Catharine could have forgotten in a few years events so remarkable as the protests of Warham and the compromises of Fox. Each must have been aware that there existed in England, and probably in Europe, a vast deal of lay and clerical opinion adverse to their union. This adverse opinion, voiceless for a time, would be sure to stir into life when the validity of that marriage should have to be tested by a foreign court: that was to say, when the hand of Mary should be offered to any continental prince. Fox is the authority for stating that this question was first raised in 1522, when Mary was five years old, and that the quarter from which it sprang was the council of her cousin, Charles V.

Charles, when a child in the cradle, had been betrothed to Mary, the king's sister; but when the peace of 1514 had made Louis and Henry friends, Mary Tudor had renounced her contract with the boy-archduke, a match unsuited to her years, and had gone to Paris for a few dazzling months. Louis' death, almost in his honeymoon, had left her a regal widow. Young, wealthy, fascinating, she had been a cause of dread to François Premier, who feared lest the young Austrian archduke, now fifteen years of age, might renew his offer of marriage, unless an event so little to be desired by France could be anticipated. To this end François had whispered in the willing ear of Charles Brandon, that the queen was in love with him, and expected him to claim her hand; undertaking, that if he would marry her at once, the King of England should forgive them, and receive them into the highest favour. Brandon had seized the hint, and Mary Tudor, Queen of France, was by a sudden act of love and despair put for ever beyond reach of Charles V.

Yet as the young Spanish prince grew up, and as crown after crown fell huddling into his lap, Castile, Leon, Aragon, Granada, and Sicily in 1516, Rome in 1519,

Germany in 1520, he still seemed looking towards London for his future empress and queen. The king's sister being lost to him, he cast his eyes on the daughter Mary. Mary was sixteen years younger than Charles—in fact, when he succeeded to the crown of Spain she was not yet born—but the amity of England was of so much value to him, that he was willing to wait even twenty years for an English bride. When Wolsey went to Flanders in 1521, the great cardinal and the great emperor put their heads together. Next year, in May, on the eve of a war with France, the young Charlemagne crossed in his fleet to Dover, where he met the king and cardinal, and, among other things, made a formal offer of his hand to Mary. Then, according to Fox, arose on the side of the emperor's council an enquiry as to the flaw in Mary's title. It was very likely, almost inevitable, that such a doubt should arise, and such an enquiry occur. Charles's countrymen were only too familiar with such topics as degrees of affinity and rights of blood; for the marriage laws were extremely complex, the papal powers of dispensation dubious, and every part of Europe had been ravaged by dynastic wars, arising from disputed claims. Castile had bled through its own War of the Roses; the strife between Enrique and Alfonso having wasted the realm for many years, and the troubles which had sprung from the contested birth of Joanna the Nun were hardly yet closed. This nun was Catharine's first cousin, the daughter of Isabel's elder brother Enrique. By right of nature she was heiress to Enrique's throne; but her mother, Joanna of Portugal, being unpopular with the Church, and suspected of gallantry, the girl's title had been disputed by a League of Grandees, who had first supported Alfonso, and afterwards Isabel, in preference to the Nun. Enrique had been divorced from a first wife before marrying this Joanna of Portugal; the Noble League professed to believe that the Nun was the offspring of an amour

CHAP. VIII.

between their queen and the Conde de Beltran; and for two generations the question of her legitimacy perplexed the Roman Court, agitated Europe, and divided into factions every city of Castile. Aged men who had fought through these troubles were not likely to advise any contract of marriage for their young emperor and king without looking closely into the lady's birth.

Charles, however, being in haste to quit Dover, where his fleet had put in as it were by chance, and where the king had paid him a clandestine visit, set these doubts aside, so that articles of a treaty of war and friendship might be drawn up and signed. By this treaty England was to invade France from the west, and Charles was to marry his cousin Mary as soon as she should arrive at the age of twelve.

For a while, the raid into Bretagne, the brush on the Solway, occupied the king's mind; but when peace returned to his banners he had time to consider the prospects of his daughter and his dynasty. She was his only child. Should the suspicion of illegitimacy cling to her, the girl would run the risk of being deprived of her inheritance, like her kinswoman the royal Nun, while the country would be plunged backward into the agonies of all the old wars of Lancaster and York. It was for Mary, not for himself, Lord Herbert tells us, that he began to feel uneasy. He thought of Edward IV., and of that king's children: if possible, he would like to avoid all wrangle and dispute about Mary's rights; but then he must proceed in his task with the utmost care and secrecy. Should it ooze out that he was troubled by misgivings, her name and her cause would suffer. Whom could he trust in so strange a business except his confessor, John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln? In the secrecy of his closet he put the fears which disturbed him before this divine. Could there be any doubt of his marriage with Mary's mother? Longland thought there might be. They must enquire; they must read the

fathers; they might consult the canonists. Henry turned to these writers, and found in them no comfort. His anxiety was to learn whether the prohibition to marry within certain degrees of blood, being a divine commandment, could be set aside by a papal bull. If it could not, where did he stand? From the first hour of this secret debating, the king found that his confessor inclined to the views so long maintained by Warham, who was still alive and still of his former mind; and the more Henry read and thought, the more he felt driven towards the same conclusion, that the rule laid down in Leviticus (xviii. 16) was binding on Christian and Jew alike, beyond appeal. Indeed, it was clear, from reason and authority, that if a pontiff could suspend a canon of the Church, he could not suspend the principles of nature and the laws of God. The canonists agreed that some limit must be set to the dispensing power in matters of affinity, remote or near. No one, for example, thought that a pope, of his own mere will, could join father and daughter, brother and sister, in the sacrament of marriage: yet this degree, *in primo gradu*, was the very relationship in which the king appeared to stand towards the queen.

It was a singular discovery to have made; singular as it was secret and terrible—not for himself merely, but for his country, for his queen, and for his child. Nor was it easy for him to see from what quarter any light could dawn upon this darkness. If the queen were his brother's widow, she was not then, and never had been, his lawful wife. And how could he doubt that she had been, in fact as well as in name, Princess of Wales? The proofs abounded on every side, being written inferentially in the date of his own creation as Prince of Wales, and openly expressed in the Roman brief. No opening for escape appeared that way. Like his people, he had trusted in the efficacy of the papal power—if that should fail him, he was lost.

CHAP. VIII.

When Mary was eight years old, her mother being then forty, a woman of broken health, unlikely to have another child, the king, much wearied with his fears for the succession, drew closer to his side the son of Lady Talbot, so as to excite suspicion in those who guessed the workings of his mind, that he would, sooner or later, try to legitimate the boy and have him declared his successor to the throne. This was in 1525, two years before De Grammont came to London; so that the king's secret must have been early known. In June of that year, Harry Fitzroy was made a Knight of the Garter, Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Richmond and Somerset—titles which seem chosen by the king as uniting in his son the two great factions of the red and the white rose. A few weeks later the boy was made Lord Warden of the Scottish Border, Lieutenant-General beyond the Trent, and Lord High Admiral of England. These steps created a good deal of talk.

About the same time, the Cortes of Castile, being then assembled in Toledo, expressed a desire that their king should marry without delay; in other words, that Charles should repudiate his contract with Mary, who was only ten years old, and select from another family an empress and queen. The precise words of this recommendation are debated. It is not denied that the Cortes raised objections to Mary. Hall, Fox, Herbert, and Speed affirm in substance that the objection raised was to the young lady's birth, as not being free from cavil. Catholic writers are not agreed as to what the Cortes said; Butler admitting, and Lingard disputing, that the Spaniards were the first who put a stigma on Mary's name. Lingard says that Catharine's countrymen would have been the last men on earth to disturb her peace; and that had they been so cruel as to question her marriage, Cranmer and Henry would have quoted the fact against her. To this it might be answered, that such pleas beg the whole question. The Castilians, in debating their own succession,

were not only likely, but were absolutely certain to discuss the titles of any princess who might be called to share the throne. On the other side, since English writers of the time refer to what took place in Toledo, and in Dover, it is probable that Cranmer and Henry *did* quote the circumstance of that opposition as a point in their own favour. Let the Spaniards be judged by the necessities of their case. When they met to consider of the royal marriage, their instant care would be to guard their country against any risk of a new outbreak of Avila. To avoid war between any future Enrique and Alfonso, conspiracies on the part of any future Nun Joanna, they must have a lady on the throne about whose birth neither friend nor foe could waver. Were they aware of facts which could raise doubts as to Mary? Unhappily they were aware of many; some of them being familiar with every stage in that gigantic fraud—the procuration and publication of the Roman brief. They knew how much the wickedness of Borgia, the ambition of Giulio had contributed to the gross result; how far the Church had been ensnared by De Rojas, how far it had been employed by Fernando; and they could guess, in the face of a reforming Europe, whether that papal note would be able to stand the questioning of a stricter age. The taint, if there were any, in Mary's blood, would affect her children, their future kings; so that in Charles's contract with her they could see their way, through a most lurid light, to a second League of Grandees and fresh pronunciations of Burgos and Seville. This was the case they had now to meet. To dream that they would run such risks of civil war in order to spare Catharine's feelings, is to endow them with the poetical and gratuitous sensibilities of a spectator in a later age, of one who has nothing at stake beyond a languid and agreeable flutter of the nerves. These Castilians had disputed the Nun's legitimacy, and set it aside, by force

CHAP. VIII.

of arms, against the protests of her father, the reigning king. Their business was to make their succession safe, and this they effected when the emperor and king, on the counsel of his cortes, tore up his treaty with Mary, and in March 1526 espoused the Infanta Isabel of Portugal.

The objection to Mary, on the score of her birth, however it had been raised, met the king henceforward at every turn, whenever he spoke of her settlement in life. A girl with the crown of England in her hand could not want for suitors; but when the lover was of royal rank, with dynastic rights to guard, the question, lying in the nature of things, could not fail to be raised, and that in a most unpleasant form. In the following year, when Charles's lieutenant, the Duc de Bourbon, was sacking Rome, and Charles, in his private chapel, was praying for the Pope's safety, a French embassy, consisting of Gabriel de Grammont Bishop of Tarbes, and François Viscount de Turenne, arrived in London to negotiate a treaty of alliance between the two crowns of France and England for the defence of Italy and the Pope, having for basis a marriage between Mary, the king's daughter, and either François himself, or his brother Henri, Duc d'Orléans. One of the first public enquiries made by the French prelate was—whether the young lady's legitimacy was beyond reach of cavil? Henry was indignant with the divine. Such a question, he said, was insulting to his dignity, to the honour of his queen. But he kept quiet. The question was one which the ambassadors were bound to raise; France, too, having had her own royal divorces and disputes of succession. The misfortune is, that such a question could not be asked without insinuating a doubt, nor answered without a recognition of that doubt. Asked by a man of high rank in the Church, who represented his sovereign, and who had come into England on a formal mission, it could not be evaded. The French ambassadors had nothing to

gain and much to risk by mooting the subject at that particular time. If Mary's birth could not be established by law, they would have to go home, their errand undone. But the question was inevitable, however it might be met.

This public enquiry brought the King's Secret from the confessional to the council board, where it had now to be considered by a good many statesmen and priests. Longland, to whom the king had confided his early fears, was of Warham's opinion, that the canonical impediments were such as no power on earth could remove, that the king was living in mortal sin, and that as a good Catholic he ought to separate himself from Catharine at bed and board. Henry, who had too much kindliness of heart to act on one man's advice, even that of his confessor, in a business of so much moment, laid the case before the Cardinal of York. Wolsey, looking at this worry like a statesman rather than like a priest, thought a very strong case might be sent to Rome, and that on grounds of policy alone the king might expect to obtain a divorce from Catharine, with leave to marry again, as easily as Louis XII. had gained his bull to put away Queen Jeanne. Consulting Warham, the cardinal found that aged prelate firm in his impression that the papal dispensation had never possessed any legal force. The last Roman primate of England, a man stern and just, even in the midst of that pliancy towards the prosperous which was the failing of his Church, believing the marriage to be void, and the queen to be a guilty woman, who had done wrong with her eyes open, would have gone on straight and fast to his end, taking every advantage of the law, crushing every obstacle in his path, with scant consideration for the feelings, and no sympathy for the sufferings, of his surprised and unhappy queen. Wolsey was for a gentler course. While agreeing with the primate that,

CHAP. VIII.

in the language of the canonists, the impediment of affinity *in primo gradu* was *de jure divino* and beyond the Pope's power to dispense with, he wished to proceed slowly and safely, with some deference to the royal lady, with strict regard to European policy, above all with humble respect for the Holy Chair, which, while assailed by reformers in France and Germany, would not like to hear of its briefs being rejected and its powers disputed by cardinals and archbishops in faithful and papal England. Wolsey's plan was to make things easy for the king by making them pleasant for the Pope.

There were at that time in Western Europe two foreign ecclesiastics of high rank in the Church and of distinguished talents in the law, whose conclusions it was thought by Wolsey and Longland good to learn; these were Giacchimo Staffileo, an Italian prelate, orator of the King of France and dean of the Rota in Rome; and Jean du Bellai, then Bishop of Bayonne, afterwards cardinal, Archishop of Bordeaux, and Dean of the Sacred College. Staffileo answered as a Roman judge would be sure to answer on the first suggestion of a legal fault, that the Pope was right, the brief sufficient, the marriage binding. But on the facts which had guided Warham and converted Longland being laid before him, he changed his mind, recalled his hasty words, and composed an argument in favour of his wiser views, which he supported by copious citation of the decrees and rulings of the Roman Court. His argument had a great effect upon the English clergy, and Staffileo came over to London to maintain in person the conclusions of his book. Du Bellai was found on the same side with Staffileo, Warham, and Longland; that is to say, he was convinced of the king's marriage being incestuous and accursed. In one of his letters, he went so far as to declare that God Himself had pronounced its condemnation.

In this early stage of the business there was no sign of haste, passion, or insincerity in the king. Those who had to deal with him, whether foreign prelates, counsellors of state, or members of the universities, believed his scruples to have sprung at first from religious feeling, and to have been moved into wild activity by the questions of Grammont and the counsels of Longland. The king's advisers were, without exception, princes and officers of the Roman Church, of which he was himself the most loyal and obedient son. If any lower consideration than that of conscience weighed upon his mind, it was not that of love or lust. No other lady had drawn his eye from Catharine. He was still true to her, and still loved her. It is not clear that as yet he had ever seen the beautiful Anne Boleyn: it is not certain that he had ever yet dreamt of a second marriage. It seemed more likely that, should both his children prove to be illegitimate, he would declare his son Harry heir, and procure him a parliamentary title to the throne. As if the dashing boy were not rich and powerful enough already, he was now created Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Catharine, when she began to dream of danger to herself, only thought of it as coming out of France. Wolsey, too, had no conception of such folly as the king entangling himself in a net of love. Like all the world, the cardinal felt the inconvenience of the situation, and as soon as he thought of going to Rome for a divorce, he began to cast about him for a second queen. But the woman whom he chose in his mind for this office was not the sprightly Anne, with only her wit, her youth, her abounding spirits to recommend her, but the exalted princess, Renée of France, a woman who would bring to London royal blood, a great dowry, and political friendships. If the country was to continue part of the Roman world, bound up in the political system of the Continent, this French princess was unquestionably the woman for Henry to wed; and in

CHAP. VIII.

the policy of forming such a connection he acquiesced so soon as he adopted the idea of the divorce being followed by a new marriage. The change which he at that time contemplated in his household was a political union, not a solace of the heart. Except in his brief affair with Lady Talbot, it is unlikely that the king had ever yet felt the pangs and ecstacies of love.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DIVORCE.

CHAP. IX.

THESE private questionings of divines and statesmen on a point so dear to her, placed Catharine in a position to the last degree painful and humiliating. Wolsey and Warham tried to prevent the news of what they were doing from reaching her ears; while Henry, though he separated himself from her bed, for which her maladies afforded him ample excuse, still sat with her at table and slept under her roof. But she was soon informed of the king's secret, of the consultation of canonists, of the conferences of the two archbishops—a discovery which filled her with rage and shame. The whisperings of these learned men appeared to her monstrous and incredible. For eighteen years she had borne, in the eyes of all mankind, the honourable names of queen and wife. She had done nothing to forfeit them. If she had married the king secretly and suddenly, she had done so at her father's wish, with the Pope's consent, and with the approbation of all her kin. Whether right or wrong in 1509, it was too late to discuss her fault in 1527. The world had acquiesced in it. She had been a true and loyal wife to the king; she had borne him many children, one of whom, her daughter Mary, was still alive. The Church had adopted these children into its bosom, Warham and Wolsey having held them over the font and sprinkled in their faces the sacred drops. And now she was to be told that French divines and Italian lawyers were engaged in mooting the question as to whether she was a wife or only a concubine, as to

CHAP. IX.

whether her daughter was a real princess of England or only a bastard sister of Henry Fitzroy! A flush of fire ran through her veins. For a priest to express any doubt of her marriage was in her eyes more than wicked; it was horrible. If she were not a true wife, she was not a good Catholic; if she were not living in perfect honour, she was wallowing in mortal sin. Such an insult ought not to have been levelled against the humblest woman in the land, much less against one who, born a daughter of kings, had sat unquestioned on the throne for eighteen years. Yet bishops in the Church, and men of learning and repute in the universities, she heard, were wagging their tongues against her credit and against the birthright of her only child. It was hard for her to hear such things; the more so as the blow proceeded from the French, the eternal enemies of her country and her race. An alliance of France and England meant, in her eyes, a war against Charles; a marriage of Henry and Renée meant a prince on the throne with a natural bias towards the policy of France. At the earliest moment she must let her nephew hear of it; but how could she send such news to him without rousing Wolsey's suspicion of her purpose? That genius for intrigue which she inherited from her mother came to her aid.

She made a little plot in which Francisco Felipo, her Spanish sewer, was to play a part. He was to say that his mother, an aged woman on the point of death, had sent for him into Spain, and he was to ask the king's permission to go and see her before she died. Catharine was to appear as if she set her face against his suit, counting on Henry's good nature to back Felipo's wish to depart on his pious errand. In that way it was hoped he would get leave to go. So, when the sewer began to talk of his mother, and express his wish to see her, the queen begged the king and cardinal to prevent him from going away, as the journey through

France would be dangerous, and she could not spare her most confidential servant from her side. Suspecting that this was a little plot, the council advised the king to treat Felipo's request lightly, as a thing honourable to him, and even to make a pretence of persuading the queen to consent to his voyage. Henry played his part; and Catharine, after some demur, appeared to give way. But the king had not yet done. He now sent for Felipo to his room, and told him that, as the road was full of perils, he would give him a safe-conduct and even ransom him in case he was detained in France; to which end it would be necessary for the king to see his pass and know his route. The passport was produced, showing that Felipo meant to go home by way of Calais. A request was then sent to Paris that the messenger should be seized in France, thrown into jail, and kept a prisoner there with so much secrecy that no one should ever suspect Henry or the cardinal of having knowledge of his arrest. These measures being taken, the council left Felipo to depart into the snare. But Catharine was not to be caught by such simple craft. Felipo, free to start on his journey, left London openly, rode to the sea-side, and then took ship for another port, making his way, no man knew how, to the imperial court, while the king's officers were idly waiting for him on Calais pier.

Charles, who had no quick sense of shame, and who was not the man to waste powder in a woman's cause, perceived with the safe glance of a politician the many dangers to which a close alliance between Henry and François would at once expose him in Italy, where he was now fixing his power at the expense of many princes, particularly of the Medici, one of whom ruled on the Val d'Arno, and another, a bastard son of Giuliano de' Medici, had been raised to the Pontificate, with the title of Clement VII. But instead of breathing flame and fire, he wrote to London in the smoothest

CHAP. IX.

words. Affecting to consider the question of a divorce as an idle rumour, he offered to submit his will to that of Henry in regard to his claims against France, and he so far humoured the king's affection for Harry Fitzroy as to suggest conferring on him the Duchy of the Milanese, with the empress's sister, Maria of Portugal, for a wife. Henry may have been flattered by this deference and this proposal, and his ambassadors were instructed to reply that the rumour of a divorce from Catharine rested on no better foundation than Monseigneur de Grammont's prattle. But there he stopped. He could go no farther with a prince who, by attacking a pope, even a bastard pope, had outraged the Christian world.

At that time, strange as it sounds, Henry was the best friend, Charles the most rancorous enemy, of the Holy See; for while one was writing books against Luther, and earning from a grateful pontiff the title of Defender of the Faith, the other was sending his German lanzknechts into Italy, where, on the 6th of May, 1527, they plundered Rome, violated convents, besieged the Pope and cardinals in their own castle of St. Angelo, and by their vicinity and example induced the citizens of Florence to rise upon the Medici, to drive them from that city, and restore the ancient liberties of the republic. A wail for the desecration of Rome ran over Europe; followed by a cry for help; to be in its turn followed by a sudden stir in the pulpits and the public streets. Paris and London were excited into fury—the princes of the earth no less than the penitent and the priest. As a true son of the Church, Henry, burning with indignation against the emperor, his nephew, commanded a fast of three days, public processions of the host, a general humiliation, and services and prayers in all the churches; after which national prostration at the throne of grace, he sent Wolsey into France to consult with François, and to conclude with

that monarch an alliance for the liberation of Clement and the defence of Rome.

The work was done to the cardinal's hand; the princes, prelates, gentlemen, and peasantry of France being equally alert to cross the Alps and chase the Spaniard and Almaigne out of Italy. Looking to the future and the tiara, which he had more than once missed by a few votes, the cardinal made overtures to Louise of Savoy, mother of François, and by her influence four great cardinals joined with Wolsey in praying Clement to name a vicar-general, who should exercise, as delegate, all the papal functions north of the Alps. No man save Wolsey could have been chosen for such an office, and the nomination would have made him a northern pope. France entered into an understanding that his decrees should be carried into effect, from that time, against the will of either Charles or Clement. On leaving Compeigne for England, Wolsey told Louise that in less than one year from that time she should see the marriage of Catharine set aside, the alliance with Spain abandoned, and a princess of her blood on the English throne.

Such were the fears of Catharine herself. When she appealed to the Church and the law against these proceedings, she declared her willingness to abide by the decision of learned men of every country except France, for, as the French had an interest in her fall, she could not be bound by the opinions of their colleges and chairs.

On Wolsey's return to London with the treaty in his hand, he found that a fatal change had passed over the face of his fortunes and his enterprise, from the fact that while he had been in France, the king, his master, had fallen in love with a young and beautiful lady of the royal household. He could not, would not, credit such a thing. His Grace had never yet shown much vagrant fancy for pretty women; and Wolsey, who, as a

CHAP. IX.

priest and a politician, considered one lady like another, Renée the same as Anne, could not conceive or endure that the policy of Europe—the policy which had made him half a pope—should be governed by a personal adventure of the heart. He saw, indeed, that the youth, the wit, the vivacity and loveliness of Anne Boleyn had fascinated eyes and ears accustomed to a colder face and less buoyant spirit than her own; but believing, like a man of the world, that the king's fancy must yield to arguments of state, he fell on his knees, conjuring the king to look for a queen in Paris, and promising, in return for his good behaviour in that line, that the divorce should proceed and the Church acquiesce. His prayers, his expostulations, and his threats were made in vain. The new passion was genuine; and though the king might have to wait as many years as Jacob waited for Rachel, he could not change. The cardinal, sore at heart, not merely on account of his boastings to Louise at Compeigne, foresaw that a divorce in favour of Renée would have been easier to gain than a divorce in favour of Anne. All France would have fought, in council and in field, for a judgment of the Church, the result of which would have been to place one of her own princesses on the English throne. For Anne, the battle must be fought alone. Then, again, the young lady was suspected of inclining towards those new and heretical opinions which, in spite of the king's Defence of the Seven Sacraments, were everywhere gaining ground. Some of the great peers, many of the clergy and the commoners, made all but open profession of the old English doctrines of John Wycliffe and Reginald Pecock. Latimer was denouncing Rome, and the sharpest vigour of the government could not hinder Tyndal's Bible from being bought and read. Anne's father, Viscount Rochford, was suspected of a friendship for the innovators—an obstacle to success in Vienna and in Rome. Then again Wolsey was

too old a politician not to see that Anne's elevation to the throne would bring those doctrines into favour which, as a cardinal, an archbishop, and a pretender to the tiara, he might have to condemn. If she rose to be queen, Latimer might become her chaplain, perhaps her confessor, and the smiles so long enjoyed by Forrest and the Greenwich friars might be transferred to their English assailants, the very roughest enemies of an Italian Church. In fact, the policy of the crown might be changed, new measures adopted, and new men employed.

At the very moment when the great cardinal had won Louise of Savoy to his interests, and had put himself at the head of both the Gallic and English Churches, he felt the ground beginning to slip from beneath his feet in London.

When he saw that no prayers, no threats, could move the king from his purpose, he affected to fall in with it, courting the youthful lady with priestly unctuousness, and working secretly in her cause at the Roman Court; but his heart was never in this labour of his hands, and after some loss of time in punctilios, which provoked both the friends of Anne and the partisans of Catharine to cry out against him, the great love-suit of the age was snatched away from him by younger and less timid men.

With a few rare exceptions, such as the queen's confessors, Father Forrest and Bishop Fisher (both of whom held to their creed that the king and queen were man and wife, and that no good cause had been shown for a divorce), all Englishmen had the same end in view; but there were many opinions as to the shortest way to that common end. Wolsey's plan was to work through the Court of Rome in alliance with that of France. Norfolk and Suffolk, one the uncle of Anne Boleyn, the other Henry's brother-in-law, were at the head of a party inclined to act with Charles,

CHAP. IX.

from whose policy in Italy and by whose influence in Rome they reckoned on winning more easily the relief which they sought. There was another party, powerful in its numbers, its abilities, and public spirit, though as yet it lay in the back-ground, voiceless—that English party, of which Thomas Cranmer was to become in a few years the inspiring soul—a party looking for deliverance from their troubles, not to a foreign court, the chances of war, and the fortunes of the Medici, but to a declaration of the English parliament and a judgment of the English Church.

Cardinal Wolsey, grounding his case on certain informalities in the original bull—not on the inadequacy of the bull itself—applied to Clement for a commission, in which either Dean Staffileo or Cardinal Campeggio should be joined with himself to try the validity of the queen's marriage in England, where the witnesses lived and the facts were known. To this request his Holiness, informed by the Dean of the Rota, raised no demur; but then, his Holiness being a prisoner in St. Angelo, and his capital held by Spanish and German troops, he could not act as his conscience warned him to be right. A French army under M. de Lautrec, having Sir Richard Jermingham as English commissioner in his camp, had crossed the Alps to assist Pope Clement, had occupied Alessandria and Novara, pushed rapidly through the Milanese, cleared Lombardy of the lanzknechts and caballeros, conquered Genoa and Pavia, and reached Piacenza on its way towards Rome. But M. de Lautrec hung about the Po, forming alliances with the doges of Venice and Genoa, and with the gonfalonieres of Central Italy, until the Pope, closely invested and wanting bread, submitted to the fate of war, consenting to renounce all treaties and friendships with the enemies of Charles, to place Ostia, Civita Vecchia, as well as Parma, Modena, and Piacenza in his hands, and to redeem, at a cost of 400,000 crowns, his own life and the

lives of his cardinals from the cut-throats of his imperial son. This sordid bargain being made, the guards round St. Angelo winked at the Pope's escape through their lines, in a gardener's rags, to the ruined castle and sparkling vineyards of Orvieto, where it suited the Spanish policy that he should live and hold his court within easy swoop of a cavalry raid from Rome.

At Orvieto, William Knight, an English doctor of laws and secretary of state, appeared to congratulate his Holiness on his escape, and to beg a papal commission for Wolsey and Campeggio to try the king's cause. If the Pope was troubled by this request, it was not on account of Catharine's wrongs or the course which he ought to take. To him, the divorce was a folly, the queen's suffering a fig. Himself a bastard son, he was not likely to be disturbed about Mary's legitimacy. More than once he wished that Catharine were in her grave, and he told the English agents that Henry should have put her away and taken a second wife without pothering about his scruples at the Holy See. With the contempt of an Italian and a bastard for domestic rights, he said, "The king goes a roundabout way in the affair; if he be convinced in his conscience that his present marriage is void, let him marry again." The Holy Father was not haunted by Catharine's pale face and beseeching eyes, nor was his mind much fluttered by the fear of doing wrong; the things which shook his nerves and stayed his pen in the presence of William Knight were M. de Lautrec's slow advance, the expulsion of his own family from Florence, the menacing strength of the imperial troops. The position was too strong for him, nor could it be met by any trick of state. Not daring to act openly against the emperor's wishes, yet unable to refuse enquiry into a point of law which had been raised by his own Dean of the Rota, Clement signed a commission, but in secret only, begging the king and Wolsey to be satisfied with a brief which they must not publish until the

CHAP. IX.

French and their allies should be close on Rome. He used no subterfuge, made no apology for the falsehood he proposed to tell. He signed the brief because it was right to do so; he wished it to be kept a secret for a while, in order that, when the truth came out, he might tell the emperor he had signed it under compulsion. If the English king would allow him to tell this falsehood, he was willing that Campeggio should go to London as his legate, that a commission should enquire into the validity of the Julian brief, and that efforts should be made by the Church to induce Catharine to take the veil..

Campeggio, who arrived in London in October 1528, while the campaign of Italy was undecided, brought a secret order from the Pope to delay the suit until either France or Spain should be master of the field. If Charles were beaten and Naples fell, he might pronounce the marriage void; but while the French were loitering at Capua, and the Venetians and Genoese were quarrelling at sea, he was to amuse the king with words, to persuade Catharine to take the veil, to do anything, rather than commit the Church to an irrevocable opinion on either side. The Pope imagined that what he had already done in signing the brief, he could either deny or recall at pleasure. He thought he should always be able to play the French and the imperial parties, Wolsey and Suffolk, against each other. Of the existence of an English party, with a strong will in this matter, he took no note.

At the end of a month, Campeggio had an interview with Catharine, whom he advised, in the name of his Holiness, to put an end to her own trials, her husband's suit, and to the embarrassments of Europe, by entering a religious house; offering her peace of mind and certainty of salvation on the easy terms of a vow of chastity, compensated by indulgence in a good table and in the luxuries of dress. It was the old advice from the

old quarter—to sacrifice herself that others might have peace. But the queen was in no mood for yielding more.

If anything could have put senna and hyssop into her potion, it was the thought, no secret from her now, that Henry had chosen from among the women of her own household a candidate for the place which Campeggio wished her to vacate. She had no dislike to Anne Boleyn as a lady; indeed, like all her court, she was fond of that joyous radiant girl, whom she would have kept by her own side, to chase her pain and cheer her gloom. She knew that her maid of honour was a true woman, young, beautiful, ambitious; yet withal modest, loving, and pure of heart. In the pretty card story told by Cavendish, the queen appëars observant, not jealous; yet we know from the history of all human passion that a rivalry which is only galling in a stranger and an equal, may be maddening in a servant who is close at hand. To have been put away for the Princess Renée of France, whom she neither loved nor hated, would have been bad enough for Catharine to bear—more than she could or would have borne in patience—but to yield her place and rank in favour of her own chit of a waiting woman, was to undergo the humiliation of Sara without the pleasure of having herself given Hagar to the king. In her inmost soul, she felt that this was an undeserved and ungenerous slight. Since she had pledged her troth to Henry in Greenwich Chapel, she had been to him a true and constant wife, unswerving in her trust, her fellowship, and her love. The very men who were now in league against her could allege no fault on her side, save the increase of her years and the death of her children; her miseries, not her crimes; no failure of obedience, no lapse from virtue, no remissness of tender care, no wilful absence from the post of wife or queen. If the father's heart had been torn when his sons died year by year, had not the mother's heart been also torn? Why

CHAP. IX.

should the curse descend on one head only? That was her position before the Church, from which no menaces of Wolsey, no cajoleries of Campeggio, could drive her to stray one step. If husband and wife had done wrong, they had done this wrong together. Though feeling herself a weak woman, a poor stranger, in the midst of these learned cardinals and priests, she had her good name to guard, and she would hear from neither Wolsey nor Campeggio a single word which could be strained to imply a doubt of her royal rights. With a warmth that has been harshly judged, but which her virtuous life and terrible fate have made beautiful in many eyes, she insisted on a full recognition, a free enjoyment, of all her privileges as a married woman in her husband's house, from the observance, courtesy, and following of her state, down to her place at the king's table, and her share of the royal couch. It may have been unwise in Catharine to insist so much; but she had done with the lessons of worldly prudence. For forty years her life had been one great sacrifice for others. First for Fernando and Isabel, then for Alexander Borgia, next for Henry VII., then, again, for Julius and the emperor Charles; and what she had done for them, poor woman, in the past, she was to do for Clement VII. and Alessandro de' Medici in the future, whether she liked or no. But not with her own hand would she build the pyre and apply the torch. If caught in a storm, the slave of a revolution which she had not caused, and over which her weakness had no command, she could still refuse to events that weak obedience which would make her appear the instrument of her own shame.

Nor was the queen ignorant either that her nephew had a party in the council, or that Campeggio's judgment would be guided less by the depositions of English witnesses, or the authority of foreign doctors, than by the failure or success of Doria's galleys and De

Lautrec's arms. If Naples fell, she too might fall. The cardinals, like herself and the king, were listening for decisive news. But even should the campaign go wrong with her countrymen, she could still preserve her own esteem, could compel the world's admiration, by an august, if unavailing, protest. So when the Roman cardinal, in Wolsey's presence, implored her to release the king from his bonds and the Holy Father from his perplexities, by going into a religious house, she answered with a proud humility, that unless her husband became a monk she would not take the veil. Demanding to be heard by counsel in reply, she expressed her resolution to defend to the last extremity her rights as a wife and the legitimacy of her child.

This noble rage, so tender and dramatic in the lonely woman, was not found lovely in the eyes of either Wolsey or Campeggio. But the king himself was more considerate of her feelings than these priests. If he were fixed in his resolution to proceed with the divorce, he was too manly to treat her otherwise than as became her sex, her sorrows, and her rank. He still lived under the same roof, dined at the same table, knelt at the same altar; so that, once and again, the courtiers were deceived by his courtesy into dreaming that he would change his mind; forgetting the needs of his country and his dynasty in presence of the paling cheek and breaking heart of his noble wife. Had his desire for offspring been a passing whimsy, had his love for Anne been a common passion, they had plenty of time to pass away.

Through these long years of trial the queen never ceased to love him, nor did he ever cease to respect and admire the queen. More, perhaps, than in the days of her youthful ardour, did her high demeanour strike the king as showing her worthy of a throne; for the trials which now wrung her heart brought out into bright relief the nobler qualities of mind and temper

CHAP. IX.

which had lurked unseen in her prosperous years below the cold exterior of her Castilian pride. But if he pitied her he did not swerve. The necessities which drove him on were as much beyond his control as hers. All England was a party to the suit.

In every tavern, in every pulpit, at every fireside, the king's secret affair was now discussed with noise and zeal, if with no great learning or much discretion. William Peto, one of the Greenwich friars, afterwards a cardinal, took up his parable against Lady Anne; being the first who openly and from the pulpit denounced her ladyship by name. In this act of daring he was followed by Father Elstow, one of the same fraternity. But the company were not all of his mind. Friar Lawrence, a man of humour, eloquence, and popularity, took the other side; also, Friar Robinson, Friar Ravenscroft, and a lay brother named Friar Lyst, the mixer of drugs and dryer of herbs—a man, therefore, of weight in a body professing to nurse the poor and to heal the sick. Forrest, the provincial and queen's confessor, was neutral; or it will be well to say at once, that he was for either Henry or Catharine, as it suited him to be from day to day. The king himself told Lyst that Forrest had espoused his cause, and had offered to preach it to the people at St. Paul's. The more froward on one side, whether friars or laymen, answered those on the other, until Henry, to check this strife of tongues, resolved on the boldest step he had ever yet taken in advance, and the effects of which, near and far, it is no impeachment of his wisdom to say he could not see —that of laying the facts of his case, so far as they had gone, before a great assemblage of his lay subjects, though these very same facts were then being put in evidence before the two cardinals nominated by the Pope.

Calling his peers to London, he invited them to meet at his palace of Bridewell the councillors of state, the

lord mayor and aldermen of London, with some of the richest traders of Lombard Street. To this lay assembly he explained the history of his great affair; describing the origin of his own fears, the secret conferences with Longland, followed by the enquiries of Grammont, the declaration of Warham, the mission of Knight, and the measures which had since been taken for the common weal. This speech had a good effect. The country was invited to weigh and judge. The cardinals were placed as it were under lay inspection. From November 8th, 1528, the day of this Bridewell meeting, the English party had a real, if not yet a nominal, existence in the state.

On the 23rd of May, 1529, Campeggio and Wolsey opened their court; but this opening was a mere deceptive form, the cause which they were about to try had been already decided in the Roman councils, not by the arguments of Staffileo, but by the conquests of Charles. The reverses of France had been as signal as her invasion had been impressive. Doria had returned to Genoa; Lautrec and Jermingham had died of plague; the French camp had been broken up, the kingdom of Naples had been recovered for Spain, and Charles was once more dictator of Italy. In the face of such events the Pope had no choice but to arrange with the conqueror, if he wished either to occupy the Lateran in peace or to see his kinsmen restored to the city which they had outraged and enslaved. The conditions of their reconciliation were, on one side, that Clement should revoke the commission of Campeggio, cite the king of England to appear in person or by his deputy in Rome, and take no step in relation to the divorce without first obtaining the emperor's leave; on the other, that Florence should be crushed by the Spanish troops, that Alessandro, who was thought to be the Pope's natural son, should be restored, and the second, and bastard dynasty of the Medici, established in the

CHAP. IX.

Val d'Arno. Catharine, who had her own agent, Doctor Ortiz, in Rome, and kept up a close correspondence with her nephew, was aware of these terms having been made between the Emperor and the Pope. When, therefore, she appeared in Campeggio's presence, it was not to defend her claims, as people expected, but to appeal from the English tribunal to the Roman court. Campeggio, too, instead of supporting his legantine authority and proceeding with the case, admitted this appeal to Rome, and adjourned the court for a month; during which time the articles of a treaty between Charles and Clement were drawn up, exchanged, and signed. Sixteen days after signing the Treaty of Barcelona, which placed the troops who had plundered Rome at the Pope's disposal for the destruction of Florentine liberty, Clement revoked his brief, and cited the king of England to appear in Rome.

Could the English people go to Italy on such an errand? Catharine appealed by name to the Pope, but in reality her appeal was to the emperor. No man in his senses, least of all Clement, supposed that the king of England could appear in Rome, except with arms in his hands. But then, as Grammont declared and Lingard allows, the Pope imagined that so soon as it was known in London that he had revoked the legatine commission, Wolsey would proceed to judgment, and Henry would marry again, without either asking his permission or compromising his policy. In this belief, Clement for three parts of a year declined to take any further step in settlement of the affair. But the English would not act upon his hints. The king could wait, as he had waited long. For him and for his people the affair was much too grave for subterfuge and trick; therefore, when His Holiness revoked the commission, citing the king to appear and defend himself in Rome, they took the citation seriously. Even Wolsey was provoked into saying:—"If his grace should come at any time to

the Court of Rome, he would do the same with such a main and army royal as should be formidable to the Pope and to all Italy."

The Bridewell meeting of lay peers and city magistrates now bore its natural fruit; for on Cardinal Campeggio leaving London, Wolsey, bent to the last on doing this business through a Roman, not an English method, lost his power; a lay chancellor was named to succeed him in the person of Sir Thomas More; and writs for a new Parliament, likely to be hostile to the religious houses, went out into the shires. The country met in November, grave and stern. Henry had not yet made up his mind to so bold a departure from established rules as to bring a canonical law to the judgment of a lay assembly; but, hoping to alarm the emperor and the Pope into a sense of danger, he allowed his eager Commons to attack the monks, the abbeys, the regular clergy, and even to propose a reform in the Church.

The keen eyes of Charles now saw the need for an ambassador in London of the highest skill and prudence, a man of law and of the world, urbane, adroit, insinuating, one who could conciliate Henry by his grace of manner, and hold his own against those bright young wits of the English court whom late events were bringing to the front. And such a one he found in his privy councillor and master of bequests, the Don Eustacchio Chappuis, doctor of laws. This man, the Capucius of Shakespeare, arrived in London at the end of 1529. About this time the queen, who lived in daily fear lest the king should proceed to extremities with his suit, demanded from His Holiness a brief denouncing spiritual censures against her husband, which the poor Pope, then at Bologna, living in the same house with Charles, and wholly in his power, could not refuse. A brief was drawn and signed, which Charles made haste to hang on the church doors of Brussels and Antwerp (March 7, 1530), warning the King of England to take

CHAP. IX.

no further steps in the great affair until the cause had been heard and decided in Rome, and directing him, in the meantime, to receive Catharine into his house and treat her as his wife.

A request for the king to be a good boy, and wait with patience until the Pope could find time to instruct him further, was not likely to do much good or harm in England, even among the few to whom a notice posted on a church door in Antwerp might become known. It was perhaps the Pope's wish to do neither good nor harm; but only, while conciliating the emperor in whose house he lived, and whose troops were fighting for the Medici before the walls of Florence, to put off an ugly decision and leave things in London to take their course. With any other people than the English he might have succeeded; but that preference for fact, that obstinate regard for legality, which had constrained Pope Julius to record the plain truth in the original bull, remained to vex his successor. Rome had made the marriage, and Rome should either unmake it or declare it lawful. The Church must have the courage to do right. No hints of a short cut to their goal, no suggestion to allow the facts to outrun the court, would these obstinate people take. They would walk no way except the straight one. Some persons, knowing England very ill, imagined that she might succumb to threats, and that Henry could be crushed, as John had been crushed, by a clap of thunder from Rome. These persons advised the Pope to proceed with rigour, excommunicating the king and laying the realm under an interdict. One of these persons, it is sad to say, was the queen; who told the Holy Father in her correspondence that there was no other cure for the evils under which she lay than that terrible sentence of the Church.

This startling fact, so true to nature, yet so embarrassing to the painters of an ideal Catharine, comes

to light in one of her letters, hitherto unprinted, to her Roman agent, the Doctor Ortiz:— CHAP. IX.

CATHARINE TO ORTIZ.

Archivo General de Simancas.
Estado. Legajo 806. fol. 32.

"Doctor yo recibo mucho plazer y descanso con vuestras cartas como ver que me hazeys saver lo bueno y malo de lo que ay pasa y cognosco la pena que recibiys y la affettion y buena voluntad teneys al bien deste negocio y la manera que teneys en encomendarselo a Su Santidad a que haga justicia y con brevedad encargandole su conciencia qu es el mejor camino y mas cierto para las personas que han de residir en esa Santa Silla | y con todo quanto se procura y se trabaja las obras que hace Su Santidad son tales quales veys yo no veo otro camino syno encomendarlo todo a dios y rogarle quiera remediar los daños que este Reyno y la Christiandad por este negocio no aver fin espera pues su vicario aca en la tierra no los quiere remediar | no se que me diga de Su Santidad syno que allende los hereges que ay en la Christianidad teniendo esta causa como la tiene suspensa quiere dar lugar a que aya mas y seyendo caveça y protector de la yglesia la quiere hazer dar una gran cayda | y no puedo hazer mas como a Su Santidad escrybo syno ynformarle de mi verdad y representarle los daños que veo se siguen por nodar fin a esta causa y procurar que se acabe por las vias que me parescera y quando esta no bastare quejarme a dios pues aca en la tierra en sus ministros no ay fe ni caridad por su misericordia no me quiera desamparar a vos os ruego procureys lo mismo como haveys yo he visto la copia del breve que Su Santidad otorgo y helo mostrado a personas doctas y anme respondido que la medecina que esta llaga a de curar a de ser mas fuerte y quel remedio es la sentencia y lo demas trahera enojo y aprovechara poco dios os de mucha salud de [word

CHAP. IX.

illegible] inix xiij de Abril | A Su Santidad dyreys lo que por esta letra os escribo.

"CATHERINA.

"Al Doctor Ortiz en Roma."

Catharine's style is not very clear, but the English of her letter to her Roman agent seems to be this :—

"Doctor, I have had much pleasure and comfort from thy letters, seeing that thou tellest me of the good and evil which is passing where thou art; and I know full well the pains thou art at, and the affection and good will thou hast for the good of this business, and the manner in which thou dost recommend it to His Holiness, so that he may do justice and with brevity, taking it into his conscience which is the best road and most certain for those who have to fill that holy seat. And in all and everything that may be done by His Holiness, such as thou dost see them, I do not, however, perceive any other road but that of recommending all to God; and I pray to Him that He may remedy the evils of which this kingdom and Christendom through this business seems to have no end. I fear that God's vicar on earth does not wish to remedy them. I do not know what to think of His Holiness; but on this side, the heretics who are in the Christian world, seeing that this cause, as it is, in suspense, gives room that there should be more suspense; and he being the head and protector of the Church, he wishes the Church to have a great fall. I cannot do more, as I have written to His Holiness, than to inform him of the truth, and have represented to him the evils I see if they follow the course of not bringing to an end this cause, and procure that there shall be an end to it through the means which appear to me the proper ones. And if these are of no avail, I will complain to God because here on the earth in His ministers there is no faith and charity, for His mercy will not abandon me. I entreat thee to endeavour

to continue the same course as thou hast done heretofore. I have seen a copy of the brief which His Holiness has issued, and I have shown it to learned persons, and they have told me that the medicine which is to cure this wound must be stronger, and that remedy is the Sentence, and anything else will bring anger and little profit for a few days only. God give thee much health. 14th of April [1530]. To His Holiness communicate what I have written to thee in this letter.

(Signed) "CATHERINA."

This demand of Catharine for a sentence of excommunication against England was postponed by a timid Pope until a more fitting season. Clement crowned the emperor at Bologna, and the imperial troops fought the battles of Alessandro de Medici at Florence. Then, flushed with success, and conscious of his great services to Clement, Charles pressed his ally and friend to proceed against England with sharper speed.

The fall of Wolsey from power had brought two men to the front of public life, who not only saw their own way to the end of this business, but had the wit to make other men see it. These were Thomas Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell; men of humble birth, but consummate courage, insight, and dexterity; trained in the lay and philosophical spirit of the times. In early life, Cranmer had left his fellowship in Jesus College to marry a woman of lowly rank; but on her death in childbed he had given up the world, returned to Cambridge, where, in compliment to his great abilities, he had been restored to his fellowship in the college. In the gardens and the library he would willingly have spent his days; but the reputation of his piety and learning spread abroad, and effort after effort had been made to draw him from his retreat. Wolsey had tempted him to remove to Christ Church; the king had appointed him one of the six learned Cantabs to be

CHAP. IX.

consulted on the divorce; but he had rejected the honours proposed by Wolsey and evaded the duties imposed by the king. It was almost by an accident that his genius was secured for the public service. Stephen Gardiner and Edward Fox, then busy with the Great Secret, meeting him at dinner in Waltham Abbey, had talked to him about their difficulties with the Pope, and had been so much struck with the force of his reasons for deciding the cause in England, that they had reported his arguments to the king. Henry had sent for him to the palace; but he had excused himself from going, on the ground that he had forsaken the world, and would prefer to be left alone with his books. A second command being sent for him, he had gone to the presence and explained his views. They were simple and daring. The case, he said in effect, rested on rules laid down in the Bible; these Bible rules should be defined by learned men, who could be found in Oxford and Cambridge just as easily as in Rome. It was an English question to be decided by an English court. Though spoken by a doctor of divinity, Cranmer's words were essentially lay in spirit. The summons to appear in Rome, he proposed to meet by putting the Pope himself on his defence; which could be done by raising the previous question as to whether Julius II. had any power to grant a dispensation in the face of such facts as were set forth in the brief itself? That question would check both Clement and Charles; for the Pope, unable to sit as judge in a case concerning the extent of his own authority, would have to call a general council of the Church; an assemblage over which an emperor could exercise no decisive voice, and in the meetings of which reason and eloquence would hold their sway. Should the Pontiff, cowed by fear or corrupted by interest, decline to call a general council of the Church, his refusal to act might be taken as a virtual surrender of the point.

The man who could advocate views like these with learning, eloquence, and success, was the minister for England in her hour of need. When, therefore, the great mission, of which the lay Earl of Wiltshire was the chief, left London for Bologna to press for justice, Cranmer had been appointed one of its members, and was already in Italy when Catharine's note arrived.

The wit and subtlety of the English chaplain amazed the Pope, who bestowed on him the title of Supreme Penitentiary. Clement would not call a general council. Cranmer left Italy in disgust, travelling thence into France and Germany, where he busied himself for a couple of years in collecting the written opinions of famous universities. In some cities the causists could not decide; but those which pronounced an opinion declared for the English view. Among those in which the opinions were favourable to England were the universities of Bologna, Padua, Ferrara, Paris, Bourges, Toulouse, and Orleans. But the decrees of these learned bodies went for nothing at Rome, where the difficulty was—not how to decide between right and wrong, but how to satisfy two hostile communities and two opposing kings. The doctors of Bologna and Toulouse could not help Clement to seat his natural son on the throne of Florence.

Cranmer having left the Emperor and the Pope together, Clement put his name to a prohibitory brief. This fatal act bore date the 5th of January, 1531. The poor weak pontiff paused and trembled at this act of defiance; but he had come to the end of all his delays, and must take a side in the dispute for good or evil. He could not satisfy both the King of Italy and the King of England. Charles was near, Henry far off; the imperialists were entrenched near Florence, and encamped within sight of Rome; the English were beyond the Alps and beyond the sea. Considerations which might have weighed with the Pope were over-

CHAP. IX.

come by considerations which inspired the prince. The emperor had a bastard daughter, Margaret von Gest, by a Flemish mistress; and this young lady he proposed to bestow, with suitable dowries, on Alessandro de Medici, a young man who was said to be the Pontiff's natural son. In the meantime, Alessandro was supported in his attack on Florence. Thus, the Pope took his side, the glove was thrown into the lists, and England had now no choice but to snatch it up.

The new form of this war between Rome and London was hardly one for a priest to conduct. Cranmer was, perhaps, the least clerical of all the English priests. He had been a husband in his youth, and during his residence in Germany he had married a second time; he had no very slavish veneration for Rome, and he had the insular pride and pluck which defies reverse; still he was a priest, and, as such, unfit for a tussle with the great authorities of his Church. The hour required a layman, and the man was found. Thomas Cromwell, chief of the English Reformation, born at Putney, the son of a blacksmith and brewer, had, in early life, seen a good deal of the world; had lived in Antwerp in the time of Philip and Joana, in Rome in the days of Julius II.; had served in the Italian wars, and in the offices of a Venetian merchant; had learned the New Testament of Erasmus by heart while riding over Europe; had studied the canon law under famous scholars, and statesmanship in the pages of Machiavelli. In his youth he had returned to London, married, entered Wolsey's service, acted as his factor in founding the two colleges at Oxford and Ipswich, made a distinguished appearance in the House of Commons, and busied himself, under Wolsey's orders, in reforming the mendicant friars and suppressing the minor religious houses. He had been true to Wolsey to the death; and if Wolsey could have taken lay advice, and acted upon it, there would have

been no necessity for his fall. On Wolsey's death, he carried his services to the king.

Cromwell's advice to his sovereign was to refuse obedience to a Pope who had fallen into the position of an emperor's chaplain; to cease, like the German princes, his dependence on the holy see; to erect, by means of a Parliamentary vote, the English into a national Church; to place himself, with the consent of convocation, at its head. This course alone could now snatch the question of the divorce out of Charles's hands.

His advice was at once adopted, with such ready concurrence of all the great powers of the state, peers and commoners, clerics and laymen, that the individuals who are known to have stood out may be counted on the fingers. Oxford and Cambridge voted for proceeding with the divorce against the prohibition of the Pope. On the 30th of March, Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, went down to the House of Commons, when the arguments of the universities were read, with more than a hundred adhesions from other colleges and from learned men. On the 4th of May, the two houses of convocation passed a resolution that the clergy acknowledged the king to be, under God, the supreme head of the English Church. On the 31st of May, a number of peers went to Catharine's apartments in Greenwich palace, and begged her for the peace of the king's conscience to refer the question of her marriage to four spiritual and four temporal peers. "God grant him a quiet conscience," said the proud and scornful lady, "but this shall be your answer: I am his wife lawfully married to him by order of holy church, and so I will abide until the Court of Rome, which was privy to the beginning, shall have made an end." After keeping in Greenwich the festival of the Holy Trinity, the court removed to Windsor Castle, Catharine going with the king, and being in every way treated as the queen of England; but on the 14th of July, the king

CHAP. IX.

went away from her, leaving orders that she might retire to the magnificent house which Wolsey had built at the Moor in Hertfordshire. Catharine took the hint, with these parting words to her husband, "go where I may, I am still his wife."

The king never saw her again. But he did not rush into a second marriage. He still believed that Clement would do right. As he told the Pope, he wanted such an arrangement with the church and the law as would leave no shadow of doubt upon the legality of his second marriage and the legitimacy of his new offspring, should he have any: — for this assurance of future peace his passion for Anne could wait.

Catharine kept up a correspondence with the pope and the emperor, not only through the ambassador Chappuis, but directly in her own person. She wrote to the Pope an account of her expulsion from the court, and of her seclusion in the country, begging the holy father to proceed in her cause and reinstate her in the king's house. Henry also pressed his suit on the Pope. But since the restoration of Alessandro de Medici by force of arms, after a siege of eight months, in which Michael Angelo had fortified the city, and Malatesta Baglioni with the noblest of the Florentines had fought with consummate and unavailing valour, the influence of Charles had become paramount in Italy and in Rome. On the 23rd of June, 1532, Clement admonished Henry to put away the woman, Anne Boleyn, whom he kept about him, and to take Catharine back to his table and his bed. Sir Edward Carne was sent out to Italy as English excusator, but his claims to be received in that capacity being opposed by the Spanish party, several months elapsed before Clement would decide even upon that minor point. On the 13th of July, the Pope declared against Carne, and summoned the king himself to appear and proceed in the November following. Nobody imagined that the King of England would obey this

insulting summons; unless, as Wolsey had said, he went to Italy with an army and a fleet. Henry had been separated from the queen for more than a year when Clement decided against receiving Carne as his excusator. In August, on the death of Warham, he offered the primacy to Cranmer. In September, Anne was created Marchioness of Pembroke, a peeress in her own right, and in October, she went over with the court to Calais to be present at the important meeting of François and Henry. François, charmed with her great beauty, advised his ally to marry her at once and snap his fingers at the Pope. The two French cardinals, Grandmont and Tournon, were sent to Rome with a French protest against the insult offered by His Holiness to all sovereign princes in citing the King of England to appear in Rome.

CHAPTER X.

KIMBOLTON.

CHAP. X.

NEARLY ten years had now elapsed since the king had been first made wretched by his doubts; nearly seven years since Charles had broken through his contract to marry Mary; nearly six years since De Grammont had raised the public question; four years since Wolsey had proposed a marriage of Henry with a French princess; more than three years since the king had openly professed his love for Anne, Boleyn and his desire to marry her with the Pope's consent. In all these years no progress had been made. The same considerations which had sent Catharine into England, and which had afterwards forced her into the union with her husband's brother, considerations of peace and war, of state policy, of dynastic interests, ruled the divorce. No one in Rome or Germany troubled himself about right, law, love, or conscience. The Pope had to please the Emperor. The emperor looked to his own gains. After raising a mighty host to resist an invasion of Solyman, and after seeing that Moslem sultan drop down the Danube, leaving all the countries which he had conquered in the imperial hands, the Emperor, in company with Francisco de los Covos, Grand Commander of Leon, who had been captured by the Turks and afterwards recovered, crossed the Alps into Italy and met the Pope at Bologna, to dictate the final sentence of the Roman court — or, as Catharine calls it, "to slay the second Turk."

While they were at Bologna, the Emperor and the Grand Commander of Leon received the letters from

Catharine which follow in the text. The first given is addressed to Charles from Hertford Castle : CHAP. X.

CATHARINE TO CHARLES V.

Archivo General de Simancas.
Estado. Leg. 806. f. 25.

"Muy alto y muy poderoso Señor sabe dyos quanto plazer y descanso e avydo en saber de la victorya que en ungrya [y] en otras partes contra el enemygo de nuestra fe vuestra magestad a avydo y tanbyen con la partyda de vuestra alteza para bolloña a verse con Su Sanctidad a dar horden en lo que se a de azer en lo porvenyr / yo tengo por cyerto ser esto cosas de dyos y no echas ny endereçadas por vyas humanas y como Nuestro Señor usando di su myserycordya por mano de vuestra alteza a queria [?querido] azer tan gran bien a toda la Christyandad el mysmo le a alunbrado a que se vea con Su Sanctydad de donde todo este Reyno y yo tenemos esperanza cyerta era con la gracya de dyos que Su Sanctydad mate al segundo turco que es el negocio del Rey mi Señor y myo / llamole segundo turco porque los males que por no dar fyn Su Sanctydad a esta causa con tyempo an seguydo y siguen cada dya son tan grandez y de tan mal exemplo que ya no se que es peor este negocyo o el turco yo e recebydo mucha pena de enportunar a V^a M^d tantas veces con esta materya porque soy cyerta le desea el fin que yo le deseo mas con ver tanto mal que la tardança aquarea y la vyda mya tan penosa y de tan poco sosyego y el tyempo para darle fin tan convenyble que parere dyos por su bondad a querido juntar a Su Sanctydad y a vuestra magestad para hazer tan gran byen que soy forçada a ser ynportuna por amor de la pasyon de nuestro Señor iesuchristo suplyco a Vuestra alteza pues que por las buenas obras que haze le aze dyos tan señaladas mercedes y benefycyos cada dya quiere enplearse

CHAP. X.

en azer este byen tan señalado antes que parta de Su Sanctydad porque de otra manera me remedyo quedara en dyos y entrare en otro nuevo purgatoryo de donde espero salyr quando fuere su voluntad sy Su Sanctydad si escusa dyzyendo lo ara en ausenzia de Vuestra Alteza acuerdese de lo que la otra vez le prometyo en esa mysma Ciudad y lo que a hecho yo certyfyco syendo Vuestra magestad presente u ausente todo es uno que ya aquy se sabe la verdad y con azer perder la esperança que tyenen los que al Rey mi Señor persuaden haran esta causa perpetua todo se acaba y creame Vuestra alteza que no ay persona que tan byen sepa esto como yo y asy acabo quasy descansa esperandos [? esperando] las buenas nuevas desta que tan affectuosamente a Vuestra Magestad e suplicado ruego a nuestro Señor le quiera dar tanta salud como sus buenas obras merecen y gracya para traer al enemygo de nuestra fe la verdadero conocymyento y acrescentando su Real estado como yo deseo de Arfort a 5 di Noviembre [1532].

"Humyl tya de vuestra magestad

"y su servydora,

"CATHERYNA.

"Al muy alto y muy poderoso
emperador y rey my Señor (i sobrino)." *

CATHARINE TO CHARLES.

"Most High and most powerful Lord. God knows how much pleasure and comfort I have had in knowing of the victory which in Hungary and in other parts over the enemy of our faith your Majesty has had, and likewise the going of your Highness to Bologna to see his Holiness to arrange as to what is to be done in future. I hold this for certain that these things are of

* Is almost illegible.

God, and not made and directed by human means, as our Lord in his mercy, by the hand of your Highness, has wished to do so great and so much good to all the Christian world. God has enlightened you, so that you should see his Holiness on which account all this kingdom and myself have hopes, certain it was with the grace of God that his Holiness may slay the second Turk, which is the business of the King my Lord and my own. I call him second Turk, because the ills, an end not being made by his Holiness to this cause in time, there has followed and still follows each day, great and such bad examples that I do not know which is the worst, this business or that of the Turk.

"I have suffered much pain in importuning your Majesty so many times with this matter, for I am sure you desire the same ending of it as I do, but seeing so much ill which the tardiness occasions to this my suffering life with so little quietude, and the time to make an end (of the business) so expedient, it appears that God in his bounty has wished that his Holiness and your Majesty should meet to cause so great a good that I am forced to be so importunate. For the love of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ I supplicate your Highness, since that by the good works that ye do, God will shed on thee signal mercies and benefits each day that you are occupied in doing this good so signal, before you part from his Holiness because in any other my remedy will remain with God, and I shall enter into another purgatory, from which I do not hope to leave until it shall please Him, in the absence of your Highness, recollect when at another time he promised in that same city, and also what was done. I certify that your Majesty being present or absent, it is all the same that here it is known the truth and thus losing the hope of those who persuade my King and Lord to make this a perpetual case, all will be at an end. And believe me, your Highness, that there is no one who

CHAP. X.

knows this better than I do; and thus I end, hoping good news for her who is most affectionate to your Majesty, and supplicating and praying to our Lord that he may give you the health that your good work merits and grace to bring the enemy of our faith to the true conversion, repentance, and glory of your royal state, such is my prayer. Hertford, 5th November [1532].

"The humble Aunt of your Majesty

"and your servant,

(Signed) "CATHARINE."

"To the most high and most powerful Emperor and King, my Lord (and) Nephew."

Very few scraps of Catharine's writing having been preserved, the reader may be pleased to have her letter to the Grand Commander of Leon, an officer of high distinction in her native land. Her literary powers were of no high order, but in everything she wrote there is a touch of individuality. The second letter, written next day, is dated from 'Vichefarfil,' by which is probably meant Bishop's Hatfield :—

CATHARINE TO THE COMMANDER OF LEON.

Archivo General de Simancas.
Estado. Leg. 806. f. 36.

"Especial amigo por el bien y beneficio que dios a hecho a toda la Christiandad por mano de Su M^{t} en librarle del enemigo de nuestra fe se vee la obligacion en que a todos nos pone a continuar en hazer buenas obras y pues saveys que otra mayor no podeys hazer que procurar con su m^{t} (Majesty) a que haga toda instancia en que Su Santidad de fin y determinacion al negocio del rey mi Señor y mio el qual tanto mal como sabeys a traydo y traera a toda la Christiandad todo el tiempo que estuviere suspenso y porque se quan buen amigo me aveys seido en hazerme buenas obras torno

a rogaros muy affectuosamente agora que dios a quisido traer esta causa a tan buenos meritos y coniectura que no me querays olvidar syno continuar por mi amor como hasta agora aveys hecho y sea cierto teneys en mi uña buena amiga para hazer por vos lo que pudiere.

"De Vichefarfil vj de Noviembre / por falta de sosyego de coraçon no tengo poder para de my mano as escrevir todo lo que querrya syno como persona que sy el remedyo de Su magestad agora me falta quando estuviere con el papa para dar fin a mi negocyo yo estoy desasyucada [desayudada?] para que solo dios aga de my con su myserycordia lo que quysyere.

"CHATARINA."

CATHARINE TO FRANCIS DE LOS COVOS, GRAND COMMANDER OF LEON.

"Especial friend, for the good and benefit that God has done to all Christendom by the hands of your sovereign in delivering it from the enemy of our faith, we all see the obligation under which we are to continue to do good works; and thou knowest that a greater thou canst not do than to procure from His Majesty that he may lose no opportunity in that His Holiness makes an end and termination of the business of the King, my Lord and mine, the which has brought and will bring, so much evil to all Christendom for all the time it may be pending. And because I know how good a friend thou art to me in doing me kind acts, I return to pray most affectionately now that God who has been pleased to bring this cause of such high merits, that you will not forget me, but continue by the love you have of me, and what you have done, and be thou certain that thou hast in me a good friend to do for thee what may be in my power.

Bishop's Hatfield (?) 6th of November.—Through

CHAP. X.

want of quietude of heart, I have not power in my hand to write all that I would have wished, that if the remedy of his Majesty now fails me when he was with the Pope to make an end of my business, I am now unassisted, so now let God in His mercy do with me as seemeth fit, which is what I desire.

(Signed) "CATHARINE."

After the queen had despatched the foregoing letters, she heard from some of her clerical spies in Henry's court of what had been done between the two courts at Calais and Boulogne. Those meetings boded her no good. François was not her friend, nor her nephew's friend, and she was a little alarmed by the report that he had sent Cardinal Grandmont and Cardinal Tournon to Italy, and wished to report the news of their mission to the Emperor. Six days later she wrote again from Hertford Castle:

CATHARINE TO CHARLES V.

Archivo General de Simancas.
Estado. Leg. 806. f. 34.

"Muy alto y muy poderoso Señor despues de escryta la carta que Vra M^{d} vera me aviso un amygo myo y muy cyerto de lo que el Rey my Señor y el Rey de francya en estas vystas an determynado de procurar con Su Sanctidad por los Cardenales que alla ynbyan y porque soy cyerta que su enbaxador ara saber a Vra Alteza lo que vera desto pasa no desco darle mas enojo con mis cartas referyendome a las del dicho enbaxador y tornando a suplycar lo que por my carta a vuestra mag^{d} escrivo se aga y pues sabe los truenos desta tierra no echan rayas syno para cryr a my por servicyo de dyos tenga por bien de dar el esfuerzo ques razon a su Sanctydad que ya todo el mundo conosce aver necesydad dello y azer cosa alguna que ay

representara no empydan el byen que de Su Sanctydad y Vra magestad este Reyno y yo esperamos y porque las cartas vayan seguras y con tyempo envyo esta posta con el qual espero en Nuestro Señor aver respuesta tan buena que a my vyda dara descanso Nuestro Señor la vyda y Real estado de Vra Magestad guarde y acreciente de Arforde Castel a xi de Noviembre [1532].

"humyl de tya Vra Mag^{t}

"CATHERINA."

"Al muy alto y poderose Señor el Emperador y Rey my sobrino."

CATHARINE TO CHARLES.

"Most high and most powerful Lord. After having written the letter which your Majesty will see, a friend of mine informed me that it was very certain that the King my Lord and the King of France in these interviews have determined to obtain [their wishes] from His Holiness through the cardinals they send there, and because I am certain that your ambassador will make known to your Highness what he observes in this matter. I do not wish to give you more trouble with my letters in reference to those of the said ambassador. And returning to supplicate in regard to the contents of the letter I have written to your Majesty and what you are to do for me, and know that the thunder of this land does not cost lightning except to wound me by the will of God.

"I pray that you see fit to make the effort, for it is just that his Holiness, for already the whole world knows well the necessity that something should be done, and it was represented that he (his Holiness) would not impede the good that from your Majesty this kingdom and I hope for. And that the letters go safely and in time, I send by this post, by which I hope through our Lord to have so good a reply that it will

CHAP. X.

comfort my life. Our Lord help the royal estate of your Majesty and guard and increase your state. Hertford Castle, the xi of November 1532.

"The humble Aunt of your Majesty,

(Signed) "CATHERINA."

"To the Most High and Powerful Lord the Emperor and King my Nephew."

Such comfort as a Papal brief could give her, Catharine found at length, for the Holy Father, on December 22, 1532, pronounced a further declaration against either the marriage or cohabitation with Anne Boleyn:—an act however which brought no relief to the queen, but which proved fatal to the supremacy of the Roman Church in England. Within a few days of its being made known in London, that is on January 25, 1533, the king celebrated his nuptials with Anne, as the Pope had more than once hinted he ought to do; gave instructions for the new primate Cranmer to proceed with the divorce; and began his magnificent preparations for crowning his second queen.

The work of separation, both from Catharine and from Rome, was now quickly done. Cromwell took charge of the parliamentary business, Cranmer of the ecclesiastical decisions, so that the executive and judicial proceedings could go on side by side, and close at the same date. Cromwell got the two Houses of Parliament to pass a bill forbidding any appeal from the English tribunals to any foreign court of law;—an act by which he proposed to check any attempt of Catharine's partizans to carry her cause to Rome. Cranmer, when the priests, abbots, and bishops assembled in convocation, divided them into the two grand divisions of Canonists and Theologians, to each of whom he assigned the subject of enquiry most familiar to their studies. The canonists were to decide whether the evidence which had been taken on oath by Wolsey

and Campeggio amounted to such proof of the consummation of Arthur's nuptials as the law required in order to constitute a real marriage. The theologians were to report on the more daring question as to whether a Pope could dispense with the first degree of affinity, so as to enable a man to marry his brother's widow. After long debates among themselves, the priests and prelates decided both these points in the affirmative by a very large majority; thirty-eight canonists voting against six—That the depositions of Lady Rochfort, the Duchess of Norfolk, and other witnesses were sufficient to prove that Catharine had ultimately been Prince Arthur's wife; sixty-six theologians voting against nineteen—That the Popes have no power to dispense with the divine prohibition against marriage between persons related to each other in *primo gradu*. On these resolutions of the clergy Cranmer acted.

For Catharine's convenience he held a Court at Dunstable, within four miles of Ampthill, a royal manor to which she had removed from Hertford Castle. Catharine would not appear, either in person or by proxy. On the fifteenth day, being May 23, the archbishop pronounced her contumacious, and proceeding to judgment in her absence, declared the second marriage to have been contracted in the face of a divine prohibition, and therefore to have been null and void from the first. One week later Queen Anne was crowned.

From this time forward, for the thirty-one months which Catharine survived this coronation of her rival, no peace ever came to her excited and widowed heart. Nothing could help her any more. All the efforts of her friends made her cause more hopeless. Clement, egged on by the emperor, denounced the king, commanding him to put his new wife away and take back the old; to which counsels it was easy to reply that Clement himself had more than once hinted to English

CHAP. X.

agents that the king's best course would be to close the dispute by marrying Anne. Cardinal Chappuis gave her such comfort as a man of learning and good sense — who counselled her to keep quiet — could bring to a perplexed and wounded mind. It was not much. Forrest and Peto raised their voices in her favour, and Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, took to prophecy and denunciation in her name. But these indiscreet or crazy friends only got themselves into trouble, without being able to do her cause any good. The friars were arrested, the Maid of Kent was hung. The revolution which had commenced in England, of which the divorce was a mere incident, though a ruling one, could not be stayed by sentimental miseries or personal protests. England parted at once and for ever from communion with the Church of Rome, and among those who resisted this change in the national policy were a few good men, who proved their sincerity by a sacrifice of their station and their lives. In this small but eminent list were the names of Fisher and More; next to Catharine herself the most illustrious victims of the revolution.

In the autumn of 1533, the queen removed from Woburn Abbey to Buckden, a picturesque hunting lodge on the great north road, four miles from Huntingdon, eight or nine from Kimbolton. This house, a spacious edifice of brick, in the style of Hampton Court, with gardens, and ponds and orchards, belonged to the see of Lincoln, and the adjoining church had the rich quaint character of a prelate's seat. During the few months which she lived at Buckden, her health improved, and, had she been able to reconcile herself to facts, she might have been at peace. But trusting in the power of Rome, and in that of the master of Rome, to give her back the whole of what she had lost, she refused to make her peace with the world, to acknowledge any act of parliament, any decree of council, to renounce

any title, to forego any right. She insisted on being addressed as Queen by servants who were sworn to give her no other name than that of Princess Dowager of Wales. She wrote incessantly to the Pope, and she gathered around her at Buckden and Kimbolton those disturbed and unquiet spirits who most keenly regretted the ancient ways. In short, in the phrase which our large experience of political and religious change has brought into definite use, she offered herself as a chief of the counter revolution.

To work the better to this end, she desired to have a new residence assigned to her in place of Buckden, which was too far from London, and, being the seat of Bishop Longland, the king's confessor, he spoke to her daily and hourly of her grievous wrongs. The government, though it was unwilling to lodge her nearer London, in the centre of foreign intrigue, had no objection to her change of residence, especially as the breaking up of her household at Buckden would give them an opportunity of reducing her host of English and foreign servants.

Thomas Vaux, one of the gentlemen in attendance on her person, was instructed to offer her the choice of three noble houses, each of them about the same distance from London, within a few miles, as Buckden; Fotheringay Castle, one of her own manors in Northants; Somersham Palace, a seat of the Bishop of Ely, near St. Ives; and Kimbolton Castle, a feudal pile on the cross road from Oundle to St. Neots. It was supposed that she would prefer the first, which was her own house, and so far in her good graces that she had spent a vast deal of money in adorning it. Preparations had been made for her reception there; but in her eyes Fotheringay Castle had one defect to outweigh a host of merits—it was her own. Having been settled on her as Prince Arthur's wife, she feared lest the world, on seeing her go to live there, might infer that she had

CHAP. X.

reconciled herself to fate, had renounced her position of queen to Anne, and had settled on her old estate as Dowager Princess of Wales. For no benefits of residence could she allow that inference to be made. So she told Vaux she would never go to Fotheringay Castle of her own will, and if they forced her to go they would have to drag her with ropes. She selected from the three residences which the crown offered to her choice Kimbolton Castle, to which place she removed in the dark cold days at the close of 1533.

Her chosen house was an ancient pile, built by the Mandevilles, and occupied after them by the Bohuns, Staffords, and Wingfields, with tower and gateway and double ditch; a very strong place, in a cross country valley, guarding the road from St. Neots into the north-west, and from Bedford to Huntingdon; a house buried in wood, with an enclosed park, and open uplands to the east and west, each knoll of which was crowned with either abbey tower or village spire. It was a green, bright country, full of deer and birds, and fen water-fowl; but open to the marsh winds, and asking of its dwellers, who would keep in health, a good deal of exercise on horse or foot. Unhappy Catharine could neither walk nor ride.

Her household, when she took up her residence at Kimbolton, was somewhat changed as to persons, and reduced from the high state of a queen to the modest requirements of a princess dowager of Wales; though she was allowed to retain her plate and jewels, of the value of 5,000 marks, and to dispose of a personal income of 5,000*l.* a year, which, considering the value of money, was a most princely sum. Lord Mountjoy, her chamberlain, had been relieved of his office at his own request. Thomas Abel, her chaplain, was in the porter's ward.

Some of her women, too, had left her, being afraid to address her as queen, a style prohibited by law, yet

unable to serve her and please her unless they did so. The places of these men and women were again filled up with her consent. Sir Edmund Bedingfield and Sir Edward Chamberlain were appointed to attend her in the room of Lord Mountjoy. Sir Edmund was the steward of her household. Vaux, who could speak Castilian like a native, was continued in his post of gentleman in waiting. The chief difficulty was about a confessor. In this confidential officer of her private closet, the queen required two conditions: first, that he should be able to speak Spanish freely, for in no other idiom would she confess her sins; second, that he should be of the same mind with herself as to all which she had done, all which she was still doing, and all which she meant to do. The conditions were hard, and very few men could meet them. No government could be expected to appoint her a confessor who would condemn its policy and encourage her protest; no English priest could accept the position without breach of the law. Should she be left in her pride without spiritual counsel? That would have been harsh and sinful. Happily the government, by giving her George de Atequa for a confessor, hit on a compromise, which saved its own character for consistency, while it allowed Catharine the comforts to be derived from having a priest at her call who could speak her language and sympathise in her wrongs. Atequa, her own countryman, whom the king, at her request, had in 1516 made Bishop of Llandaff, was a meek good man, of moderate opinions, who loved his place and an easy life. He had subscribed, like his brethren, to the various acts which had dissolved the marriage and separated the English from the Roman Church; but, having a profound regard for Catharine as his sovereign, his countrywoman, and his benefactress, he was likely, both by his speech and his silence, to soothe her mind and reconcile her to events. She was also allowed to retain her Spanish physician

CHAP. X.

and apothecary, three serving men of her own choice, Felipo, Bastien, and Antonio, and a train of ladies and women. To all these persons, except Bedingfield and Chamberlain, the government gave a sort of licence to humour the queen about her style of address and her notions of etiquette, so long as they could do this quietly in her own house, without compelling a magistrate to notice the breach of law. In other respects she was left very much to herself. No watch was kept over her correspondence. She kept up a regular and confidential communication with the ambassador Chappuis, and found means to convey letters to her partisans in convents and gaols.

From the day of her settlement in Kimbolton, she withdrew herself more and more from the world, rarely leaving her rooms, one of which looked over the moat towards the castle gates and the village church, the other towards the deer park and the moated hill; her boudoir, her bed chamber, and her state room being all conveniently in line, with the chapel close by, in the rear, approached through a private door. Hiding herself away among her own people, speaking her own Castilian, she avoided seeing Chamberlain and Bedingfield, whom she regarded as the king's servants, if not his spies. She plied her needle, and drank her potions, and told her beads. Could she have shut out the angry world, she might have passed her days in peace; but, even in her own retirement, she had others to think of—the fortunes of her child, the misfortunes of her friends. Mary had suffered, from the same events which had overwhelmed herself, the sharpest cross which a woman can have to bear — a slur upon her birth. A few years ago, the young lady had been engaged to Charles V., the greatest sovereign who had reigned in Europe since the days of Charlemagne; and now an act of parliament had declared her illegitimate, the offspring of an incestuous union, incapable of

succeeding to the crown. An establishment was provided for her as the king's natural daughter, just as an establishment had been given to Harry Fitzroy, his natural son. She was no longer to bear the style of Princess; but to be addressed by her servants, and considered by the world, as no more than the Lady Mary. Elizabeth, the child of Anne, was now the Princess. Mary's household was reduced to a humble scale, and for obvious reasons she was not allowed to live under her mother's roof. All these things stung the queen into yet more proud and passionate resistance.

The members of her order, the Observant Friars, were also suffering for her sake. Two of their number, Father Rich and Father Risby, had been hung and quartered with the Maid of Kent, and the lines of persecution were now to fall among the brethren of her own little convent in Greenwich. That these poor friars should have been much divided in their affections between Henry and Catharine was in human nature; some being bound to the prince who fed and housed them, who had written in their behalf to Leo and protected them against Wolsey; others being drawn to the woman in distress, the aunt of an emperor who was King of Italy, the august and unhappy lady who was their own lay sister and companion. When the Pope had declared against Anne Boleyn, the war between these two duties waxed fierce and hot in this pious community. Laurence and Robinson, Ravensforth and Lyst, the advocates of English opinion, could not be silenced, even when their superiors spoke. Peto, as warden of the Greenwich convent, and Forrest, as provincial of the order, and the only man who could be called a courtier, had very great power over the humbler brethren, which they exercised as the spirit moved them on any poor fellow who might show a will of his own. Some they punished by a decree of silence and

CHAP. X.

isolation; some by confinement to a cell; others by journeys to distant parts. All those who presumed to think the nation right in what it had done, they put to the ban. Four of the friars were sent abroad, where some of them abandoned their grey serge, took to themselves wives, and brought scandal on the Church. Lyst, the mixer of drugs and distiller of sweet waters, they put under silence, never speaking to him themselves, nor allowing the brethren to do so. Ravenscroft they confined in the convent jail. These persecuted members of the community applied to Cromwell for protection; begging that Forrest might be sent away to Newark or Newcastle, and that the few Greenwich friars who remained in their cells might be transferred to Christ Church in Newgate Street. Cromwell would have packed them off; but the king would not hear of these holy men, however troublesome they became, being disturbed in their privileged seats.

It took a very great deal to provoke the king, personally, and it was only by degrees, under daily taunts and stings, that he brought himself to act against the men whom he had made. When it was known that he had married Anne Boleyn, and was preparing for her coronation, Peto had stirred up his bile for mischief. The king and queen (Queen Anne) were at Greenwich, for the great festival of May-day; it was known that the whole court would be present in the chapel royal, the great prelates and high officers of state, the agents of foreign princes, with a vast assemblage of the common people; in fact, that the preacher of the day would have an eager and illustrious audience for any treason he might dare to speak. The temptation was too sweet for Peto to resist. After mass had been said and sung, this friar ascended the pulpit, taking for his text Elijah's denunciation of the wickedness of Ahab and of Jezebel his wife, and the shame of those lying prophets who had deceived him:—"In the place where

dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." In words of undeniable power and eloquence, Peto described the crimes and the punishment of Ahab; then, turning towards the seats occupied by the king and queen, he applied his sermon to the living world. The king, he said, was the guilty Ahab. The preacher, Peto himself, was Micaiah, the son of Imlah, the true servant of God. The great prelates and dignitaries, Cranmer, Latimer, and the rest, were the four hundred prophets, into whom had entered the spirit of lies. "And now, O king!" he concluded his invective, "hear what I say unto thee. I am that Micaiah, whom thou wilt hate, because I tell thee truly this marriage is unlawful. There are other preachers, yea, too many, who will preach and persuade thee otherwise, feeding thy folly and frail affections upon hopes of their own worldly advancement. They betray thy soul, thy honour, and thy posterity, in order to obtain fat benefices, to become rich abbots, bishops, and I know not what. These, I say, are the four hundred lying prophets, who seek to deceive thee. Take heed lest thou, being reduced, find Ahab's punishment, who had his blood licked up by dogs."

No doubt Father Peto made a stir that day in Greenwich, as Micaiah had made a stir in Samaria when he prophesied before the kings of Judah and Israel. The king and queen retired from the chapel to the royal apartments without making one remark on the strange discourse they had heard, or even causing the audacious friar to be disturbed for it by Cromwell. The king, not unwilling to hear all sides in the affair, allowed Dr. Curwin, on the following Sunday, to answer Peto, as Zedekiah might have done with Micaiah, calling him a dog, and defying him to come forth and say what he had now to say. Peto, unmolested during the week, had gone to Canterbury on business; but Father Elstow, hearing Curwin's words, came forward, and excelled his

CHAP. X.

master in vituperation. "You know," he shouted to the preacher, "that Father Peto is gone to Canterbury to a provincial council, not fled for fear of thee. To-morrow he will be back again. I am here, as another Micaiah, and will lay down my life to prove these things true which he has taught. To this combat I challenge thee, thee Curwin, who art one of the four hundred lying prophets. Thou seekest by adultery to establish the succession, betraying thy king for thy own vain glory into endless perdition."

A hubbub filled the chapel at these unseemly heats, and the king himself had to rise in his seat and command the disputants into silence. The next day, Cromwell brought up Peto and Elstow before the council, where in rough lay language he told them they deserved to be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Thames. "My lord," the friar Elstow replied, "you should threaten such things to the rich, who have their hopes in this world. We fear them not. Thank God, the way to heaven is as near by water as by land."

It was not easy to deal with fellows like Elstow. Peto was not so brave or rash as his disciple. A sack and a souse in the river not suiting his tastes, he took the hint that the Scheldt might be a safer residence for such as he, than the Thames. In a short time the two friars retired from Greenwich to Antwerp, where they carried on a brisk war against their country, for which Peto was in the end to be adorned with a cardinal's hat.

On Peto's removal from Greenwich, the management of this little community of the queen's friends fell upon Forrest, her old confessor, who was still playing fast and loose with the king, either from pure weakness of brain or from a habit of doing evil that good might come; now expressing his meek approval of the new marriage in the royal presence, and anon persecuting

the brethren who expressed the same opinion in their cells; taking the oath of supremacy in his own person, yet advising his clients, in the secrecy of the confessional, to refuse it, as a sin against God. His behaviour to the Greenwich fathers was cold and harsh. Lyst complained of him to Cromwell, pointing out his vices and violences, and praying that he might be removed to some other place. These remonstrances had no effect on the king. One day, Father Ravenscroft was found dead in his prison cell, on which there rose up a new cry against Forrest, some of the friars believing that Forrest had used foul play, and urging the government to make enquiries into the cause and manner of Ravenscroft's death. Lyst professed to live in bodily fear; but, however eager Cromwell might be to probe these evil places, he could not yet overcome the king's affection for the men who had been for many years his faithful servants and humble friends.

The separation of Forrest from his old quarters in Greenwich came in another way. The Franciscan general, hearing of these disorders in the English convents, sent an agent, a pious Frenchman, unconnected with the local wranglers, to sift the charges against Forrest and restore peace to the community. To this agent of authority Lyst presented a pastil, which he had drawn out against Forrest, alleging his cruelties and falsehoods, his deceit towards the king, and his contumacy towards the State. The French friar called the brethren together in their chapter-house, had the pastil read and discussed before them, and at the conclusion of the sitting deposed Forrest from his office, expelled him from Greenwich, and ordered him, for the present, to repair to an obscure Franciscan friary in the north.

But the queen's confessor was not more inclined to submit to his ecclesiastical than to his social superiors. After receiving his orders to depart into the north of England, he had been lost to sight for a few

CHAP. X.

weeks. When he turned up again, it was in the king's presence, interrupting a sermon by Hugh Latimer, the renowned reformer. This time he was brought before the council and interrogated by Cromwell, when he defended himself with so much effrontery as to declare, in answer to the question how he could reconcile the oath of allegiance which he had sworn with his reported teachings in the confessional, that he had taken the oaths only with his outer man, not with his mind. Lodged in Newgate, he was now brought to trial for the capital offence of denying the king's supremacy, for which offence he received the nominal sentence of death, unless he should recant and take the oath. Some wag of the city wrote on him the words, which afterwards were painted on the gallows :—

Forrest the friar,
That obstinate liar,
  That wilfully will be dead;
In his contumacy,
The Gospel doth deny
  The king to be supreme head.

When the news of this trial and sentence reached Kimbolton, Catharine felt cut to the heart. She thought Forrest a good and faithful servant of her own, who had been punished for his loyalty to her. Finding that he was lying in Newgate prison, under sentence of death, and in the neighbourhood of his rivals of the conventual rite, she wrote to him from Kimbolton a letter of tender and heroic counsel. In her the act was kind and noble. The impudent friar, though in no immediate peril, for he had only to change once more to his first expressions to save his life, most cruelly wrung her heart by saying in his reply that in three days more he would have to die. The fellow survived her upwards of three years, and he might have died in his bed had he been either constant like Peto or honest like Lyst.

This sentence of death on Forrest was not all that she had to bear on account of her brethren of the order.

She soon became aware that government was listening to the prayers of those friars who begged leave to remove from Greenwich and Sheen. Not many were left after Peto and Elstow had gone to Antwerp, after Ravenscroft had died in his cell, and Forrest had been lodged in Newgate; but of those few who remained in residence, a majority were glad to seek peace in the cells of their old enemies of Christ Church. On August 11, 1534, their places at Sheen and Greenwich were occupied by members of the Order of St. Augustine. Thus the brethren who had been Henry's playfellows and servants, who had lived under his roof, who had exercised his pen, who had directed his conduct through these transactions, lost all their favour. They, too, were the victims of a revolution. When, in their eyes, the king had become Ahab, the queen Jezebel, it was high time for them and their royal friends to part. To compass the king's death is treason by the law of every land. Even the prophet Micaiah had to stake his head upon his truth; if the unknown archer had not drawn the bow at a venture and pierced Ahab in the joints of his armour, the prophet would have had to pay for his daring with his life.

The friars were not happy in their new home. The old grudge about dress, food, discipline, and precedence came up once more; and the crown being no longer with the Observants, their tower of strength, the Conventuals, as richer and more learned men, began to dispute the ascendency secured to their censors by a Papal brief. But these jangles of a mob of dirty friars were no longer lovely or of good report in the king's ears; and they increased in clamour until Henry, wearied out, gave leave for Cromwell to suppress the Order of St. Francis throughout his realm. The poor friars had done their work. They had married the king to Catharine and had christened his daughter Elizabeth. They had urged him to try his hand in a great Religious Reform.

CHAP. X.

They were the first on whom he was to try the experiment of dissolving a religious order. But the growths of time which set the age against these men, making the suppression of friaries and monkeries a necessary act of public policy, Queen Catharine could not see. She only knew that Forrest was in Newgate, and that the Franciscans were dispersed. She considered them her martyrs, and grieved for them in her soul.

But the end of all sorrow was approaching now. During the autumn days of 1535, while the king was keeping his gorgeous court at Greenwich, she, in her close retirement at Kimbolton, shrouded in her own rooms amidst her Spanish servants and attendants, had been sinking by slow degrees. Her strength was consumed by spasms. She could get no sleep. Every morsel of food disagreed with her. In despair for her life, the Spanish physician had urged the necessity for calling in other advice; but with a resolution which was one half pride and one half resignation, the poor sufferer shook her head. "I will have no other doctor," she replied, when she could speak, "but commit myself to the will of God."

This waste of her health was kept a secret, for it was her haughty pleasure to die as she had lived—alone. Bedingfield and Chamberlain, listening for news in the chamber next her own, could learn nothing to alarm them about her state. Things were going on as usual around them. The Queen kept her room. Isabel and Blanche passed in and out. The confessor and the physician were in attendance. But all this grave routine of a sick house had been going on for months, and nothing at the castle, in the going and coming, or in the language of the servants, aroused Bedingfield's suspicion that her end was nigh. It was from Cardinal Chappuis that the king first heard that she was dangerously ill.

On hearing this news Cromwell mounted a messenger

for Kimbolton, where he arrived between seven and eight o'clock on the wintry night, demanding from his officers there, Sir Edmund and Sir Edward, how it came to pass that the king had to learn from a foreign priest in London, intelligence of what was going on in one of his own royal manors in Huntingdonshire? Bedingfield replied very truly that he was not a favourite of the Princess Dowager of Wales, or of her people and servants, all of whom treated him as her gaoler. Though a rough soldier, fit for his work, Sir Edmund had the instincts of a gentleman. Even on the receipt of Cromwell's angry message, he would not force himself into the apartments of the royal lady, to learn from herself the state of her health; for he knew that even if he were to outrage the peace of her chamber, he had no means of compelling her to say exactly how sick she felt. Instead of making a scene, he sent for the Spanish physician, whom he questioned as to her state of health, as to how long she had been sick, the nature of her ailment, and the hope which might be entertained of her recovery. The Spaniard could hold out little hope: Non multum pejus quam erat, neque longe melius, said he, in the oracular jargon of his craft. Bedingfield understood it in the darkest sense, and so reported it to Cromwell.

This bad news, with the best excuses he could make for not having sent it sooner, was carried from Kimbolton to London on New Year's Eve.

The queen was dying, none knew how fast. Calling one of the ladies, probably Elizabeth Darrel, to her bedside, in the room overlooking the deer-park and the moated hill, with the bare wintry upland stretching high before her, like the later years of her life, she dictated two letters—the last which she was to compose on earth. One was addressed to her husband, one to Cardinal Chappuis. The words written to Henry, as her spirit was about to leave its cell, if proud, and sorrowful, and

CHAP. X.

humble, have the weight of a tragic misery in every line. They glow with the passionate fervour of her early days, when the two had been boy and girl in the same house, and with a love which is stronger than the world and the fear of death :—

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,—The hour of my death draweth nigh. I cannot choose but out of the love I bear you to put you in remembrance of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. But I forgive you all, and devoutly pray that God will forgive you also. For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I have always desired. I entreat you also to consider my maids, and to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I ask you for one year's pay more than their due, lest otherwise they should be in want. Lastly, I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell!"

Henry is said to have read this note with tears in his eyes, which a man of sensibility can well believe; for the woman who had dated it from her dying bed had been the wife of his youth, and though washed from his side in the revolutionary tempest, was still in his memory the same "brave old Kate" who had gone Maying with him in Greenwich Park, who had fought Flodden in his absence, who had chastised Wolsey with her scorn. The King sent for Chappuis to the palace, and caused Lady Willoughby, the Maria de Salinas of a happier time, to be told that her old mistress was in danger. It was now late on New Year's Eve. When the cardinal arrived at the palace, the king, after telling him of her danger, begged him to ride down into

Huntingdonshire, and carry to her, with his love, such comfort as a countryman and an ecclesiastic could alone bring to her failing sense. Lady Willoughby needed no second hint. Her mistress sick and alone, her place was by the bedside. Before it was light next morning she was in the saddle and on the road. The ride was long, the track a waste, the day bleak and raw. Being little accustomed to such work as then lay before her, she was thrown from her saddle and rather badly hurt. Some one whom she met on the road dissuaded her from going on, saying the queen was dead. But neither icy winds, nor smarting wounds, nor mournful news, could daunt or stay the devoted woman. About six o'clock on the wintry night, she would see the castle from the turning road near the lodge, with the lights, if there were any, in Catharine's room; and in a few minutes the noise of hoofs and the knock of a visitor were heard at the castle gates. Bedingfield went down. He does not appear to have known the horsewoman. She gave her name and errand, on which he requested to see her warrant. She had none to show. In her haste to be with her stricken mistress, she had left London without waiting Cromwell's order to admit her; but fearing to own this omission frankly, lest Sir Edmund should close the gates in her face, she pointed to her hurts, to her trembling limbs, to her chattering teeth, and begged for the love of Jesus and for Christian charity that he would allow her to come in and warm her blood at the fire. What could he do? His orders from Cromwell were precise, that neither man nor woman, without his leave, should have access to the castle; but could he turn this creature from the gates on such a night? A lady of rank, a stranger in the land, a countrywoman of his mistress, she had come out of holy feminine love to that house of misery, to that sick bedside, mayhap bringing comfort to the dying queen. Could heart of man send such a woman

CHAP. X.

from his door, to share the privations of a village alehouse or seek a shelter from the neighbouring monks? Stonely priory was a mile off from the castle. There was a stream to ford and a hill to climb. The night was dark and the road was bad. Sir Edmund, though he might lose his place for neglect of duty, could not send her away; so the gates were opened and Lady Willoughby was carried in. The outer works had thus been won, but there Sir Edmund meant to stop her. When the fire had softened her limbs, she begged permission to see her lady, adding, of her woman's wit, that she had papers to show, as soon as she could come to them, which would satisfy Sir Edmund of her right to speak with the Princess of Wales. On this assurance she was allowed to go in, and Bedingfield saw no more of her until the queen was dead.

Next day, the 2nd of January, 1536, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Cardinal Chappuis arrived at Kimbolton, hungry and fatigued. The man of God was in no such hurry as Lady Willoughby; he had got his papers in order; he had ambled down the waste roads leisurely, and he now called for his dinner and ate it in peace before asking to see the queen. About seven o'clock he went into the dying chamber, Bedingfield and Chamberlain now going in with him. He stayed only fifteen minutes; but he spoke with Catharine in Castilian, of which language neither of the two knights in attendance understood a word. Vaux was not present, so that the conversation which passed between the queen and cardinal could not be reported to the council. Next day she sent her physician for the cardinal, who visited her for a longer time. The arrival of Lady Willoughby and Cardinal Chappuis seems to have raised her spirits. She was easier in her mind. She slept in the night. On the 5th of January Bedingfield wrote this news to London, though he still explained that she was very ill, and that, even should it please

God to restore her, the recovery must take a very long time. As Vaux had not been able to overhear the conversation of queen and cardinal, he could not inform the secretary of state of what was passing in the sick room. Catharine, in her last moments of the earth, may have said to Chappuis, as Shakespeare has so beautifully imagined her saying:

> I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
> In all humility unto his highness:
> Say, his long trouble now is passing
> Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blessed him,
> For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell.

It may have been so. "It would have been like her gracious soul, so royal in its pride, so tender in its love!

She was now sinking faster than either Bedingfield or Cromwell thought. On the 6th she was much worse. The night passed heavily away, the poor lady dying in the midst of her women, with the cardinal whispering prayers for her soul, and Lady Willoughby breathing peace in her ear, in those Castilian accents which recalled her youth. When daylight came she was seen to be failing fast. At ten o'clock the priests were called in with the holy oil, and Bedingfield and Chamberlain were fetched to be witnesses of the final sacrament of the Church. Her last words may have been:

> When I am dead,
> Let me be used with honour; strew me over
> With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
> I was a chaste wife to my grave.

At two o'clock she died in Lady Willoughby's arms. The cardinal was in the room, as were also Bedingfield, Chamberlain, and the officers of her household.

In her last will and testament she desired to be embalmed after death, and her body deposited in a chapel of Observant friars. Her mother had expressed a wish to be buried with the Observant friars, and her ashes had for a long time been laid in the convent of Santa

CHAP. X.

Isabel in the Alhambra; but they were afterwards removed to the gothic mausoleum of Granada, which was constituted a cathedral church. In like manner, Peterborough, one of the noblest abbeys in England, was appointed by the king for Catharine's last resting-place on earth; and after all that was mortal of her had been laid within its walls, with every honour which the king could confer, the city was created a bishop's see and the abbey was made a cathedral church. It was intended to raise a vast tomb over her remains, but the nobler suggestion prevailed, that it would be better to consider the whole magnificent edifice as her shrine.

In telling, whether lightly or gravely, the story of one whose virtues have been denied on this side and exalted on the other, it is not necessary for a writer to take part with either Fox or Pole. An impartial man may find merits on every side; honesty in More, as well as sincerity in Frith. He can give some pang of sympathy to those who fought, like Catharine and Fisher, on the losing and unpopular side. They were the victims of a great revolution, and they should be judged, as indeed Henry himself should be judged, not by the standards and opinions of a later age, but by the lights of their own time, and above all by the sincerity and constancy with which they followed the path they imagined to be right.

In a great revolution, as in a great battle, the best men may fall among either the conquering or the conquered ranks. If they fall at their posts, with their fronts to the foe, they should be considered as having died in honour. Our great religious revolution took its martyrs in abundance from both the English and the Roman parties, and, remembering how much there is of good in our common nature, a manly heart can yield its pity and admiration to More as well as to Cranmer, to Catharine no less than to Anne.

CHAPTER XI.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN, previous to the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, is said to have written to George Brooke, the fourth Lord Cobham of that line, an intimation that she had been delivered of a prince, and was thankful to Heaven that it was so. Her wish was only mother to the thought; for when she was delivered, she became mother of a girl, on the 7th of September 1533, two years and four months before Catharine died at Kimbolton.

Nearly forty years later, this girl, herself become a queen, despatched Francis Walsingham on a mission to France, half of which, as we shall see, was concerned with the diplomacy of love. Meanwhile, the very christening of this little lady looks now like a gorgeous dance of Death. Nearly all the noblemen who figured officially at it, came to as violent an end as the baby's mother; or were otherwise gloomily distinguished. Essex, who carried the basons, was the last of the earls of the line of Bourchier. Exeter, who carried the wax, the first marquis of the house of Courtenay, was beheaded. Dorset, who bore the salt — the Grey who, like the king, repudiated his first wife, Catharine Fitz-Alan, and, by King Henry's niece, became the father of Lady Jane Grey — also passed under the axe. Lord Rochford, a graceful rhymer and a clever sonneteer; and Lord Hussey, who swelled the train, tasted soon after of the scaffold and the sawdust. Cranmer, the young princess's godfather, came to a more painful

CHAP. XI.

end by fire; while the Earl of Wiltshire, worse than submitting to the headsman himself, saw his son undergo that bloody submission; and the Earl of Derby, the luckiest man of this awfully splendid group, came off with no worse fortune than having a daughter married to the Lord Stourton, who was hanged!

What a mingled glitter and gloom in this right noble company! The latter is not decreased by the fact that Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, stands among them. He had the care of the young Elizabeth's nursery, and after helping a good many men to death who had fluttered about it, was himself stricken suddenly — though not, according to the popular belief, killed by excess of satisfaction at hearing of the cruel end of Latimer and Ridley.

The gloom did not expire with this christening. Young Elizabeth, dressed up for the occasion, and brought from Hunsdon, was carried in the arms of Seymour, Lord Hertford; and he, with the higher title of Duke of Somerset, terminated his chequered life at the block, and by the axe.

Elizabeth was fortunate in securing the goodwill of her step-mothers; in having excellent masters, by whose instructions she greatly profited; and in possessing friends, whose early kind offices she did not forget in the after-season, when she was able to reward them.

The little lady, who, at six years of age, made a cambric shirt for her brother Edward, remained a notable needlewoman to the close of her reign. On the groundwork of learning laid by John Cheeke, and Anthony Cooke, and Dr. Cox, whom she subsequently named to the bishopric of Ely, she raised a superstructure of wisdom as well as knowledge, which gained for her the respect of statesmen and scholars. One of the most remarkable things about this remarkable woman was that she had more lovers than perhaps ever fell to the lot of lady who died without marrying.

In all Elizabeth's love-passages there were difficulties and singularities. While she was in the cradle, her father, Henry, after glancing at young Philip of Spain, negotiated a marriage for her with the third son of François I., clogged by such stipulations, that the chariot of Love never moved through the obstructions. From France, Henry turned to Portugal, and treated for an Infanta of that realm to wed with his daughter. This, too, came to nothing, through over-rigidness of conditions. The third attempt was made in Scotland. Henry would have united the crowns by a marriage between his son Edward and Mary Stuart, and to win the cooperation of the powerful Earl of Arran, he offered Elizabeth as a wife for the earl's son. Thus, before she had read, or could read, a love-romance, the princess was tossed from court to court, considered, and declined, with many compliments and courtesies.

She had not far advanced in her teens, when Sir Thomas Seymour aspired to obtaining her hand. Henry VIII. left Elizabeth ten thousand pounds as a marriage-portion, dependent on her not marrying in opposition to the advice of the privy council. Seymour wedded Catharine Parr; but during that ex-queen's life, he wooed the young Elizabeth, and continued the suit when he became a widower. How irreverent this wooing was can hardly be told. The tickling, the hiding, the pursuing, the screaming, the laughing, the kissing, the struggling, with much that was perhaps less seemly, are said to have had no harm in them; and Elizabeth, when queen, rewarded the faithful servants who made this very proper assertion. As for Seymour, after his audacious gallantry and a not very creditable life generally, he went the way of other great men of those times; and he felt the unpleasant difference between having his hand on the neck of Elizabeth, and feeling the axe of the executioner descending on his own.

When we think of the number of Elizabeth's suitors,

CHAP. XI.

her own subjects as well as foreign princes, one is reminded how little she regarded the maxim, put into rhyme by a future poet, that it were well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. Before her accession, politics and love were mingled together for, rather than by, her; as in the case of Courtenay, Earl of Devon, whose grandfather had married Catharine Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV., and whose father had been beheaded. This projected alliance, secretly brought forward when Courtenay had just been restored in blood, and Elizabeth was twenty years of age, was part of a plot to raise the latter, with a Protestant husband, to the seat occupied by her sister Mary. It failed; and the handsome and accomplished Courtenay went into honourable exile, where he died in 1556. That old earldom of Devon seemed to have died with him, he being childless; but the succession was to his heirs male, the words *de corpore* not being in the patent, and on this ground a claim was made, nearly three hundred years after the last earl's death, by the well-known Viscount Courtenay, in 1830. The House of Lords pronounced in his favour, and an Earl of Devon once more sat among the peers of England.

With growing years came increase of suitors. The Earl of Arran would fain have grafted his coronet on the English crown; but Elizabeth coquetted, and said Nay! She wore Cecil's portrait on her arm, without perhaps intending that the preference should mean much. Of the Earl of Arundel, she once said that he was the only disposable peer with whom she could match, but that last of the princely Fitz-Alans, more princely than the proudest of them all, whose blood had never been attainted, the servant of Mary and the friend of Elizabeth, the host to scholars and the good patron of Holbein, beggared himself, wandered abroad, returned to die poor in Arundel House, London, and to be buried with the pomp of an emperor near Arundel Castle.

Competitor rather than rival, Sir William Pickering would not have been reluctant to make, if such term may be used, a Lady Pickering of the Lady Elizabeth; but Sir William was merely a man of great wisdom and of exemplary piety, a statesman who had served his country and was willing to serve it again; and therewith his hopes or his pretensions came to nothing.

Name better known of suitor boldly daring, is that of Leicester, or of Robert Lord Dudley, as he was designated, when his aspirations first took form. The enemies of Dudley described him as "the son of a duke" (Northumberland), "the brother of a king" (his brother Guilford Dudley having married Lady Jane Grey, the "Queen Jane" of a day), "the grandson of an esquire" (Dudley, who was hanged with his co-extortioner, Empson), and "the great grandson of a carpenter, who was the only honest man of the family, and the only one who died in his bed." The Dudley name was assuredly not a popular one; although the son of the Dudley who was hanged, namely, the Duke of Northumberland who was beheaded, was the father of Leicester, who was himself a scholar and a patron of scholars, in whom the gift of eloquence was powerful, sweet, and natural.

Still the name of Dudley had something fatal in it, if not to its bearers, to the commonwealth. It was Leicester's brother Ambrose who, when Earl of Warwick, in 1563, surrendered Havre to the French, and with his army brought back the plague to London, which carried off 20,000 citizens and a great number of the nobility.

People would not believe that Elizabeth would ever give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley, noble only in two descents, and in both of them stained with the block. This judgment was correctly formed, as the event proved; but Elizabeth's coquetry and something more furnished an abundant store of

CHAP. XI.

scandalous gossip for tables and bowers, at home and abroad. The "something more" is sufficiently indicated by her conduct when "Robin" was made an earl. On that occasion, the ceremony of investiture took place in the queen's own palace, and in her royal presence, and with more than ordinary pomp, one cannot say with more than ordinary *solemnity*, seeing that the queen, while Leicester was gravely on his knees before her, amused herself by putting her fingers into his neck, and tickling him to make him laugh! She was perhaps thinking of Seymour's freedoms, in that way, with herself.

When we come to the lovers of higher degree who sought for Elizabeth's hand, we find the first on the list making his suit early. In the reign of her brother Edward VI., she promptly refused the prayer of the brother of that Christian III., King of Denmark, who established the Lutheran religion, and who was esteemed the father of his people. Of conjugal connection between the royal houses of England and Denmark, there was to be none till the grand-daughter of this Christian wedded with our James I.

Then, still in the days of her pupilage, there appeared as a candidate for that fair hand, the whiteness of which Elizabeth was so fond of displaying, Philibert Emanuel, heir to the dukedom of Savoy. The Savoyard was the friend, kinsman, and client of Queen Mary's gloomy husband, King Philip, but Elizabeth loved him neither for himself nor for his patron's sake. She was brought from the little ease of the Tower to the quiet luxuries of Richmond, where Mary urged her sister, and Philip urged Mary, and Elizabeth still shyly but surely said Nay again, to all the urgency. Whatever advantages might be offered, the lady would not be moved by them; and she was right, for Philibert was a philandering squire of dames, flirting with all and with a heart for none, till he was stayed, for a time, by the

sparkling beauty of one of the ladies of the aspiring House of Lorraine.

Then it is shrewdly suspected, if not absolutely established, that King Philip himself, the husband of her sister Mary, made boisterous love to Elizabeth, even in the lifetime of his own wife. That he plied his suit in lively fashion as soon as Elizabeth ascended the throne, is a well-ascertained fact. During the first five years of her reign, Philip's representative in England was Alvarez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, of whom it is said that "he handled falsehood like a master." This should be recollected in reading what this mendacious prelate has recorded of our queen of the Tudor days.

De Quadra has stated that Cecil himself told him that Elizabeth was bent on raising Leicester to the throne, and that it would be well to uncrown the lady and imprison her lover; to change the dynasty and proclaim as king the Earl of Huntingdon, who, through a daughter of the Poles, was descended from Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, daughter and sole heir of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. and Richard III. This project was abandoned; the Protestant earl was set aside, as was also the Catholic Darnley, as future king, and contingencies to come were provided for, it was thought, by a marriage, reported to be of Cecil's making, between Catharine, the sister of Lady Jane Grey, and Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, that celebrated husband of three wives in succession.

The marriage of this grand-niece of Henry VIII. with the earl was undoubtedly displeasing to Elizabeth. Indeed, displeasure is a light word, for there were anger and vengeance in the feeling. The young couple were divorced by order of Elizabeth, though not till two sons were born of the marriage; and the earl and his countess were imprisoned, and he heavily fined.

The earl (it may be mentioned here, by way of

CHAP. XI.

parenthesis) married, for his second wife, Frances, the daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, after following whom to the handsome tomb prepared for her, he wooed and won another Frances, of quite a different quality. Not that her blood was at all of inferior degree; for she was the daughter of the first Lord Howard of Bindon, grand-daughter, therefore, of the fifth Duke of Norfolk, the lover of Mary Stuart, who was beheaded like his mistress. But this handsome, buxom child of the Howards was the widow of a London vintner, named Pranell; and for the vintner's relict — rich, rosy, and sweet as the rarest wine in his cellar — Cheapside and Whitehall were equally her humble and ardent adorers. Court and city were at her feet, and she as proud, petulant, and irresistible as if she had been fifty times a duchess!

This prize was won from all competitors by the Earl of Hertford; but this daughter of a viscount, widow of a vintner, and wife of an earl, survived her second husband, and in passing to the suppliant arms of a third, raised herself to a level in rank with the grandsire from whom she was descended. Her third husband was Ludovick Stuart, Duke of Richmond, and he did not obtain her without trouble. Indeed, she was a costly lady to her lovers. When she married the Earl of Hertford, a rival wooer, Sir George Rodney, went down to an inn at Amesbury, pricked himself with his sword, wrote a dying love-song with his blood, and finally ran upon his weapon and expired.

While she was yet countess, Ludovick Stuart adored her, and moved about her in disguise; but in no respect compromised her character. She had been nothing worse to the earl than a little arrogant, about having two dukes for her grandfathers — Norfolk and Buckingham; but Hertford used only to tap her cheek and say, "Frank! Frank! how long is it since you married Pranell the vintner?"

To close this digression, there only remains to be said that Frances outlived the duke, and that then the dowager duchess set her cap at King James; but His Majesty was "not i' the vein," and the once lively Frances slipped into little vanities and private preachings, and died, in the reign of Charles II., a very respectable centenarian!

Let us return to that one of her husbands, Lord Hertford, whose marriage with Catherine Grey aroused the "lion" in Elizabeth. Of that royal lady, with whom, at this time, we are more especially treating, De Quadra positively asserts that first Sir Henry Sidney, afterwards Dudley, and subsequently Elizabeth herself, brought to him offers to marry Philip, King of Spain, to overthrow the Reformation in England, and to "re-establish religion." De Quadra wrote this to Philip, and it is said that "he would lie to any man except his master;" but then he is known to have been such a master in lying, that he was not the man to lose an opportunity of giving a taste of his quality even to Philip. He was almost as great a master of deceit as Pucbla himself. And therewith closes this love episode concerning the Protestant Elizabeth and her Romanist brother-in-law.

The enmity of the latter is said to have been quickened by Elizabeth's reluctance to enter on any matrimonial negotiations with him; and this reluctance at one time was ascribed to the supposed fact that there had been a contract of marriage entered into between her and young Courtenay. As for the lady herself, when urged to change her condition, her reply was that she had but one wish, and that was, that she might so pass through this world as to earn some such epitaph as this: "Here lies Elizabeth, who lived a virgin and died a virgin."

Nevertheless, she continued to be sought for, by foreign princes, as a wife. The Saxon Fürst, son of

CHAP. XI.

John Frederick, Duke of Saxony, was a suitor, and seemed eligible, but he neither sued in person, which always best pleased Elizabeth, nor by proxy. A few letters, and all was done. The Saxon disappeared from the list. Then at one moment appeared two wooers—by their representatives: Charles, the Archduke of Austria, son of the Emperor Ferdinand, and Eric Vasa, son of the great Gustavus, King of Sweden. Although, on religious grounds, the second was to be preferred, Elizabeth inclined, or professed to incline, towards the catholic Charles. Sussex crossed the narrow seas to see and report on this imperial lover, and he reported in the most favourable terms, noting all his points as though he were examining a horse, alluding even to his "clean legs," and omitting no one detail which could interest a lady who required to be acquainted with the outside and inside of her lover.

After the description, came portraits of the Archduke and his family, that Elizabeth might judge of the outward semblances of those with whom she was supposed to be about to connect herself. No difficulty arose out of this examination; the obstacle, after all, was the "mass." The Archduke *must* accompany the Queen to church. He did not object, but insisted on having his own private chapel also; and therewith came hesitation and delay, and cessation of intercourse. "He is not Philip," said Sussex, "but he is a better man than Philip;" and after an interval of three years, Charles was urged, in some diplomatic way, to put forward his pretensions again. His proud father, Ferdinand, would not allow him to stoop so low, lest he should again be played with. Young Cobham—his first mission a mission of love—was despatched to the Imperial Court to win the old lover back again; but nothing came of this delicate process, and one name more disappeared from the roll of suitors.

Eric Vasa was the most troublesome of all the dis-

quieting children who vexed the soul of their father, Gustavus. He was a brutal prince, who found food for laughter in sports where eyes were knocked out and arms lopped off. The idea of wedding him with Elizabeth — a Calvinistic bride, as she was described to be —was not exactly pleasing to Gustavus; but Eric, who wanted a powerful wife, in case of having to struggle with two powerful brothers, insisted, and the old king yielded; and the French envoy, Burrey, was commissioned to treat in this high matter. "I have never heard of him, nor of his master," said Elizabeth, "and I pray God I may never hear more of them."

Then followed a greater envoy, Eric's princely brother, John, Duke of Finland. He entered London by the bridge, scattering money, and promising mountains of it when his brother should arrive. "What a sum was expended," says Tegil, "in this expedition to so magnificent a people, may easily be imagined; the cost amounted to 200,000 dollars;" and, after all, Elizabeth declined to marry a man whom she had never beheld.

Prince Eric thereupon addressed a letter to the queen, in which he complained that she should doubt of his love, after the proofs she had had of his sincerity, and the assurances made by his brother. He "had loved her," he said, "while she was yet in adversity; it was not therefore her rank, but her person that he regarded. She might easily find a richer and a handsomer consort, but none truer, none who loved her better. She ought not to wonder at his passion for a foreigner. It was awakened by God and by a trustworthy report of her character. Her personal appearance, too, was not unknown to him. He would, as soon as he obtained leave from his father, come to her, and with his own mouth assure her that for her sake he would give up his country and all that was dearest to him in the world. The project, however, must be kept secret, as

CHAP. XI.

he meant to travel incognito." Finally, he "trusted that his love, as being inspired by Heaven, would prove fortunate."

Elizabeth refused him in English; rejected him in French; and declined him in Latin, to the dying Gustavus. "My father doesn't understand Latin," said Eric, who continued his suit, and, obtaining his sire's permission to pursue the object he had in view, left Sweden on the day Gustavus was attacked by the illness which proved mortal. The extremely handsome, slightly-lettered, and partially-mad Eric was summoned back to fill, and to be hurled from, his father's throne. Twice, however, he endeavoured to reach Elizabeth, who was thrown into something like a comic consternation at the news of his coming; and she expressly commanded the stationers to withdraw all pictures which represented her and Eric side by side.

Storms flung the royal lover back upon his own coast; and the King of Denmark would not allow him to shorten his journey by crossing the Danish territory. We may detect somewhat of Eric's mental weakness in the fact that while he was courting Elizabeth, he was making offers to Mary Stuart, Renée of Lorraine, and Catharine of Hesse! The father of the third lady had given his reluctant consent, which he took back with alacrity, on receiving from the King of Denmark an intercepted letter from Eric to Elizabeth, in which he assured her, that whatever courteous homage he paid to other ladies, his heart was in her keeping, and that her hand, he hoped, would soon be in his own.

No lady would yield her hand to this fair, fairly-spoken, but half-mad king; and Eric XIV. turned from Elizabeth and other princesses who would not say him "yea," and from the Stockholm market-place took the young flower-girl, Catharine Mone, and, to her inexpressible amazement and terror, made her his queen. She was the daughter of an old soldier, was humbly

born and homely bred, knew nothing but scripture-history, was as pure, we are told, as the flowers she sold,—feared God, and loved a young sergeant. And this love story ends in Eric lying dead by poison, in the Castle of Orebyhus; and an aged widow dying, nearly half a century later, in solitude, in Luxuala; and their only son — a hostler, a scholar, a teacher, a philosopher, declining the offer of his father's crown, and finally dying a pauper at Koschin, so rich in wisdom that scholars hailed him Theophrastus Paracelsus the Second!

Such was the career run by one of Elizabeth's royal lovers—and that within her own knowledge. To his proud young son Gustavus Ericson, kings on their thrones offered aid, and let us hope that Elizabeth was among those who remembered the disinterested child of her old mad lover.

From the Elector Palatine and the old Castle of Heidelberg came also indications of a competitor for the hand of Elizabeth. In 1563, when the queen was thirty years of age, and Hans Casimir, the Elector's son, seven years her junior, the sire of Hans put forward an assurance of that young gentleman's hopes and desires. Hans Casimir was of very handsome presence, such as might find favour with a lady, and he was moreover of the Reformed Religion, and therefore the more eligible to mate with a protestant queen. For want of better objection, Elizabeth remarked that she had not seen him, and how was it to be expected that she should say either yea or nay to a suitor of whom she knew nothing whatever but by report? She would never wed, she asserted, with any prince who lacked gallantry to take the trouble to come to England and ply his own suit. There must be seeing, hearing, conversing, judging, before any definitive answer could be given. And first, she would be pleased to know what the young fellow was like.

CHAP. XI.

One would imagine that the simplest thing in the world was for the lover, if he did not throw himself at her feet, to sit to a limner to be "portraited," as the phrase ran, and to send to the lady of his thoughts his counterfeit presentment. But there was a world of delicate preparation to be got through before the modesty of Elizabeth, who made nothing of tickling Leicester in public, could be gently assailed by the portrait of the ardent and handsome Hans Casimir.

The envoy Melville — who really did bring with him the coveted likeness — brought also a complete assortment of portraits of every member of the Palatine family. Old and young, fair and ill-featured, mothers, daughters, brothers, sisters, they were all displayed to Elizabeth at Hampton Court, not as a collection in which she had a personal interest, but as pretty toys, as objects of art which she might be tempted to look at. And she did look, and make various comments on art generally, and on the different personages on whose portraiture its best effects had been expended. And was that all? Melville believed so. No! there was still one portrait left in his packet, and that was of one of the Elector's sons. What was his name? Well, he was called Hans Casimir, and after looking thereupon for a while, silently, there came some little commendation of the prince, or at least of his portrait, from the royal critic, and then the collection was withdrawn, with gracious thanks from her Majesty to love's commissioner, who had afforded this gratification to her curiosity.

But, in truth, Elizabeth was not favourably inspired by the sight of the prince's portrait. She grew cold in the affair; the negotiations for a marriage died away, and Hans Casimir found consolation, and a Saxon princess for wife, exactly as if he had been moved by the philosophy of the lover in George Wither's song — who sings—

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo,
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

And Elizabeth lost a very handsome, high-spirited, and orthodox young fellow in Hans.

The highest offer ever made for the hand of Elizabeth was that of Charles IX. of France, through his mother Catharine de Medici. At this time, Charles was barely fifteen years old, and Elizabeth more than double his age. Catharine made this offer in order to obstruct the match proposed between the English Queen and the Austrian Archduke Charles, to see whom by the side of Elizabeth on the throne of England would have sorely displeased that crafty royal widow.

The reply of Elizabeth was, in this case, promptly made. Charles was too great a mate for her, in respect of his sovereignty, which he would not leave to share with her that of England; and he was too little a mate for her, in respect of his boyish age; and, moreover, she was something moved by the conviction that her subjects would not, without angry feelings, see her married to a King of France. Rejecting Charles of Valois, she would not insult him by accepting the hand of any other foreign prince; and if she married at all, it would probably be with one of her own subjects.

And therewith time passed on, and Leicester cherished vain hopes, and Cecil did his utmost to keep them vain, and Elizabeth fooled rather than flattered Robin Dudley by assurances that if she were wedded with a subject, it would be with him.

Then came a lull, and more serious business, and forgetfulness of marryings and givings in marriage, till the English Court was surprised, or affected to be

CHAP. XI.

surprised, by the proposal which emanated from the Cardinal de Chastillon, for a union between Elizabeth and the younger brother of Charles IX., Henry, Duke of Anjou.

At this juncture appears on the scene of English politics and love, Francis Walsingham, many of whose letters are at Kimbolton, and of whom it will be necessary to say a few words.

Walsingham was a man of good family; he was born about the year 1536, and was educated at King's College, Cambridge. He there so ardently advocated the principles of the reformed religion, that his subsequent absence on foreign travel during the reign of Queen Mary, was held to be a very fortunate occurrence for him. It enlarged his mind and saved his head.

After the accession of Elizabeth, Walsingham was patronised and employed by Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley; and he manifested such high abilities and so much zeal tempered by prudence, in all he undertook, that he was selected as the most discreet personage for carrying out the wishes of the government in respect of the marriage now offered for the acceptance or rejection of Elizabeth.

To the Walsingham papers we shall be chiefly indebted for the contents of the next two chapters on Elizabeth's love-affairs.

CHAPTER XII.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT was not customary to let the public into the secret of treaties negotiated by envoys; so it was remarked that the English knew nothing of the doings of their own ambassadors, save that their arms were hung up in the hostelries where they tarried. Of the two treaties of the intended marriage of Queen Elizabeth it was certainly not designed that the world should know anything; but Sir Dudley Digges first made use of them to illustrate his idea of a complete ambassador, and the story they contain, culled from Walsingham's letters at Kimbolton, is so dramatic as to be well worth repeating and preserving.

On one side are Elizabeth, Burghley, and Walsingham, with Leicester and Sir Thomas Smith a little in the background. On the other, the queen-mother of France, that crafty Italian lady, whose descent from merchants of old was once scornfully flung at her by Mary Stuart,—and with the queen-mother stood her cruel and dissembling son, Charles IX.

There is some doubt whether the French government was at all serious in treating of a marriage between Elizabeth and the king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, subsequently Henry III., of whom Jacques Clement's dagger made the last of the Valois. There is ground for suspicion that, on the French side, the treaty was entertained for no other purpose than to deceive the Protestants of France, for whom that St. Bartholomew was then preparing, of which Walsingham, with all his

CHAP. XII.

intelligencers, knew nothing until it occurred, and in which that statesman himself had well nigh been involved.

The negotiations for the marriage of our queen of glorious memory with the Duke of Alençon were perhaps more serious on the English side. The object was opposed by Leicester, though not by the council generally, but Elizabeth's mind on the subject is even now only matter of conjecture.

"Mr. Francis Walsingham, Esquire," was originally sent to France, in August, 1570, on a special mission. Sir Henry Norris was then the English ambassador, resident. Walsingham's certified purpose was to obtain milder treatment for the French Protestants at the hands of their government; but, as he had other work assigned to him, Norris was recalled, and Walsingham was appointed his successor in Paris.

The latter remonstrated on the part of the persecuted Protestants much as our ambassador at St. Petersburg was recently doing with respect to the Poles, to which answer was given not unlike what we have received from across the Atlantic, when reply has to be made which is a begging of the question. In rejoinder to this last, however, the queen herself lays down the law, in a way which may serve to show how things repeat themselves. A sort of Alabama difficulty had sprung up in those days between France and England.

"The (French) ambassador moved us," writes Elizabeth, "that we would take care that no armour or weapon should be, by us or our licence, conveyed to Rochelle, to the maintenance of the king's subjects there, *whom he nameth rebels*, whereunto our answer was that we did direct no person thither, or licence any to carry anything thither that might offend the king. But generally we must permit our subjects as merchants to resort for their trade to all places indifferent in France, wishing that they may find like

trade in other parts for their necessity, as they do by likelihood in Rochelle, and that we would not doubt but that they would follow their commodity in other places, and not at Rochelle; for generally merchants follow where gain is most with security and friendly usage."

In acknowledging the receipt of messages like the above, Walsingham does not forget little financial measures by which he has himself suffered. Writing to Cecil, he says: —

"I have not forgotten to inform your honour of the great exactions used by innkeepers at Gravesend, Canterbury, and Dover, in the prices of victuals, ... they are so great as in no country is used the like." He considers this as abominable in England, that "all things bear so unreasonable prices in the market, and the profits are so free from impositions of the Prince." And he claims a reform "for her Majesty's honour and the case of the poor traveller."

It is only in a subsequent letter to Cecil, of the 29th of January, 1571, that the negotiations for a marriage between Elizabeth and D'Anjou are alluded to. "The Pope, the King of Spain, and the rest of the Confederates upon the doubt of a match betwixt the queen, my mistress, and Monsieur, do seek by what means they can to dissuade and draw him from the same." Walsingham had not yet seen the duke, or "Monsieur," but, after an interview with the king, Charles IX., previous to which, "Lanfay, by the king's appointment, received us, and brought us to the place where our dinner was prepared, where we lacked no store of good meat," Walsingham was conducted to the apartments of the Duke of Anjou, of which "Monsieur" he says: "In stature, by judgment of others that viewed us talking together, he was esteemed three fingers higher than myself; in complexion somewhat sallow; his body of very good shape; his leg long and small, but

CHAP. XII.

reasonably well proportioned; what helps he had to supply any defects of nature, I know not. Touching the health of his person, I find the opinion diverse, as for my own part I forbear to be over curious in the secret thereof, for divers respects. If all be so well as outwardly it sheweth, then is he of body sound enough; and yet I did not find him so well-coloured as I esteemed him to be at my last coming here."

Cecil and others had naturally desired to have portraits of the duke, as also of his kingly brother. But hear Walsingham! "They can by no means be gotten; for no man may make any counterfeit of the king or his brother without licence. If he do, the punishment is great." It is just so at this very day in China.

Later, Walsingham returns to the projected marriage, and sets down "the Pope's Nuncio's persuasions used towards dissuading Monsieur from the Queen, which were, First, she was a heretic; secondarily, that she was old, by whom he could scarce hope after issue; and lastly, that England, which was, as he was well assured, the mark at which he shot at, might be achieved, and that right easily, by sword, to his great honour, and less inconvenience than making so unfit a match."

To Sir Walter Mildmay, of the Privy Council, he writes, "hoping that there will be good eye" on the designs of Spain in France, "lest Ireland, through too much security, be neglected, as Calais was." In return, Walsingham had little court matters to attend to, which were not without interest. Cecil requests him to present Lord Rutland to Charles IX., adding: "In expressing of his lineage you may boldly affirm him to be akin to the Queen's Majesty, both by Henry VIII. her father, and also by the queen's mother; and he is of the blood royal in the same degree that my Lord of Huntingdon is, the difference being only that my Lord of Huntingdon is of a brother of King Edward IV., and my Lord Rutland of a sister of the same king; and, indeed,

thereby he is as near in blood, though further from danger in fortune's wheel, which is busy with carriage of king's crowns to and fro."

The lords on whom Cecil's comment is made, were men of mark. Elizabeth had thought at one time of naming the above Henry Hastings, Lord Huntingdon, her successor. He was "cousin" to her in this wise: His father, Francis Hastings, married Catharine, daughter of Henry Pole, Lord Montagu; which Henry Pole was son of Sir Richard Pole and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. and Richard III.

The sister of Lord Huntingdon was nearly being raised to a throne. Ivan Vassilovitch, Czar of Muscovy, offered her his hand, which she only refused on hearing that he could put away his wife without good cause alleged. There is a portrait of her with a crown at her feet. Elizabeth granted to Lord Huntingdon the manor of Henley-on-Thames, naming him her "beloved kinsman."

Edward Manners, third Earl of Rutland of that family, was grandson of Thomas, the first earl, who was the son of Anne St. Leger, whose mother, Anne Plantagenet (widow of Holland, Duke of Exeter), was sister of Edward IV. and Richard III. The royal blood still exists in Huntingdon and Rutland, for the first is heir male of Francis, who married with Catharine Pole, heiress of the Plantagenets, all the intermediate male descendants being extinct, and the Duke of Rutland is a lineal descendant of the second son of the earl who married with Anne Pole, that other heiress of Plantagenet.

The presentations were made successfully and in due form. D'Anjou is especially civil to Walsingham, but the latter learns that the duke "maketh no great account to match with the Queen's Majesty;" the Guises being urgent in dissuading him. Leicester, on the other

CHAP. XII.

hand, writes, "I do perceive her Majesty more bent to marry than heretofore she hath been." But, in Paris, on the Pont St. Etienne, a paper was stuck up of an insulting nature against the queen, "which a servant of mine," says Walsingham, "by reason he saw divers flocking about it, tore it down, and brought me the same." Representations were made to the king, who was very indignant, but did nothing. "After my departure from the king," writes the ambassador, "Lansar told me in mine ear, that he had great cause to guess this was some Spanish practice." But to remonstrate on that or other business with the Spanish ambassador, was useless, for, like Estrada, he could not use any language but his own, of which Walsingham understood nothing, though he listened attentively, and wrote long letters home as to what he guessed the Spaniard may have meant in his speech.

The matters are mixed up with others of less general importance. Leicester informs Walsingham that on "Shrove Sunday, Mr. Secretary (Cecil) was created Baron of Burghley," and the new peer says in a postscript to one of his letters, "My style of my poor degree is Lord of Burghley;" but it is pleasant to find him some weeks later subscribing a letter to Walsingham with "Your assured loving friend, WILL. CECIL. I forgot my new word, WILL. BURGHLEY." Both he and Leicester are addicted to the making of moral reflections. "Si Deus cum nobis, quis contra nos?" is one of Leicester's favourite exclamations. When he announces the death of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, he hopes God hath the good knight's soul, as we have the loss of his body. "He doth but lead the way to us," writes Cecil, "whereof I for my part have had sufficient schooling by my present sickness." So spoke the two statesmen of the man, who after being deep in the councils of Leicester against Cecil, became of the party of Cecil against Leicester, and was suddenly

taken ill at supper at Leicester's house, after apparent reconciliation, — and straightway went home and died, — not without suspicion of having been poisoned by his old patron.

Walsingham makes his "moan," too, but it is connected with money matters. Queen Elizabeth loved to be well served, but she did not so much care to make liberal guerdon for service rendered. So here is an English ambassador in France, complaining that his expenses exceed his income, weekly, by ten pounds; — that there is great scarcity and consequent dearness; that his ready money is fast vanishing; and that he who desired to be always beforehand with the world, was falling into arrears, whereby Her Majesty's honour must necessarily suffer.

For Her Majesty's service, however, he is always ready. He watches all comers and goers, and makes report of them. He receives the recreant Archbishop of Cashel, who desires to return to Ireland, but who has been busy against England in Spain. Walsingham listens to the Irish prelate, but he finds an Irish captain willing to act as spy over the Irish churchman, and he refers to his employment of another Irish soldier, probably as an observer of the doings of the Irish captain. In this way was watched "that lewd Lozell of Ireland, who calleth himself Archbishop of Cashel."

Then the royal marriage comes to the surface again. It is ever to be but is not. Elizabeth protests that she accepts the offer of D'Anjou; but, in a despatch of great length to Walsingham, she so mixes nay with yea, and makes so many stipulations, and is so decided in forbidding any possible spouse of hers from publicly or privately exercising his religion, if it be Roman Catholic, in England, that we read, without surprise, Walsingham's report that D'Anjou speaks disparagingly of her to his friends, declares that Elizabeth means nothing but dalliance; and that he and his friends may be sorry "that

CHAP. XII.

ever we waded so far." Yet, the queen continues to affirm that she accepts an offer which is not yet regularly made; and Leicester, who has reasons of his own for wishing her not to marry, speaks of the match in the Privy Council, and writes of it in his letters, as if it met with his approval.

How far Charles IX. acted frankly or otherwise in this interesting matter, it is easier to conjecture from his character than to discover by his acts. His words were fair enough. In April 1571, Walsingham informs Burghley, that the king has said to Tilligny, "That his brother, if there fell out no other let but religion, would be ruled by him; and because (saith he) I may the better bring the matter to pass, I will have my brother with me out of this town, and divide him from certain superstitious friars that seek to nourish this new holiness in him, and I doubt not, saith he, within these few days so to work my brother as he will yield to anything that I will require."

A day or two after, Tilligny dined with the Duke of Anjou, who spoke greatly in praise of Elizabeth, and expressed so great a desire for the match, that Walsingham begins to hope the question of religion will be solved, by a graceful yielding on the part of the duke. But it was Elizabeth who would not yield. Whatever religion the duke might privately hold, she insists that her husband shall go to church with her. Thereupon, Walsingham had an interview with Catherine de Medici, at which the Italian lady and the English ambassador made thrust and parry after this manner, told by Walsingham himself:—

"She showed me that the answers made unto their articles seemed to her not to be direct, saving that which was made unto the second article concerning religion, which (saith she) is very hard, and nearly toucheth the honour of my son, so far forth, that if he

should yield thereto, the queen your mistress should also receive some part of the blemish, by accepting for a husband such a one as by a sudden change of religion might be thought through worldly respects void of all conscience and religion.

"I replied that I was willing to say to her from her Majesty, that she doubted not but that Monsieur, her son, by her good personation, would take in good part her said answers, who meant not such sudden change of religion, as that he or his household should be compelled to use the rites of the English Church, contrary to his or their consciences; but forasmuch as the granting unto him the exercise of his religion, being contrary to her laws, might by an example breed such an offence as was like to kindle such trouble as lately reigned in France, whereof both herself and her son had good experience. She therefore hoped, that he who (if the match proceeded) was to sail with her in one ship, and to run with her in one fortune, would not require a thing, that she by no means could yield to, who tendered nothing more than the quiet and repose of her subjects, and therefore in respect thereof could by no means consent to any such permission, as might by any likelihood disturb the same.

"To this she replied, that the not having the exercise was as much as to change his religion, which thing he could not do upon a sudden, without the note to be of no religion, which dishonour I am sure no respect can draw him to endanger himself. And as he, in respect of the said ignominy, is resolved fully not to yield, so can I with no reason persuade him thereto; and as for any peril that may happen by the same, I think it shall be the best way of safety of your mistress, who always by the way of his brother's sword, should be the better able to correct any such evil subjects as should go about to disturb the repose and quiet of her estate, which she may assure herself he will do, without

CHAP. XII.

having respect to any religion, whereof some trial lately hath been made by his consenting with the King to have some good justice and example of punishment done at *Roan*.

"In answer whereof I besought her to consider as well the queen's damage as her son's honour. I showed her that of this permission great mischiefs would ensue: 1st, the violating of her laws; 2nd, the offence of her good and faithful subjects; and, lastly, the encouragement of the evil affected; which three mischiefs, if you will weigh, said I, together with your son's honour, you shall find them of great moment, and that the Queen's Majesty, my mistress, hath great cause to stand to the denial of any such permission, whereof is likely to ensue such manifest peril. And as for the aid of the King's sword, I showed her that the example by permission would do much more hurt than either his own or his brother's sword could do good; for that the issue of our mischief by civil dissension falls out commonly to be sudden and short, but very sharp, and were not drawn in length, as those that happened in other countries, we having neither walled towns nor fortresses to retire to, thereby to protract our wars.

"To this she answered, that her son would soon be overcome by the queen's persuasions in that behalf, who was more zealous than able to defend his religion, whereby the same inconvenience of example will not long last. For, saith she, it is generally feared by the Catholics that this match will breed a change of religion throughout all Europe. In the end, she concluded that neither Monsieur, her son, nor the King, nor herself, could ever yield to any such sudden change for any respect whatsoever, neither could her Majesty desire it, considering how much it would touch his reputation, whom she is to match withal, if it proceed. I asked then of her whether she would have one so to advertise her Majesty. She desired me in any cause so to do;

and to know directly whether by yielding or not yielding to the said second articles, with all reasonable cautions, she meant to proceed or forbear; whereof she desired her Majesty, at the farthest, to give answer within ten days, for that the King stayeth his progress only upon that; and that if so be she mean to proceed, then to send the articles that are to be propounded by her Majesty."

The French royal family seem to have been desirous of pushing the match, though they were as obstinate as Elizabeth herself on the religious difficulty. De Foix was sent by them to convince Walsingham that they were in the right. "Saith he, Monsieur hath either religion or no religion. If he have religion, then religion, being a constant persuasion confirmed by time, cannot but in time be removed, and not upon the sudden. If he have no religion, then he is unworthy of your mistress, and the place and degree he beareth." Then hopes were held out, that if Elizabeth yielded now, the duke would in turn do her bidding hereafter. De Foix made no scruple of saying, probably as he was told to say, "As for Monsieur, I know him to be religious in his kind, wherein I suppose he is not so assuredly grounded, but that there may grow alteration and change thereof in time, through the queen's good persuasions." De Foix reminds Walsingham that Constantine was converted by his mother Helena, which was not a case in point; and that the King of Navarre was converted by the queen, his wife, "and therefore," says the plausible De Foix, "can I not doubt but this match proceeding, Monsieur will be turned by his wife," for, adds De Foix, with an implied compliment to Elizabeth, "he is of that good disposition and nature, as in all his proceedings he is not carried away by passion, but guided and conducted by reason?"

Walsingham grows hopeful, yet therewith anxious,

CHAP. XII.

and in a long despatch informs Burghley, that old French and Spanish projects for the conquest of Ireland are on foot, "if the match go not forward." "The expectation of the match," he says, "is the only stay of divers pretended mischiefs." Later he writes to Leicester, of Elizabeth: "I do not see how she can stand, if this matter break off."

Elizabeth, if not of a different opinion, will, nevertheless, bate no jot of her terms. She will by no means consent to Anjou's "hearing of the private mass, though the same should be secret for the place, and rarely for the time, and not frequented with numbers." She is afraid such toleration would wound her conscience and offend her subjects. "We think it expedient," she writes to Walsingham, "that if he should be our husband, he should accompany us to church; and why he should not, or may not, use our manner of prayers and divine service, certainly we think that no reason can be yielded by any that knoweth the same, and will compare it with that which the Church of Rome doth use. For in ours, there is no part that hath not been, yea, that is not at this day used in the Church of Rome."

If this be nicely put, not less so is the queen's remark to Walsingham, which he is to bring under the notice of Monsieur, that "neither doth the usage of the divine service of England properly compel any man to alter his opinion in the great matters now in controversy in the Church. Only, the usage thereof doth direct man daily to hear and read the Scriptures, to pray to Almighty God (by daily use of the Psalter of David), and of the ancient prayers, anthems, and collects, of the Church, even the same which the Universal Church hath used and doth yet use."

Walsingham brought this, and more, under the notice of Monsieur, who, in this matter, was not to be convinced; and yet, he had never been so inclined for

matrimony as now, though he had had offers enough, CHAP. XII.
"any time these five years." Elizabeth's rare gifts of mind as well as of body have vanquished him — "made me yield to be wholly hers," whom he also describes as "the rarest creature that was in Europe these 500 years." Still, to creature so rare and gifted he will not yield in the matter of the mass. Walsingham bethinks him of a means, and writes to Burghley: "Your lordship shall do well by the next to send a Book of Common Prayer, translated into French, that I may present it unto Monsieur. I have seen of them printed at Guernsey."

The book is hard to get, but it is forwarded, and of course to no purpose. Leicester recommends Monsieur to have nought to do with contracts, but trust to convincing the queen, in his own way, after he is her husband. "There is no doubt but by that means he shall obtain more than we wish, and more than is reasonable, or at the least convenient to be openly contracted by them." Then, Her Majesty's advisers, if not confidants, Burghley and Leicester, misdoubt the sincerity of their mistress in the matter. Burghley is perplexed, Leicester finds her "desire to marriage continuing still as it was, which is very cold;" while in Paris, Monsieur regrets to Walsingham, that the point of religion "kept him from attaining to the rarest good hap that ever in the world could happen to him. He protested how he wished, so that the same were removed, he had lost an arm or a leg."

Walsingham, infirm of body and vexed at heart, writes to Leicester, that if the marriage fail, and no treaty of alliance take its place, "the poor Protestants here do think their case desperate; they tell me so with tears." Burghley cannot help the matter on, and mistrusts his royal mistress more than ever. Her assertions are in favour of marriage, "but," writes Burghley, from Audley Inn, near Weldon, September

CHAP. XII.

2, 1571, "yet all of us are not persuaded, not for doubt of her assertions, which surely are agreeable to her mind when she uttereth them, but for doubt that others, mistaking the same, may indirectly draw her from the determination." Leicester writes more decidedly on the 20th of the month: "I am now persuaded that Her Majesty's heart is nothing inclined to marry at all, for the matter was now brought to as many points as we could divine, and always she was bent to hold with the difficultest."

With all this, Walsingham grows ill, describes the "private state" of his body to Burghley, hopes the queen does not think she will get more by his death than by his life, receives, with some comfort, Burghley's reply that he has informed her Majesty of "the necessary occasion that you have this present month to attend physick," and at length acknowledges with infinite pleasure the leave of absence granted him, and the nomination of Henry Killigrew as his *locum tenens*.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELIZABETH'S SUITORS.

ON the 7th of December, 1571, Walsingham is as much concerned touching his own condition as he is with that of the marriage articles. "I find it will be the latter end of next month," he writes to Burghley, "before I shall return to my charge, for that I am diseased by three sundry carnosities which will require the longer time in the cure." Burghley comforts him with information that others at home are as sickly as he. "My Lord Grey of Wilton," writes Burghley, referring to the Arthur Grey, who was the Talus of Spencer's "Iron Flail," Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, vanquisher of Desmond, despite his own defeat at Glendaloch, and the only man who defended Davison in the Star Chamber in the matter of the Queen of Scots—"my Lord Grey of Wilton hath had the like disease this summer, and seemeth to be cured or eased by the industry of an Italian physician here in London, called Silva. He is thought to be more experimented in surgery than in physic, for so is his father, who liveth in the Savoy with the duke. If you will send me some note or description, and therewith a note of their method of curing of you, I would confer with this Silva, and advertise you of my opinion."

The season was altogether a trying one. While Walsingham was in process of recovery from his carnosities, Sir Thomas Smith, a colleague of Killigrew, who was Burghley's brother-in-law, writes from Blois, March 3rd, 1571 (2) that there is one thing which

CHAP. XIII.

grieveth him more than any other, namely, that "I must not come home, but tarry here still in the country, where I have felt since Candlemas the greatest cold that ever I felt, and most continual, except it were at the house, where it did almost cost me my life, and there had made an end of it, if it had not been for the strong matters which I do use for my stomach morning and evening, and yet it is scarce able to resist the extreme cold of the weather, and now about thirty days continued frost and snow, and here is neither wood plenty nor good chimneys for fire, and in my bed-chamber I can make no fire."

Burghley is as ill as any of these aggrieved gentlemen; but he bears it all bravely. He does, indeed, wish that a too active adversary had his fit of the gout, to keep him quiet; but nevertheless, oppressed by cold, and a "rheum fallen into my lungs, where it is lodged as yet without moving," he sees and suffers with the light remark, "I weigh not my own carcase."

While Walsingham is still ill, Leicester entertains him with the question of the marriage. The matter has been, in a manner, long dead, he says, but it may be renewed with judgment, since it has been only suspended, and not set altogether aside. Upon which, Walsingham rallies, and writes to Burghley, as one step made towards a happy consummation, that "Lignerolles, who by the House of Guise and the rest of the Spanish faction, was made an instrument to dissuade his master, was slain, the ninth of this month; his death yielded no small furtherance to the cause." On the last day of the year 1571, he repeats with satisfaction, "Lignerolles, the chief dissuader of the marriage, is lately slain."

In England, another opponent was more legitimately got rid of. Burghley writes also at the close of the year, a paragraph which is a capital illustration of the manners of the times. It refers to "the discharge of the late Spanish Ambassador," "who hath," quoth

Burghley, "both in office and out of office, used himself very crookedly, perniciously and maliciously against the state; and, namely and openly against me; not forbearing, but in open council directing his speech to me, saying that I had been and was the cause of all the unkindness that had chanced betwixt the king his master and the queen's majesty, whereunto, as it became me for truth's sake, I answered with more modest terms than he deserved, and referred myself to all the lords in council, to report of me whether anything had ever been said or done by me from the beginning of these broils, concerning him or his master, that had not been ordered and directed by her majesty in council. All which the whole lords did affirm; and my Lord of Sussex, in the Italian tongue, did very plainly and very earnestly confirm it; but yet his choler would not be so tempered, and so he was dismissed."

The Sussex here, so ready with his Italian, was Thomas Ratcliffe, son of that Henry, the second earl, who was Queen Mary's general, to whom she granted the privilege of always wearing his hat in the sovereign's presence. As for the ambassador, "he could not be gotten out of the town, without infinite trouble; but at last he was got to Greenwich, then to Gravesend, thence to Canterbury and Dover, whence one Hawkins was appointed to pass him over to Calais." He journeyed on to Gravelines, where, Spain having authority, he had no sooner arrived than he ordered all the English out of it!

Walsingham has other and pleasanter news—letters from Burghley, who had little "leasure" to write fully, being "not unoccupied with feasting my friends at the marriage of my daughter, who is this day" (the letter is not dated, save in the month, December 1571) "married to the Earl of Oxford, to my comfort, by reason of the Queen's Majesty, who hath very honourably with her presence and great favour accompanied it."

CHAP. XIII.

Burghley does not tell Walsingham which of his two daughters (who, with his son Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, were his children by his second wife, Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Coke, of Giddy Hall, Essex) married the Earl of Oxford. We know that it was Anne, the elder. Her husband was the seventeenth earl—he who is known as Edward de Vere, the poet. He had a company of players, against whose acting at Cambridge the University strongly protested in 1581.

Of this marriage came that Henry de Vere, whose profligate conduct vexed his mother's heart, till she lost regard for him, and let him wend on his road to ruin after his own fashion. This graceless Henry betook himself abroad, after ruffianly work at home; and after three years' travel in France and Italy, he reappeared in England, so refined, accomplished and handsome a gentleman that he had little difficulty in winning the heart and hand of Lady Diana Cecil, the great grand-daughter of Burghley. This lady was eminent for beauty, wealth, and many virtues, and was altogether a different person to that other Diana (Kirk) who married Aubrey, the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, of the line of De Vere. Diana Cecil's husband was the man who had the courage to tell Buckingham that he neither coveted his friendship nor feared his hatred.

From these marriages, let us turn aside to an illustration of life on Tower Hill. On February 11th, 1571(2) Burghley thus writes to Walsingham:—

"I cannot write what is the immediate cause of the Duke of Norfolk's death, only I find Her Majesty diversely disposed, sometimes when she speaketh of Her Majesty's danger, she concludeth that justice should be done; another time, when she speaketh of his nearness of blood, of his superiority in honour etc., she stayeth. As upon Saturday she signed a warrant for the writs to the sheriffs of London for his execution on

Monday, so all preparations were made with the expectation of all London and a concourse of many thousands yesterday in the morning; but their coming was answered with another ordinary execution of Mather and Berny, for conspiring the queen's majesty's death, and of one Bolth, for counterfeiting the queen's majesty's hand twice to get concealed lands. And the cause of this disappointment was this: suddenly on Sunday, late in the night, the queen's majesty sent for me, and entered into a great misliking that the duke should die the next day, and said she was and should be disquieted, and said she would have a new warrant made that night to the sheriffs to forbear until they should hear further; and so they did; God's will be fulfilled, and aid Her Majesty, to do herself good."

There is something quaint in the idea of the disappointment of a London crowd, deprived of witnessing the beheading of a duke, being compensated by the putting to death of a couple of meaner traitors. The Duke of Norfolk's treason consisted in his alleged attempts in favour of the cause of Mary Stuart. This queen's unhappy condition formed one of the obstacles to the marriage of Elizabeth and Anjou. The French royal family always stipulated that mercy should be shown to Mary: "Make what answer you will," said Charles IX. to Walsingham, "she is my kinswoman, my sister-in-law, and was once my sovereign." Walsingham remarked that the friends of Mary were not only breeding sedition in England, but preparing a sanguinary rebellion in Ireland; at which Charles IX. "laughed heartily." Walsingham styles Mary "a dangerous woman, whose life is a step unto her Majesty's death;" and in a phrase which is no longer considered courtly, the French queen-mother is told that Elizabeth "cannot abide" the Scottish queen.

With fair words this luckless lady's cause is set aside,

CHAP. XIII.

and suddenly Catherine de Medici enquires of the English ambassador if he can tell how Elizabeth would fancy a marriage with her youngest son, the Duke of Alençon? This chopping about of suitors took both Smith and Walsingham by surprise.

"Madam, you know me of old (said I), except I have a sure ground, I dare affirm nothing to your Majesty.

"Why (saith she), if she be disposed to marry, I do not see where she shall marry so well; and yet (saith she) I may, as a mother, justly be accounted partial; but as for those which I have heard named, as the emperor's son, or Don John of Austria, they are both lesser than my son is, and of less stature by a good deal: and if she should marry, it were pity any more time were lost.

"Madam (said I), if it pleased God that she were married and had a child, all these brags and all these treasons would soon be appalled; and on condition she had a child by M. d'Alençon, for my part I care not if ye had the Queen of Scots here, for ye would then be as careful and jealous over her, for the queen, my mistress's surety, as we, or as herself is.

"That is true (saith she), and without this marriage (saith she), if she should marry in another place, I cannot see how this league and amity would be so strong as it is.

"True, madam (quoth I); the knot of blood and marriage is a stronger seal than that which is printed in wax, and lasteth longer, if God give good success; but yet all leagues have not marriage joined with them, as this may, if it please God.

"I would it had (saith she), then surely would I make a start over and see her myself, the which I do most desire of all things.

"Madam (quoth I), if I had now as ample a com-

mission for M. d'Alençon as I had at the first for Monsieur, the matter should soon, by God's grace, be at an end."

Sir Thomas Smith, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, who signs this despatch containing the account of the interview had by Walsingham and himself with the queen-mother, thus proceeds:—

"Would you had (saith she), if you had such a one when you are in England, would you not come over again to execute it? Yes, madam (quoth I), most gladly to so good an intent; I would pass again the sea if I were never so sick for it. Then (saith Mr. Walsingham) surely it was no religion that made that stop in the marriage of Monsieur, but some other thing? No, surely (saith she), he never showed to me any other cause. I assure you, madam (saith Mr. Walsingham), I can marvellous hardly believe it, for at Gallion he was so willing and so well affected, that methought it did me much good when he spake of the queen, my mistress, or with any of her ministers; I perceived it in his words, in his countenance, in his gesture, and all things; but again, when he came to Paris, all was clean changed. It is true, M. L'Ambassadeur (saith she), and it made me much to marvel at it; but even at Gallion all other things liked him well; but at the religion he made a little stop, but nothing so as he did after. Upon this I bear him in hand (for it grieveth me not a little, and the king, my son, also, as you know), that of all evil rumours and tales of naughty persons such as would break the matter, and were spread abroad of the queen, that those he did believe, and that made him so backward. And I told him it was all the hurt that evil men can do to noble women and princes, to spread abroad lies and dishonourable tales of them, and that we of all princes that be women, are subjected to be slandered

CHAP. XIII.

wrongfully of them that be our adversaries, other hurt they cannot do us, he said and swore, to me, he gave no credit to them; he knew she had so virtuously governed her realm this long time, that she must needs be a good and virtuous princess, and full of honour, and other opinions of her he could not have, but that his conscience and his religion did trouble him that he could not be in quiet, and nothing else.

"Other communication there was, as is commonly wont to be in such meetings; but this is the sum of that which is worth the writing that passed betwixt us."

After treating of matters of serious political importance, the despatch returns to the comedy of the marriage, by a sudden allusion made by the queen-mother to Elizabeth:—

"Jesu! (saith she) doth not your mistress see she shall be always in danger till she marry? That once done in some good house, who dare attempt anything against her? Madam (quoth I), I think that were she once married, all in England that had any traitorous hearts would be discouraged; for one tree alone may soon be cut down, but when there be two or three together, it is longer a doing, and one shall watch for the other; but if she had a child, then all these bold and troublesome titles of the Scotch queen, or other that make such gapings for her death, will be clean choked up. I see she may have five or six (saith she) very well; I would to God we had one. No (saith she), two boys, lest one should die; and three or four daughters, to make alliance with us again, and other princes to strengthen the realm. Why then (quoth I) you think that M. le Duc shall speed. With that she laughed, and said 'Je le desire infinitement,' I would trust then to see three or four myself at least of her race, which would make me indeed not to spare sea or

land to see her and them. And if she could have fancied my son, D'Anjou (saith she), as you told me, why not this of the same house, father and mother, and as vigorous and lusty as he, and rather more, and now he beginneth to have a beard come forth, so that I told him the last day that I was angry with it, for now I was afraid he would not be so high as his brethren. Yea, madam (quoth I), a man doth commonly grow in height to his years; the beard maketh nothing. Nay (saith she) he is not so little; he is so high as you, or very near. For that matter, madam (quoth I), I for my part make small account if the Queen's Majesty can fancy him. For Pepinus Brevis, who married Bertha, the King of Almain's daughter, was so little to her that he is standing in Aquisgrave, or Moguerre, a church in Almain, she taking him by the hand, and his head not reaching to her girdle, and yet he had by her Charlemain, the great emperor and king of France, who is reported to be almost a giant's stature. And your Oliver Glesquinn (Guesclin), the Breton constable, that you make so much of, and lieth buried among the tombs of St. Denis; if he were no bigger than is there portrayed upon his tomb, was very short, scarcely four feet long, but yet he was valiant, hardy, and courageous above all in his time, and did us Englishmen most hurt. It is true (saith she), it is the heart, courage, and activity that is to be looked for in a man; but hear you word of the queen's affections that way? can you give me no comfort? No, I assure Your Majesty (quoth I), for the letters were writ on the 11th of this month, the same day or the next that our carrier went with the dispatch from hence.

"Thus with much other talk in such sort the time was passed that day betwixt Her Majesty and me."

Nothing more came of all these conversations save a

CHAP. XIII.

treaty of amity entered into at Blois. Queen Elizabeth joined her lord-admiral, the Earl of Lincoln, with Walsingham and Smith, to require the French king to confirm the last treaty concluded at Blois, by his oath—a form of diplomacy which is no longer observed. If Lord Lincoln, (Edward de Clinton, of whom the present Duke of Newcastle is a lineal descendant) was accompanied to Paris and Blois by his countess, she probably attracted considerable notice, for she was a woman who had set many tongues wagging in England. When Lord Lincoln married her she was a widow—Lady Talbot; but her celebrity dates from the time when she lived at Calais, and encountered the young King of England on his way home from Tournay; still more from the time when, her first husband being dead, she returned to London, received the King's private visits at Blackmore, and became the mother of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond.

But one more worthy of notice than quondam Lady Talbot, and who was certainly in Paris at this time, was Philip Sydney, the noble son of Leicester's sister Mary. "Forasmuch," writes Leicester to Walsingham in May 1572, "forasmuch as my nephew, Philip Sydney, is licensed to travel, and doth presently repair unto those parts with my lord admiral, I have thought good to commend him, by these my letters friendly unto you, as unto one I am well assured will have a special care of him during his abode there. He is young and raw, and no doubt shall find those countries and the demeanour of the people somewhat strange unto him; and therefore your good advice and counsel shall greatly behove him for his better direction, which I do most heartily pray you to vouchsafe him, with any friendly assistance you shall think needful for him. His father and I do intend his further travel if the world be quiet, and you shall think it convenient for him, otherwise we pray you we may be

advertised thereof, to the end the same, his travels, may be therefore directed accordingly."

At this time the hero that was to be, and who is described as "young and raw," had lived more than half his allotted life, seventeen out of the one and thirty years in which his brilliant and useful career was included. Four years later, he represented Elizabeth at the imperial court of Rudolph II.; subsequently warmed the cold heart of Don John of Austria to admiration of him; withstood the queen herself when she was in the wrong; preferred being a scholar, statesman, and soldier to being a mere courtier, and ended his too brief but illustrious career on the field at Zutphen. Young Sydney's coming to the house of Walsingham in Paris was fraught with more importance than the ambassador himself suspected. Philip, young and raw though he might be, found his way, after a time, to the heart of Walsingham's sole daughter, Frances. When he fell at Zutphen, there stood on the same field a man who was to be her second husband; Robert Earl of Essex, whose sister, Penelope Devereux, Sydney had celebrated in his Arcadia as Philoclea, in his poems as Stella. After the execution of Essex, Frances Walsingham married a third time with Richard de Burgh, the great Earl of Clanricarde.

While Leicester asks the good offices of Walsingham for his nephew Sydney, Burghley treats with the Queen's Majesty's ambassador in France, of the old question of the royal marriage. He urges Walsingham to send home a picture in words of the outward and inward characteristics of the young Duke of Alençon. "I could wish," he adds, "to leave Calais to the issue of their bodies, and he to be governor thereof during his life, so as we might have security for our staple there."

Walsingham answers accordingly, that the youthful duke is of as good and tractable a disposition as any other, either prince or gentleman, in France; and withal is both wise and stout, and subject to the French lightness,

CHAP. XIII.

insomuch as they do apply to him the French proverb, *Qu'il a de plume dans son cerveau.* "I have many great reasons to induce me to think," continues Walsingham, "that if there be no other impediment than the use of this mass, that he will be easily induced to the same. Many ways am I given credibly to understand, that his affection is unfeigned and great. Touching Calais, the admiral made some overture at my request. He findeth in their majesties no disposition to yield thereunto;" and, debating the matter with M. de Foix, "he protested most earnestly that he thought he knew it impossible to be brought to pass."

Elizabeth herself affected less care for this boy Alençon than for Anjou, though some said "he was rather better to be liked," which she can hardly believe, seeing that "specially for the blemishes that the small-pox hath wrought in his visage," his inferiority is plainly marked, and the queen is all the cooler on it, "specially finding no other great commodity, offered to us with him." She would have liked Calais for a wedding-gift; but she was not to receive what the Guises had snatched from her sister Mary.

But suddenly, amid these marriage negotiations, broke forth the massacre of St. Bartholomew; of which here are Walsingham's first impressions in a note addressed to Sir Thomas Smith, Her Majesty's principal secretary:—

WALSINGHAM TO SMITH.

"It may please your honour to advertise Her Majesty that yesterday I sent my secretary unto Queen-mother, willing her in my name, first to render unto her and unto the King's Majesty most humble thanks for the great care it pleased them to have of my safety, and the preservation of the English nation in this last tumult, whereof I assure them I would not fail to make honourable report unto the Queen's Majesty, my mistress. And furthermore, forasmuch as there were

divers reports made of the late execution here, and that I would be very loth to credit reports, that it would please Their Majesties to send me the very truth thereof, to the end I might accordingly advertise the Queen's Majesty, my mistress. To the first, she said that the king, her son, and she gave especial commandment that good regard were had of me and all Englishmen, as that thing which tended to the preservation of the good amity between the king, her son, and the Queen's Majesty, my mistress. And that if I could devise any better means for the better safeguard, that I would but give them understanding thereof. To the second, she said that she doubted not but that M. La Motte had long since advertised the Queen's Majesty of the late accident here. Nevertheless, to gratify me, that she would cause Secretary Pinnart to send me an abstract of that, which before the king, her son, had sent to his ambassador, there resident, the which also I send you here enclosed.

"This being in effect that which passed between her and my secretary. And having at this present no other thing to write, I leave to trouble your honour any further, and most humbly take my leave. At Paris the 27th August, 1572.

"Your honour's to command,

"FR. WALSINGHAM.

"The Duke of Névers hath showed himself much addicted to our nation, having not spared to come and visit me in his own person, with offer of all kind of courtesy, not only to me but also to divers of our English gentlemen. Besides that, he did very honourably entertain three English gentlemen, who otherwise had been in great jeopardy of their lives."

Nearly all the remaining references to the massacre proceed from this side of the channel. Burghley,

CHAP. XIII.

Leicester, Francis Knollys, Smith, and Croft sign a note to Walsingham, in which they say :—

"We understand that the English gentlemen that were in Paris at the time of the execution of the murther, were forced to retire to your house, where they did wisely; for your care of them, we and their friends are beholding to you, and now we think good that they return home; and namely, we desire you to procure for the Lord Wharton and Mr. Philip Sydney, the king's licence and safe conduct to come thence, and so do we require you to give them true knowledge of our minds herein." Leicester writes alone, on the 11th of September, "Trusting you will be a mean for my nephew Sydney that he may repair home, considering the present state there." And Sir Thomas Smith, writing the next day from Woodstock, says, "My Lady Lane hath sent by your man thirty pounds in gold to pay her son's debts there, and charges in coming home. Lady Lane prayeth very earnestly that her son may be sent home with as much speed as may be." And Smith advises Walsingham to send to England "My Lady, your wife, with your daughter." There was Philip Sydney, a fitting young squire, at least for the latter lady.

Leicester wishes "shame and confusion upon the king," who devised or consented to such a deed, and Walsingham is directed to lay the English opinion of the horrible act before Charles IX. and the Queen Mother. These illustrious persons profess much perplexity, grief, and anger; assert previous ignorance, plead being suddenly wrought upon to consent against their wills, and, while promising to bring all assassins to justice, maintaining that the massacre itself was justifiable, and the only thorough means of securing the peace of the kingdom. Elizabeth herself is logically indignant at this conduct; and she writes to Walsingham from Reading on the 20th of September,

1572, a letter, in which she very naturally remarks :— "But for the king to destroy and utterly root out of his realm all those of that religion that we profess, and to desire us in marriage for his brother, must needs seem unto us, at the first, very repugnant in itself."

While these messages are crossing the straits, Walsingham is busy watching French intrigues regarding Ireland and Scotland. To counteract Irish plotters, he counsels the employment of an Irish Captain Lassety, "whose imperfections I know well enough," he says, but adds that the captain may be a dangerous fellow if not employed. As for Scotland, Walsingham says rather contemptuously to Leicester :—"Money will do anything with that nation, as your lordship knoweth, which if Her Majesty stick to disburse, she shall find neither profit nor surety in it." To Leicester he writes still more earnestly touching Philip Sydney, from Paris, the 17th October, 1572.

"I understand that one of the gentlemen that departed hence with intention to accompany your nephew Mr. Philip Sydney, to Heidelberg, died by the way, at a place called Bladin in Lorraine, who, by divers conjectures, I took to be the Dean of Winchester, who, as I advertised your lordship by M. Argall, I employed to encounter the evil practices of your said nephew's servants. If, therefore, your lordship, he being now void, shall not speedily take order in that behalf (if already it be not done), the young gentleman, your nephew, shall be in danger of a very lewd practice, which were great pity in respect of the rare gifts that are in him." Such care was taken for the purity and well-being of that mirror of modern chivalry!

Walsingham has to speak of another Paris incident in November, 1572. "It may please you," he says, with the formal phrase so little accordant with the fact, "to advertise Her Majesty that the young queen was brought to bed of a daughter, the 22nd of October,

CHAP. XIII.

whose nativity was consecrated with the blood of Briquemont and Cavannes, who the same day, between the hours of five and six in the evening, were hanged by torchlight, the king, queen mother, and the King of Navarre, with the king's brethren, and Prince of Condé, being lookers on." The mob were allowed to execute unutterable horrors on the bodies of these pretended conspirators, who were of the reformed religion. That a king and royal family should be present at an execution, and that the sovereign should allow a born gentleman to be hanged, are circumstances which excite Walsingham's extreme disgust.

Almost as much surprise is aroused in him when Charles asks Elizabeth to be gossip to his child, and to send Leicester as her sponsor! Elizabeth pointed out the absurdity of soliciting her, a professor of the religion which is bringing down death on the heads of its members in France, to stand gossip; but she hopes that Charles is not so bad as he is represented to be, and after a little dallying, she consents. Leicester, however, she will not send, but some other lords. Walsingham no sooner hears this than he bids the English government beware, for that the representatives of the royal gossip will assuredly be laid hold of, to serve as hostages for the safety of the Queen of Scots.

Thereupon, Leicester writes touching the health of the Queen of England, who "hath been troubled with a spice or show of the mother, but indeed not so. The fits that she hath had, hath not been above a quarter of an hour; but yet this little in her hath bred strange bruits here at home."

Sir Thomas Smith, a learned man, but a little too much addicted to exhibiting his learning, is exceedingly troubled at the massacre of the Huguenots, but so he also is at the stealing of a book. "I pray you," he says, "buy me the Commentaries of Matthiolus on Dioscorides, translated into French, and let it be bound

there, with two or three sheets of paper before and in the end. That book was never wont to go from me, and now I cannot tell how it is stolen from me; because it was noted with my observations and notes, I had rather have lost a far better thing; and in London I cannot buy any other, and therefore I pray you help me to one, and I will repay it, when you will appoint, in French crowns, with a hundred thanks."

The above was written on the 30th of October, 1572; on the 11th of the subsequent December, Sir Thomas acknowledges the receipt of the copy. "I like it well," he says; but he adds like a plaintive scholar, "if I could recover mine own which I noted through with mine own hands, I would like it far better, but he that stole it from me doth think that I shall have it again at that price." Five French "crowns of the sun" does the knightly scholar send for the volume he had coveted and "a case of instruments, such as be to be sold in the palace, I mean containing two compasses, or three, a square, a pen of metal, and other things."

A quarter of a century later, Saracenus published at Frankfort a new edition of the above work on medicinal herbs, by the gallant soldier who became physician to Antony and Cleopatra. Perhaps, this edition which superseded that of Matthiolus was enriched with the notes from the stolen volume of Sir Thomas Smith. Be this as it may, here is a sample of the knight's gossip, addressed to Walsingham, December, 1572:—

"I am sure you have heard of, and I think you have seen the new star or comet, but without beard or tail, which hath appeared here these three weeks, on the backside of the Chair of Cassiopœia and on the edge of Lactea Via. The bigness is betwixt the bigness of Jupiter and Venus, and keeps there to my appearance, who have no instruments to observe it, and because of this cold weather also, dare not observe the precise

CHAP. XIII.

order of the fixed stars; such a one I never have observed nor read of I pray you let me know what your wise men of Paris do judge upon it. I know they will not think it is the Admiral's soul, as the Romans did of the comet next appearing after the murder of Julius Cæsar, that it was his soul.

"It may be Astræa now peaking out afar off in the north, to see what revenge shall be done upon so much innocent blood shed in France at a marriage banquet, and suppers after it! It would be to me good yet to understand what your astronomers and heaven-gazers there do judge of it. If I were not so much occupied as I am, I would turn over all my old books, but I would say somewhat of it myself, and guess by chance even as wisely as they, though I would not publish it but to my friends; for folly, the more it is kept in, the better.

"I think I hear you say, what a mischief meaneth he, to write to me of new stars and astronomers, and telleth me nothing of my coming home. Sir, if I should tell you anything thereof, *de die et tempore*, I should but guess as astronomers do; but this I can tell you, all your friends have not only been diligent, but more than importunate to bring you home, and your wife with tears and lamentations. And the Queen's Majesty seemeth to incline and grant our request; but when a pin is set fast in a hole, till we have another to thrust that out and tarry there itself, it is hard to get it out. Your successor cannot yet be found; yes, find enough, but we cannot get one that will stick fast till he might be thrust in indeed, and so you to be thrust out; and ye know how long we be here a resolving, and how easy to be altered. At the signing of Her Majesty's letters to you this morning, I said to the queen, 'Madam, my Lord Ambassador looks now to have some word from Your Majesty of his return, it would comfort him very much.' Why (saith she) he shall come. Yea

(quoth I) when the poor gentleman is almost dismayed; Your Majesty hath heard enough with what grief he doth tarry there. Well (saith she), you may write unto him, that he shall come home shortly, we think with my Lord of Worcester. I said, indeed my lord's train should be the more honourable if he had one ambassador to go with him and another to return with him. Yea (saith Her Majesty), there be some made excuses that they should not go, but their excuses shall not serve them. I thanked Her Majesty, and came my ways; for she made haste to go a walking with the ladies, because it was a frost. Fare you well.

"From Hampton Court this 11th of December, 1552.

"Your assured friend,

"TH. SMITH.

"Her Highness appointeth still upon Mr. Carew to be your successor, but he maketh great labour to the contrary by the ladies of the privy chamber and others; but as I can perceive by this last speech, and others, he shall succeed you."

The comet which came upon the St. Bartholomew massacre was followed by no worse evil than that of the 18th of December, when "the king, by mischance of another man's sword, received a little hurt in his left arm, which is not great, but that every small hurt is great in a prince." Such was the polite sympathy of Walsingham for the chief criminal in the murdering of the Huguenots! In spite of such sympathy he is obliged to record that "our nation is so ill-liked here, as, whatsoever fair speech they use, they think it injustice to do them justice."

From such a people, Walsingham longs to escape. He cannot follow the court, for he has neither furniture, money, nor credit. Elizabeth was not a liberal mistress, but she thought to tempt Dr. Dale, the Master of her Court of Requests, to represent her, on twenty shillings

CHAP. XIII.

a day. Dale pretended to be overwhelmed with gratitude. He could not spend, he said, above nineteen shillings daily, and he should be able to send home the remaining shilling for the support of his wife and family! Ultimately, he did succeed Walsingham; but, previous to his arrival, the Earl of Worcester was named to represent Elizabeth at the christening of Charles IX.'s daughter. It is singular to find Leicester writing of him, "he is a papist and a favourer of all such, . . otherwise a good single gentleman, and fit for the christening."

Although our queen's representative was a papist, his instructions state, "If the emperor's ambassador hold the child himself, you may also do it; but if you perceive any device or other sinister means shall be given about to bring you to their mass, or any other superstitious ceremonies which the order of our realm doth not allow, you shall not consent or assist it, but rather absent yourself." There is little doubt that the Catholic representative gossip of the Protestant queen obeyed all his instructions. Walsingham had his eye upon him, and records with approbation in February 1572-3:

"I should do my Lord of Worcester wrong if I should not impart both his dutifulness and discreet usage of the — Lady Northumberland, his sister, who went unto him at the time of his abode here. . . . As soon as he heard of the said parties' coming, his Lordship made me privy thereof, and showed that though she was his sister, yet in respect of her undutiful usage towards her Majesty, he did respect her as a mere stranger, and so meant to do until such time as her peace was made."

Thereby hangs a tale of some sadness. The sister of the Earl of Worcester was married to Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, who, on discovery of his intrigues in favour of Mary Stuart, fled into Scotland in 1569. The Regent, Morton, had been his guest, and

much indebted to him for many services in England; and Morton would not give him up, but he sold him, to Elizabeth, and Percy was beheaded at York in August 1572. Percy left a wife and five daughters, of whom one became prioress of the English nunnery at Brussels. Lady Northumberland was a refugee in France, but seeing her brother bringing a font of gold, gossip's gift from her who was considered the fount of earthly mercy and justice, she applied to him for succour, but Worcester would not grant her even countenance.

The christening, nevertheless, went merrily on, Walsingham being informed by Smith that the child was to have the name of both the godmothers, and so be called Mary Elizabeth, "so neither shall strive with others for the name." At home, however, smaller people are obnoxious to greater cares, and Burghley complains of libels against him, published in France, and he hopes, "if I have any such malicious or malignant spirit as these libels charge him with, God presently so confound my body to ashes, and my soul to perpetual torment in hell,"—strong terms, not to be found in the despatches of modern statesmen!

The question of the queen's marriage with Alençon constantly turns up, dies out, and comes up again. It is always met by difficulties. The French king would have Elizabeth first surrender his Huguenot rebels, who have taken refuge in England. She does not recognise their rebellion, and will not outrage the sanctuary of England by surrendering them. Then Walsingham is inclined to think that the French are yea and nay, because they doubt that Elizabeth plays fast and loose with them; but Burghley is anxious for the marriage, makes light of the impediments connected with mass and religion, and cannot believe that the young fellow will lose such a prize—queen and kingdom for the "priest's blessing of a chalice." If the parties could only meet, he thinks all will go well. Walsingham

CHAP. XIII.

is not so sure of that; the queen may find in the lad's soft voice something to please her more mature ear, but the more she sees of those pitted cheeks, the less she will like the prince who carries them into her presence.

And then, amid lovers and marriages, we come upon a little bit of suspected treason. "I have of late," writes Walsingham to Burghley, in February 1572–3, "discovered one that carrieth a box of linen to the Queen of Scots, who departeth not this town these three or four days. I think your Lordship shall see somewhat written in some of the linen contained in the same that shall be worth the reading. Her Majesty, under colour of seeing the fashion of the ruffs, may cause the several pieces of linen to be held afore a fire, whereby the writing may appear, for I judge there will be some matter discovered, which made me the more willingly grant the passport."

After this period, Walsingham's papers lose their chief social interest. The marriage question died out, after much show of activity, and earnestness, and projects for meeting in Jersey, or on the high seas, between Dover and Calais. A treaty of amity between the nations was however concluded, and in April 1573, Walsingham rejoined his lady (a daughter of Henry St. Barbe Esq. of Ashington) in England, whither she seems to have previously repaired for her confinement.

Let us mark the outline of the remainder of the career of this eminent friend of Burghley. Walsingham, after being junior secretary, succeeded Sir Thomas Smith, the annotator of Dioscorides, in 1577, as first secretary, in which office he rendered services valuable alike to Cecil and Elizabeth. He was often employed on foreign missions; he helped to form that union of Utrecht, from which sprang the Protestant States of Holland, and he was in Paris again in 1581. In Scotland, Walsingham was employed successfully to form a party against the Earl of

Arran, towards whom the young king James was too favourably inclined; and with that young king himself he talked of the high matters dealt of in Xenophon, Plutarch, Thucydides, and Tacitus. At home, he rendered better service still, by unravelling the Babington conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth. He was one of the commissioners on the trial of Mary Stuart, and in 1587, not only discovered the destination of the Armada, but retarded its operation for one whole and valuable year, by causing the Spanish bills on which money was to be raised, to be protested at Genoa. Walsingham further promoted the voyages of Hakluyt, and Gilbert's settlement of Newfoundland; and he established a divinity lecture at Oxford, and a library at King's College, Cambridge. His favourite maxim was, "knowledge is never too dear," and no man made so many sacrifices to obtain it, or was more liberal in imparting it. After his death, in 1590, a will was found in a private drawer, which shows for what trifling guerdon he laboured long and honestly. After an introduction longer, more solemn, and more earnestly religious than was even customary in those days, when lawyers engrossed lengthy and pious sentences for their clients at so much per line, Walsingham directs that his body "be buried without any such extraordinary ceremonies as usually appertain to a man serving in my place, in respect of the greatness of my debts, and the mean state I shall leave my wife and heir in." On his daughter, now the widow of Philip Sydney, he had, on her marriage, settled an annuity of two hundred pounds, and now he bequeaths one other annuity of one hundred pounds to be paid unto her (in lieu of two-thirds of her late husband Sir Philip Sydney's lands in Lincolnshire, appointed by me to be sold) during the natural life of Dame Ursula, my well-beloved wife." To this latter lady, after all debts and legacies paid, he leaves the residue of his property, leases, chattels, plate, and jewels, "hoping and assuring

CHAP. XIII.

myself," he adds, that she will leave all the leases "as remain in her possession, unsold and unexpired, or that she shall be pleased to convey, to the use of my aforesaid daughter, Lady Frances Sydney." Wisely, too, preventing legal quibbles touching the meaning of his testamentary dispositions, he makes and ordains "the said Dame Ursula, my most kind and loving wife, my trusty, sole, and faithful executor of this my last will and testament, referring unto her in regard of the trust I repose in her, the whole and only interpretation of such doubts and ambiguities as may arise in the framing of the said will." The will was proved six weeks after the decease of Walsingham, who was buried in St. Paul's by torchlight, a circumstance not extraordinary, but which, nevertheless, led to the tradition that he was thus carried to the grave, in order to save the body from being arrested for debt.

There remains, since we are treating of the love affairs of Elizabeth, simply to notice, that Alençon, who became Duke of Anjou after his elder brother's accession, appeared in England, with the blood of the Protestants of Rochelle on his sword, to push his suit with the queen. That suit had been previously furthered by his envoy, the seductive, gossiping, insinuating, crafty Simier, with whom Elizabeth became so intimate that saucy tongues wagged to very saucy purpose respecting him.

The ill-favoured Anjou pleased Elizabeth more than he did the people. The pulpit echoed with objections made to unnatural alliances; and pamphlets were published of so offensive a nature on this subject, that stationers who put them forth got their hands chopped off for their impertinence. And yet the people, pulpit, and pamphlets had their influence notwithstanding. Anjou came a second time, and tarried several months here, till his patience was worn out, or his power of simulation was at an end. They dallied, and pouted, and caressed, and exchanged tokens, and caused much

jealousy, and seemed to be mutually smitten, and finally parted for ever. The queen accompanied Anjou stage by stage to Canterbury; she returned to write sonnets descriptive of her imaginary miseries. And all for a hideous fellow whom his own sister loathed, and to whom his most intimate companion, Bussy d'Amboise, once said, "If I were Alençon and you were Bussy, I would n't have you for a lacquey." Anjou's brother-in-law, Henri Quatre, was sarcastic on the double-mindedness of the deformed prince, as his enemies were on his double nose, that feature having so swollen as to look something like a couple of bottles, and to give rise, on his going to Flanders, to the cutting epigram—

> Flamands, ne soyez estonnez
> Si à François voyez deux nez.
> Car par droit, raison, et usage,
> Faut deux nez à double visage.

or, as done into English :—

> Good Flemingers, I can suppose
> You stare at Francis' double nose.
> But, fittingly he so is graced,
> For Frank, you know, is double-faced.

With this affair, terminated the love-passages in the life of Elizabeth. Her courtiers sighed for and adored her of course, but the terms of such adoration implied only a sort of polite homage, in which neither he who paid, nor she who received, compromised him or herself.

François of Anjou, indeed, if he failed in his own suit also destroyed the hopes of Leicester, through his envoy Simier, who betrayed to Elizabeth, in 1579, the secret of Leicester's marriage with Lettice Knollys, the widow of the first Earl of Essex, of the Devereux line. This secret matter gave rise to rare court gossip. People commented on Leicester's loves

CHAP. XIII.

more boldly than they had dared to do with respect to those of the queen. They remembered how he had openly married Amy Robsart, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and how that lady had died, by accident or otherwise, two years after the accession of Elizabeth. In 1572, when the queen's marriage was being eagerly discussed, he is supposed to have privately married Lady Douglas Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, and dowager Baroness of Sheffield. This lady's first husband was the son of the poet Sheffield, who was killed in Kit's insurrection. Their daughter married the Black Earl of Ormond. While this second Lady Leicester was yet living, Leicester privately married the dowager Countess of Essex. This third wife's father, Sir Francis Knollys, had so little faith in Leicester's word, that he is said to have insisted on seeing his daughter married to the earl in his own presence.

When the claims of the two ladies became known at court, the gay people there called them Leicester's "Old and New Testament!" After Leicester's death, Lady Leicester the second endeavoured to establish her marriage with that false Lord; which, she said, she had kept secret through fear of him. She alleged that Leicester had administered poison to her, which had caused all her hair to fall off. James the First, after promoting this endeavour on the part of Lady Leicester number two, prohibited its being pursued; in consequence, the son she had borne to Leicester, Robert, was unable to prove his legitimacy; but he *assumed* the title of Duke of Warwick as heir-general of the Dudley honours. His father bequeathed Kenilworth to him, but under the appellation of his "base-born son."

Elizabeth had sneered at the widowed Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, for marrying with her "horse-keeper," Adrian Stokes, her master of the

horse; but now the public voice accused the queen of being willing to follow the example. Elizabeth's serious views with respect to matrimony are still enigmatical, and we have thereon no better explanation than that she vouchsafed to her faithful Commons when they urged her to that end: "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I did intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know, therefore I give you an *answer*, ANSWERLESS!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MONTAGU FAMILY.

CHAP. XIV.

AMONG the followers of William the Conquistor, was a Norman called Drogo, having the surname De Monte Acuto (Mont Aigu) from the district whence he came. This soldier's services in the war were rewarded by the gift of many a broad and beautiful manor, chiefly in the picturesque parts of Somersetshire. His lineal descendants in that county and elsewhere, were rich in knight's fees, and the high rank and wide influence which they acquired are proved by many circumstances. In the reign of Richard the First, William, Baron de Montacute, descendant of that Richard (grandson of Drogo) who is buried, it is said, at Cowdray, in Sussex, and who is supposed to have been the builder of a magnificent house at Battle, was the surety for the Earl of Moreton, in the pacification agreed upon between that earl and the Bishop of Ely. The same William de Montacute, in the succeeding reign, was for several years, sheriff of two, if not of three separate counties, Dorset and Somerset, and, as some say, Devonshire also. It was an office which was never conferred, in those days, except upon men of very great wealth, dignity, and power. William de Montacute possessing all these, employed them all in resisting the tyranny of King John. John, in return for this civility, deprived him of nearly all his possessions; Chedsey alone remaining to him of the broad acres which he had once possessed in so many different shires. After

the tyrant's death a great part of the Baron's land was ultimately recovered by his heirs.

Five barons, by tenure, had enjoyed the title of Montacute, when, in the year 1300, Simon de Montacuto was summoned to parliament by writ. His second successor and grandson, William, was the first of the family who held the earldom of Salisbury, which remained with his descendants, through male and female heirs, from the year 1337 to the death of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, in 1513.

Previous to the above elevation to an earldom, the members of the House of Montacute had achieved reputation in the service of their country, and acquired valuable preferment in acknowledgement of their service. In France and in Scotland there was no stricken field of any note in which a Montacute did not draw sword, and that to good soldier's purpose. By sea, as well as by land this duty had been rendered, always in posts of high command and positions of danger and difficulty—and of corresponding honour. They are to be found, knighted on the field, or not less solemnly, in princely company. In political offices they served the crown faithfully, and were recompensed liberally. In periods of anarchy they acted with promptitude and discretion, as was shown by the arrest of Mortimer, mainly accomplished through William de Montacute. Their alliances brought them into near connection with royal blood, now with that of the kings of Man, again with the scarcely more noble blood of the royal family of England. All these vanities are detailed by the genealogists whose business it is to chronicle such facts. They may be passed over here, to notice that the old branch contributed one bishop to the church, in the person of Simon de Montacute, who after occupying the see of Worcester, from 1333 to 1337, died diocesan of Ely, in 1345. Of the daughters of this house, many married in accordance

CHAP. XIV.

with their rank, their merits, and their virtues, but the annals of the religious foundations enumerate several who died lady-abbesses of convents, or simple nuns of some modest and retiring sisterhood.

The first Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, earned his title by active and unselfish service in war and in diplomacy, though he was not less useful in home duties as lord or governor of certain districts. In these services he was as lavish of his treasure as of his blood, either of which he willingly surrendered when the emergency demanded it. The pecuniary debt was in part acquitted, but his other efficient service, especially that rendered in the Scottish wars, was acknowledged by his elevation to the rank of earl, under the title of Salisbury, and with a grant of the annual rent of twenty pounds, out of the profits of the county of Wilts.

His rank and honours did not render him idle in his country's cause or for his neighbour's good. His foundation of Bisham Abbey is a testimony to his munificence. He served King Edward as ambassador in Bavaria, and as general at the memorable siege of Dunbar. At the siege of Lisle, he and his colleague the Earl of Suffolk were captured in a sortie, transferred to Paris, most unchivalrously treated, and ultimately saved from death by the knightly King of Bohemia. After the release of Salisbury, he saw less of his own home than he did of service abroad, and the end of all was his dying in harness. He so exercised himself, during a brief piping time of peace, in jousts and tournaments that he brought on a fever, of which he died, in the year 1343.

He was married to the daughter of Lord Grandison, by whom he left a family of seven children, three of whom were sons. His reputation for gallantry has been perpetuated by the old author of that ancient ballad, "The Heron's Bow," who describes him at that festival, when he had lost an eye in the Scottish wars,

making very ardent love to the daughter of the Earl of Derby, that fair Blanche who subsequently married John of Gaunt, and who may be rightly styled the mother of the House of Lancaster.

Genealogists have recorded the names and alliances of Salisbury's four daughters, but they have passed in silence over a fifth, of whom county historians speak in connection with an incident illustrative of the times. This daughter is described as being the young Abbess of Marlow. On one occasion, her father resorting to Bisham Abbey, with his knights, for the purpose of observing some religious ceremony previous to their going on service beyond sea, the daughter, to do him honour and to increase the solemnity of the occasion, attended from Marlow with all her nuns. Present mischief and much future sorrow came of this step, for there was a young squire present who had loved Montacute's daughter before she had taken the veil, and with him the abbess eloped from Bisham, her sire, and the divine service. The too vivacious couple were, however, speedily recaptured. The abbess was cloistered up, and the squire immured in the Tower, from which he attempted to escape by means of a rope, but received such permanent injury in the attempt, that he was content to repair to Bisham Abbey to be cured, and there to remain a monk for life.

The first Earl of Salisbury had been crowned king of the Isle of Man by Edward III. His son and successor William de Montacute, the second earl, is said to have sold the island and crown to William Scrope in the reign of Richard II. As he retained the title of Lord of Man, this may, to some extent, be doubted. In other respects the second earl was a remarkable man. When but yet a youth he received knighthood with the young Prince of Wales and other novices in war, on the heights above La Hogue, where Edward III.

CHAP. XIV.

conferred the honour rather as a stimulant to achieve than a reward for the accomplishment of glory. During many years he was the cherished companion in arms of the Black Prince, at whose side he fought at Crecy, and commanded the actively engaged reserve at Poictiers. He was with John, Duke of Lancaster, when the latter defeated the French army under the Duke of Bourgoque. As Admiral of an English fleet, he successfully guarded the coast of England from invasion, while he harassed that of the enemy, and added to the English possessions in France by capturing Cherbourg. When he was not fighting he was negotiating, and he was equally successful as soldier and as statesman. Therewith he held offices of high trust and honour both at home and abroad; and, probably because of his courteous and polished manners, was selected to escort the chosen bride of Richard across the seas to England. He was himself betrothed to the Fair Maid of Kent, that subsequently fat and buxom Princess Joan, daughter of the luckless Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Kent. This betrothal was annulled, on the plea of Sir Thomas Holland that the princess had previously entered into a contract with himself. Joan married Sir Thomas, and, after the knight's death, the Earl of Salisbury's friend and comrade, the Black Prince. That earl found solace for the loss of Joan in marrying Elizabeth de Mohun, daughter of John de Mohun, and sister to Philippa, Duchess of York. The romancers have made much confusion between this Countess Elizabeth and the first Countess, Catharine de Grandison, particularly in connection with the Feast of the Round Table held at Windsor, in 1344, and the institution of the Order of the Garter in 1349–50, on the first roll of whose knights, Lord Salisbury had the seventh place.

The second Earl of Salisbury, of the Montacute family, died in the year 1397. From the day of his death to that of his funeral, at Bisham Abbey, a princely

largesse was daily distributed amongst the poor, three hundred of whom received twenty-five shillings, equivalent now to as many pounds. At the funeral a score of poor men attended, each bearing a torch eight pounds in weight, and each attired in a sable coat with a scarlet hood. These arrangements were in accordance with the earl's will, which further directed that there should be "nine wax lights and three mortars of wax about his corpse, and upon every pillar of the church there should be fixed a banner of his arms." Finally, he bequeathed 500 marks towards the completion of the structure, and the erection of a tomb there for the bodies of his parents, himself, and his luckless son, killed accidentally by his father in 1383, at a tilting at Windsor.

No male issue surviving the second earl, he was succeeded by his nephew John, the gallant soldier, sole faithful when all else were faithless, to the unhappy Richard II. After the deposition of that king, the Earl of Salisbury united with Holland, Duke of Surrey, and Earl of Kent (and others), in a bold attempt to destroy the Lancastrian usurper Henry IV. However bold, it was unsuccessful, and the two noblemen were beheaded by the rabble at Cirencester in the year 1400. This earl was a reformer before the Reformation; he furthered the cause of the Lollards; and was, probably, the first English nobleman who abolished images from all churches and chapels on his own estates.

His son Thomas, the good earl, was only twelve years of age at the period of his father's death. By the time he attained his majority, the titles and estates confiscated by the treason of his predecessor were restored, and the Lancastrian Henrys, particularly in their wars for empire in France, had no more able, energetic, loyal, and successful supporter than this valiant earl, the last male of the eldest branch of the Montacutes. The cannon-shot which struck him down at the siege of Orleans

CHAP. XIV.

in 1428, slew at once a statesman and a soldier. Of all his triumphs in the field, the victory he achieved at Crevant, when Bedford was regent in France for the infant king Henry VI., was, perhaps, the most complete in its glory. He had worthy compeers in the Earl of Suffolk and Lord Willoughby de Scales, with whom he led the English forces in France. If he ever experienced anxiety in that country, it was on account of the beauty of his wife, to whom the Duke of Burgundy paid such public homage as to excite the jealousy of the earl. "Elle était," says Brantome, "la plus belle des nobles dames d'Angleterre qui étaient venus à Paris."

Alice, the only child of the fourth Earl of Salisbury, married Richard Neville, third son of the Earl of Westmoreland. The husband assumed the title borne by his wife's father, and was confirmed therein by parliament.

To recover the main thread, the male line of the family, we must pass into Northants, into the household of Sir Edward of the three wives and seventeen children. John, third Earl of Salisbury, had a younger brother, Sir Simon de Montacute, who married Elizabeth Boughton of Boughton, in the county of Northampton. From this pair descend, through Sir Edward of the three wives, all the modern branches of the Montagu family, holders of all the peerages existing or extinct, the Dukes of Montagu, the Dukes of Manchester, the Earls of Sandwich, and the Earls of Halifax. Sixth in descent from Sir Simon and Elizabeth Boughton came Thomas Montagu of Hemington, Northamptonshire, who married Agnes Dudley of Clopton, in the same county, and was the father of one son who grew up, Sir Edward of the three wives, the famous lord chief justice, and executor of the will of Henry VIII.

"Edward Montagu," says a manuscript volume, which belonged, in 1757, to George Montagu, and is still at Kimbolton, "was bred in the Inner Temple, in the study of the law, until his ability and integrity advanced him

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench." The common histories say that Montagu was of the Middle Temple. The memoir of George Montagu's ancestor continues: "His well-managed argument in Doddridge's case brought him to Cromwell's knowledge, who was vexed with his reasons but pleased with his parts. Cromwell's recommendation and his own modest nature set him up with Henry VIII. Yet as modest as he was, he was honest, and though he would not submit to the king's power, yet would he act by his law, for his apothegm was, 'Meum est jus dicere potius quam dare.' He neither delayed nor denied justice, always discouraging those cunning lawyers that perplexed and protracted causes. Equal he was in hearing, grave in speaking, pertinent in interrogating, wary in observing, happy in remembering, seasonable and civil in interposing."

By his first wife, Elizabeth Lane, he had six children, three of them sons, who died in infancy. Like his sovereign he tried a second wife, who brought him no issue: then a third, Helen Roper, who bore him five sons and six daughters. He was a man of deep reading, of ready wit. Like every lawyer who means to rise he entered the House of Commons, of which he was made the speaker. The story runs that once when Henry wished to have a subsidy granted for the wars, the burgesses hesitated to pass the bill; on which the king sent for Mr. Speaker to his presence. Montagu comes in and kneels before the angry sovereign. "Ho!" cries he, "Will they not let my bill pass?" Then laying his hand on Mr. Speaker's head, he says, with a bluff impetuosity, "Get my bill passed to-morrow, or else by that time this head of yours shall be off." Montagu is said to have thought it serious, and to have used his best persuasions with his fellow-burgesses to vote the money.

By this time Montagu had made a fortune by his marriages and at the bar. When he was called to the degree of serjeant-at-law, he, and the others who were then

CHAP. XIV.

called, gave a feast to the king and queen at Ely House, which must have cost them as much as the portion of a duke's daughter. The whole court were present, as well as the great lawyers, above and below the coif. During the troubles which attended the divorce, he worked his way at the bar; and while Catharine was dying at Kimbolton, a place which was to become the chief seat of his posterity, he was gaining the king's confidence, and reaching to the highest offices of his profession. In 1538 he was made king's-serjeant, and in the year following Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

By this time, his house was full of children, his expenditure large; which may account for his surrender in 1545 of the higher office of the King's Bench for the more lucrative seat in the Common Pleas. The chief justice of the Common Pleas was the best paid judge on the bench; the suitors in ordinary quarrels being more numerous and paying heavier fees than those concerned in the king's causes. The reader will remember Coke's refusal to accept his advancement from the Common Pleas to the King's Bench. In his last will and testament Henry appointed Sir Edward one of the sixteen executors of his will and guardians of his son Edward VI.

During the brief reign of the young king Montagu enjoyed the highest favour; attaching himself to no party, but adhering steadily to the printed letter of the statutes, so that everything he did could be justified in the courts. George Montagu's volume says:—

"Mr. Cecil was sent for to London to furnish the king's will (Edward the Sixth's, in favour of Lady Jane Grey) with reason of state; Sir Edward Montagu, to Serjeant's Inn to make it up with law. He, according to the letter sent him, with Sir Thomas Baker, Justice Bromley, the Attorney and Solicitor General, to Greenwich, where the king, before the Marquis of

Northampton, declaring himself for the settlement of religion and against the succession of Queen Mary, offered them a bill of articles to make a book of, which they, notwithstanding the king's charge, and the reiteration of it by Sir William Petre, declared upon mature deliberation, they could not do it without involving themselves and the lords of the council in high treason, because of the statute of succession. The Duke of Northumberland, hearing of this declaration by the Lord Admiral, comes to the council-table all in a rage, trembling from anger, called Sir Edward 'traitor!' and saying he would fight in his shirt with any man on that quarrel. The old man is charged by the king, on his allegiance, and by the council, on his life, to make the book, which he did when they promised it should be ratified by parliament. Here was his obedience, not his invention."

Sir Edward's motto was *Æquitas Justitiæ Norma.* In his time the golden shower of Abbey-lands rained among men. It was long before he would be persuaded to open his lap, scrupling the acceptance of such gifts; and at last he received but little as compared with others of that age. When the great abbey of Ramsey was secularised and the monks dispersed, he received a grant of several manors in Northamptonshire, which had belonged to the fraternity, such as Burnwell, Warton, and Hemington. These grants, however, were not very large. On his removal from office by Queen Mary, he retired, with his third lady and the seventeen youngsters, to Weobly, in Northamptonshire, and sought amusement and solace for his old age in founding a hospital there. He lived into the last year but one of Mary's reign; dying in February, 1557, and being buried in Hemington church.

Sir Edward of the Three Wives was succeeded by his son Edward, who, dying in 1602, a little time before Queen Elizabeth, left the three clever sons—Edward

CHAP. XIV.

Henry, and Sydney — who founded the respective houses of Boughton, Manchester, and Sandwich.

Let us glance at the fortunes of the elder line—that of Boughton—until its extinction only a few years ago.

Twenty-three years after the creation of Edward Montagu as Lord Montagu of Boughton, that old English gentleman of the Elizabethan times died a prisoner in the Savoy, the cause of his imprisonment being his loyalty to the king. Many "characters" have been drawn of this stout cavalier. The sum of them all amounts to this, namely, that he was an honest, truthful, and pious man; an example to his fellow-parishioners by constant attendance at sermons on Sundays, and at lectures on week-days. So long as the truth was preached old Lord Montagu cared not who preached it; and his own chaplain had no sinecure of it in his house, where that reverend official, on Sunday afternoons, assembled the servants, and put them through their catechism. The household was a "godly" one, though a certain depicter of it says, rather equivocally, that "the rudest of his servants feared to be known to him to be a drunkard, a swearer, or any such lewd liver, for he cast such out of his service." This would imply that there was an assumption of virtue, by which the good lord may have been deceived; but his serving men and maids are emphatically chronicled as being a credit and a comfort to him. Men of letters found in him a friend, and poor and learned clerks a liberal patron who was ready to confer on such a single living, but to whom a pluralist was an abomination. To his tenants he was gentle and generous; to all, accessible and courteous; frank but not unnecessarily communicative. He is said to have borne the loss of his friends with invincible patience; a virtuous resignation which is not uncommon on such occasions in these later days. He was thrice married, but we are told that "the loss of his second lady touched

him the most sensibly of any, she being a lady of a most amiable disposition, and of great prudence and piety." This lady, the record of whose excellence must not be accepted as disparagement of the virtues of the other two, was the daughter of Thomas Cotton, of Connington, Huntingdonshire. By his first wife, Lord Montagu had but one child, a daughter, who married the Earl of Lindsey. By his third wife there was no issue. One of the virtues of the second lady was, undoubtedly, her fruitfulness. "It was not the least part of his happiness," says Fuller, "that having no issue male by his first wife, and marrying his second when past fifty, he lived to see his own enriched with children. I behold him as bountiful Barsillai superannuated for courtly pleasures, and therefore preferring a life honourable in his own county, wherein he was generally beloved." So that popularity may be said to have affected him rather than he affected it, for in conviction of the verity thereof, he used to say, "Do the common people nineteen courtesies together, and yet you may lose their love if you do but go over the stile before them." This ingratitude, however, did not render him harsh to these same common people, of whom he fed, cheered, and comforted incredible numbers, so refreshing were his bounty and beneficence. "His cottagers paid no fine; and rents so small that they scarce deserved the name of rents; and that the poorest of them had bread, broth, beer, and broken meat." In politics he was a strict conservative, unfriendly to all changes in Church and State; as severe, devout, and regular as the strictest Puritan, without the ostentation of the severity, devotion, or rule. When the Civil Wars broke out, the Parliamentary party at once laid hands on this old lord. "Thus," says Clarendon, "they took the good Lord Montagu of Boughton at his house in Northamptonshire, a person venerable, and of above fourscore years

CHAP. XIV.

of age, and reputation unblemished, for declaring himself unsatisfied with their high proceedings; and notwithstanding he had a brother and nephew in the House of Peers, and a son in the House of Commons, his Lordship was detained a prisoner to his death." Of the old cavalier's bearing, Clarendon gives a characteristic incident. "When the Earl of Essex set out for his expedition, he met the Lord Montagu's coach at Barnet, and stopt it with a design of complimenting him, but the old lord immediately ordered his coachman to drive on, saying 't was not a time for compliments!"

His younger son, William Montagu, was more eminent than the eldest son, Edward, who succeeded to the title. William was a very able lawyer, and, after being Attorney-General to Catherine, Consort of Charles II., was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, an office which he held till the second year of James II. The judges' opinions had been asked concerning the Test and Penal Laws. William Montagu was among the first who declared that nothing could be done without the king *and* parliament, "So he had his quietus sent him."

William Montagu married Eliza, daughter to Ralph Freeman, of Aspeden, Herts. Lady Sandwich spoke highly of the lady's beauty to Pepys, but after this gentleman dined at Lady Sandwich's, he wrote at noon, on January 2, 1662, "a good and great dinner, and the company, Mr. William Montagu and his lady, but she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her, from my Lady's talk, to be, that it put me into an ill humour all day, to find my expectation so lost." A lapse of nearly six years presented the lady to this critic of beauty in an improved light. At the end of December 1667, Pepys dined at Sir George Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and among the company he names "Mr. Attorney Montagu and his fine lady, a fine woman."

Of Mr. Attorney, the Admiralty Clerk could be jealous on provocation; as, for instance, when Lord Hinchingbroke married Lord Burlington's daughter. "I am mighty glad of it," says the diarist, "though I am not satisfied that I have not a favour sent me, as I see Attorney Montagu and the Vice Chamberlain have."

Edward, the second Lord Montagu of Boughton, succeeded his father in 1644, and enjoyed the title till his death, in 1683. In 1646 he was nominated by the House of Lords, with the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, commissioners to receive the king's person from the Scots, and to conduct him to Holmby Castle, but he opposed bringing the king to trial; and he and his sons heartily engaged in restoring King Charles II. This lord lived mostly at Boughton; nor was he pleased with his two sons for living so much at Court. The elder of these two sons, Edward, a brave young man, and a wise, though a gay courtier, perished fighting valiantly at the unsuccessful attack on Berghen. "Accomplished by nature," says Echard, "and by his own industry, it was always a doubt amongst his friends which was the most agreeable, his politeness or his genteel behaviour." Clarendon says of him, that he had sometime been Master of the Horse to Queen Catharine, but was "dismissed from her service for squeezing her by the hand (as was said), upon which he went a volunteer on board the Earl of Sandwich's ship, where he met his fate."

There was some scandal at court directed against Edward and his brother Ralph, which seems to have troubled Pepys, as they were "persons of honour." He notices a dispute between the queen's Lord Chamberlain, Chesterfield, and Edward Montagu, her Master of the Horse, as to "who should have the precedence in taking the queen's upper hand abroad, out of the house, which Mr. Montagu challenges. It was given to my Lord Chesterfield; so that I perceive,"

CHAP. XIV.

adds the diarist, "he goes down the wind in honour as well as in everything else, every day." Pepys was at feud with Edward Montagu, and loses no opportunity of speaking ill of him, though he was warned by Lord Sandwich to be on his guard against doing so publicly, lest he should suffer by the other's passion. Montagu's alleged ingratitude to his cousin Sandwich is said to have excited the wrath of Pepys, who thus joyously narrates the details of Edward Montagu's disgrace at court: "20th May, 1664. Mr. Edward Montagu is turned out of the court, not to return again. His fault, I perceive, was his pride, and most of all, his affecting to be great with the queen; and it seems, indeed, he had more of her care than everybody else, and would be with her talking alone, two or three hours together, insomuch that the lords about the king, when he would be jesting with them about their wives, would tell the king that he must have a care of his wife, too, for she hath now the gallant; and they say the king himself did once ask Montagu how his mistress, meaning the queen, did. He grew so proud, and despised everybody, besides suffering nobody, he or she, to get and do anything about the queen, that they all laboured to do him a good turn. . . Strange it is that this man should, from the greatest negligence in the world, come to be the miracle of attendance, so as to take all offices from everybody, either men or women, about the queen. So he is gone, nobody pitying, but laughing at him; and he pretends only that he is gone to his father, who is sick in the country." There is evidently prejudice in all this. The Comte de Comminges, French ambassador in London, writing on this subject to Louis XIV., says, "M. de Montagu, Master of the Horse to the Queen of England, as well made and as witty a gentleman as any at this court, has received orders to retire to the country. His disgrace is privately discussed; but people are agreed

that this new Tantalus has not been discreet in his views, but has pushed these so far that they took light in the source of light itself." The Frenchman thought none the worse of Edward Montagu for a gallant homage rendered to the queen. If there was fault, it was effaced by his death in action at the sea-fight off Bergen, a death which opened the barony of Montagu to the second son of the first lord, Ralph, who was subsequently created Duke of Montagu.

Before passing to a notice of this nobleman, a word or two will not be inappropriately devoted to his sister, Anne Montagu, who married Sir Daniel Hervey, ambassador from Charles II. to Constantinople. Lady Hervey is described by St. Evremond as being largely gifted with wit, and being endowed with a genius for the most refined politics. She had a great hand in several changes in the ministry, and contributed more than any one to the bringing over of the Duchess of Mazarin, with whom she afterwards contracted a very great intimacy. She went to Paris, where M. de la Fontaine had frequently the honour of seeing her at her brother Ralph's house, he being the English ambassador in Paris. The Lady gave to the French poet the subject for his fable, the *Renard Anglois*, which he dedicated to her in these gallant words:—

À Madame Hervey,—
Le bon cœur est chez vous le compagnon du bon sens,
Avec cent qualités trop longues à déduire,
Une noblesse d'âme, un talent pour conduire
Et les affaires et les gens:
Une humeur franche et libre; le don d'être amie
Malgré Jupiter et les temps orageux.
Tout cela méritoit un éloge pompeux,
Il en eût été moins selon votre génie;
La Pompe vous déplaît; L'Eloge vous ennuie.

Lady Hervey was a woman of so much mark that

CHAP. XIV.

Mrs. Corey, acting Sempronia, in Jonson's play of 'Catiline's Conspiracy,' imitated her voice and manner. Mrs. Corey was celebrated for the ability with which she played Doll Common, in the 'Alchymist,' and was popularly known by that name. It was thought a great impertinence in Doll to mimic a lady who was akin to "my Lord Chamberlain;" and that official, moved by the angry lady, put Doll Common into *durance vile*. Thence arose a storm at Court. Doll had a patroness in Lady Castlemaine, which imperious mistress of the king not only obtained an order from Charles II. for the prisoner's liberation, but a command for the repetition of the play. The king attended the performance, at which the offensive imitations were repeated with much aggravation, and accompanied by loud hisses and flinging of oranges on the part of persons hired by the offended Lady Hervey. The folly of the king in interfering in this unseemly quarrel was loudly censured by the wiser heads of that period.

These facts are the more singular, seeing that Sir Daniel Hervey appears to have been the friend of the king, and of Lady Castlemaine also. When the latter left Charles, after one of their many quarrels, it was to Sir Daniel's house that the king went, to beg of her to return. Thither Charles frequently went to visit her before he could lure her back to Whitehall, which she would not consent to do till he had asked that woman's forgiveness on his knees, and had promised never to offend her again. On this occasion she is said to have "nearly bectored him out of his wits." We may now return to the second Lord Montagu of Boughton.

Ralph, the younger brother of Edward, killed at Bergen, succeeded his father in this title, and his brother in the office of Master of the Horse to the Queen. Ralph was the first of the new race of Montagu who rose to the rank of Duke. He was ambassador to the Court of France, at the time of the death

of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, and daughter of Charles I., a death "which was occasioned by poison, given her by order of her husband, as was thought." Montagu arrived at St. Cloud almost at the same time as the dying lady's confessor. She conversed with him in English, a language which the priest seems to have understood, for when Montagu asked her if she believed she had been unfairly dealt with, the confessor interfered, and enjoined her to forbear laying accusation upon any one. The ambassador, however, insisted; but the poor English princess made no other reply than by a shrug of the shoulders; and Montagu brought back with him to England no proof of the alleged crime, and the English government made no movement in the affair. If Madame de Lafayette may be believed, this forbearance arose from injunctions laid on Lord Montagu by the duchess. "I do not know," says the lively French lady, "if she told Lord Montagu that she was poisoned; but I do know very well, that she urged him not to speak of such an act to the king, her brother; that it was necessary to avoid giving him sorrow on this occasion; that he was not to think of avenging her death, of which the king, Louis XIV., was entirely blameless, and *for* which he was not to be held responsible." A wiser man than Ralph Montagu might have been perplexed by this confused message, which, after all, was effective, inasmuch as it was followed by the inaction which it recommended.

The duchess, through Lord Montagu, besought the benevolence of the king for her servants; and Charles forthwith exhibited "a decent piece of tenderness" for one of them, who had been Maid of Honour to the Duchess, Mademoiselle de Querouaille, whom he took into his own peculiar service and made Duchess of Portsmouth. Buckingham is said to have directed the royal benevolence in this especial direction, for two particular reasons—his hatred against the Duchess of Cleveland,

CHAP. XIV.

and his desire to serve the King of France by placing a spy near the person of the King of England. Buckingham sent the mischievous legacy bequeathed by Henrietta to Dieppe, promising to escort her thence to England; but that ready and oblivious promiser forgot his engagement and the lady, and went from Paris to England without her, by way of Calais. The gallantry of Lord Montagu relieved the angry lady from her embarrassment. He obtained a yacht for her conveyance across Channel, sent his servants to attend on her, and carried her to Whitehall, defraying all expenses out of his own purse.

When much money was said to be passing from France to England, for the purchase or reward of particular services, Lord Montagu endeavoured, vainly, to discover if such was the fact or not. We may conclude, however, that he learned something of the process, for he told the king that if he would trust him, he (Lord Montagu) would make better bargains for him than others were able to do. The king did not avail himself of the offer.

Lord Montagu was still our ambassador in France when the great and distinguishing stroke of Danby's ministry was effected—namely, the marriage of Mary with William of Orange. The ambassador had some difficulty in persuading the king that he was ignorant of every preliminary in that matter. When he came over to England upon it, for fresh instructions, Danby asked him, "How did the King of France receive the news of this marriage?" "As he would have done of the loss of an army," was the epigrammatic reply of Montagu. The ambassador returned to his post, which he ultimately resigned, under the shadow of Charles's dissatisfaction. Montagu "was a man of pleasure," says Burnet, who attributes his disgrace to the treachery of the Duchess of Cleveland, of whom he is said to have been enamoured when she was in

Paris, after her rupture with Charles, and who betrayed the secret proceedings of her lover, against the interests of the king, as soon as that lover himself was suspected by her of infidelity.

Montagu, however, was not a man who could be easily crushed; and subsequently, in his case, he may be said to have hoisted the engineers with their own petard. When the Earl of Danby and he were enemies, the former remembered certain letters of his, respecting a peace to which the Government would consent, on the condition of 300,000*l.* yearly, for three years, being paid to the King of England. To obtain possession of these letters, Danby caused the papers of Montagu, then a member of the House of Commons, to be secured, under the allegation that, when in Paris, he had been in treasonable intercourse with the Papal Nuncio. The art of Montagu foiled his enemies, and Danby's letters, which were not among the papers seized, were read by him to an indignant house, which subsequently ordered the impeachment of the earl.

The ready wit of Montagu was manifested in this matter by a further incident. Foreseeing evil results from the hostility of Danby, he had procured his election for Northampton, while he was yet our ambassador in Paris, and without communicating with the government. When Danby commenced his attack, Montagu made his appearance in the house, and from that "coign of vantage," turned it fatally against his assailant.

He had not long succeeded his father as Lord Montagu of Boughton, in 1683, when the accession of James II., for whose exclusion he had striven energetically, drove him into temporary exile, at least from public life. At the house of Mrs. Thomas (Corinna), in Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square, he is said, with other noblemen, to have prepared the foundations of the great Revolution. The sovereigns whom that revolution raised to power rewarded his services. They restored him to

CHAP. XIV.

the office of Master of the Great Wardrobe, which he had purchased from the Earl of Sandwich, and of which he had been deprived by James. King William further rewarded him by creating him Viscount Monthermer and Earl of Montagu, in 1689. In 1705 he was created Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montagu.

The duke left, as he had enjoyed, a reputation for generosity and magnificence. He rebuilt the family mansion at Boughton, and renewed the beauty of the gardens. The Duke of Marlborough complimented him on the splendid waterworks there; but, as the Duke of Montagu remarked, they were nothing to the great general's *fireworks*. Duke Ralph also built Montagu House, an edifice which occupied the site of the present British Museum. Indeed this nobleman built two houses on the same site. The first, after the designs of Hooke, curator of the Royal Society, French in fashion, splendidly furnished, with Verrio's art to glorify the ceilings, and a noble garden, was destroyed by fire in 1686, through the negligence of a servant who was airing some hangings, in expectation of his master's return home. The second house, that which some of us still remember, was the work of Monsieur Poughet. No vestige of it remained after 1849, when the Museum was completed, and the old red-brick gateway was taken down.

By his first wife, Elizabeth Wriothesley, widow of the Earl of Northumberland, he had one son, John, by whom he was succeeded. His daughter Anne, by the same wife, was married first to Alexander Popham, Esq., and secondly to General Harvey. The duke's second wife was Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, and widow of Christopher Monk, Duke of Albemarle. The last eccentric lady, whose eccentricities were nearly akin to insanity, the result of superabundant pride born of supersufficient wealth, was wooed by two suitors, Montagu and Lord Ross. The former was the

wittier and more successful swain, for knowing her weakness, illustrated by her expressed determination not to wed with any man below the imperial degree, Montagu presented himself as the Emperor of China, and won the lady, who was served on bended knee as an empress, when she kept her state, in a home that empresses might have envied, in then rural Bloomsbury. Lord Ross consoled himself for his disappointment by perpetrating a very indifferent epigram, which spares the nymph as little as the swain :—

Insulting rival! never boast
Thy conquest lately won;
No wonder if her heart was lost,
Her senses first were gone.

From one that 's under Bedlam's laws
What glory can be had?
For love of thee was not the cause;
It proves that she was mad.

Despite the sneers of Mr. Pepys, aimed at Ralph Montagu, when he was a young man, there is ample testimony that this nobleman, if magnificent in his course of life, defrayed the cost of his magnificence out of his own purse. Loving money only for the pleasures it could purchase, he was unselfish enough to draw only a portion of the salary attached to his patent place of Master of the Wardrobe. Lord Preston, the nominee of James II., entered on a suit at law, disputing the title to and possession of that place, to which Montagu had been restored by William. Preston lost the suit, but generous Montagu paid all the law expenses, and made his adversary a present of all the arrears, legally due to him, for the years during which he had been deprived of the post and its emoluments.

In 1709 Duke Ralph was succeeded by his son John, who enjoyed the title exactly forty years; Queen Anne still reigning when he became duke, and George

CHAP. XIV.

II. occupying the throne when he died, in 1749. He was a man of a light and joyous disposition. His mother-in-law, the Duchess of Marlborough, used to say to him, "There is my son-in-law, Montagu! he is now fifty, and he is as much a boy as if he were still fifteen." He is said to have invented the bottle-conjuror delusion, which allured so many dupes to the Haymarket Theatre: and it was he who contrived to procure a cast of the face of Heidigger, the loyal Hanöverian manager of masquerades at the opera-house, and to have been enabled thereby to send into the presence of George I., when attending one of those entertainments, a fac-simile of the true man; on which occasion the seditious acts and words of the impostor nearly drove Heidigger mad, and vastly amused the easily-pleased king. This ducal relic of great Anna's reign is not, however, to be judged by traits such as these. He was a man of great amiability, feeling, and modesty. Out of an estate of £17,000. a-year, he paid no less than £2,700 in private pensions. Sir Robert Walpole had a great opinion of his understanding, and at the commencement of the war wished him to accept the post of generalissimo, but the duke, who had seen little military service, declined the office, out of distrust of his powers. He was known as the "last of the Cues," being the last male Montagu of the house of Boughton. In his will he remembered everyone who loved him, even his dogs and cats. As he was once finishing a codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee; "What," said he, "have you a mind to be a witness too? But you can't, for you are a party concerned!" Among the many posts he held was that of Great Master of the Wardrobe, a place which was never filled up after his death. It was a sinecure, and some of the holders of it were accustomed to appoint nominal tailors and arras-workers in the wardrobe, who received emoluments but performed no duties.

By his wife, Lady Mary Churchill, daughter of the

Duke of Marlborough, he left two daughters—Isabella, married to the Duke of Manchester, and subsequently to John Hussey, Esq., who was created Lord Beaulieu; and Mary, Countess of Cardigan. On her husband, Lord Cardigan, the title of Duke of Montagu was conferred in 1786, and he was succeeded in it, in 1790, by Henry Montagu Scott, the husband of the only child of the last duke and duchess. The title expired with Duke Henry in 1845, after a possession of it for fifty-five years; and on his death the headship of the Montagu family devolved upon the ducal house of Manchester.

We may now go back, therefore, to the Kimbolton line. A grandson of Sir Edward of the Three Wives was Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester.

CHAPTER XV.

STUDENT LIFE OF HENRY MONTAGU.

CHAP. XV.

THE mother of this Henry Montagu was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Harrington of Eaton. Of his early years little record has been kept, and it is only when he entered the university that we begin to see how much there was in this great friend of Bacon. When he entered Christ Church College, Cambridge, in 1583, he was one of a hundred and fifty-seven students on that venerable foundation. For numbers, Christ Church then occupied a middle position between Katharine Hall with its thirty-two inmates, and Trinity College, on whose books were inscribed three hundred and fifty-nine names.

The Vice-chancellor of the university was Robert Goade, the old Guilford schoolmaster, and provost of King's. Goade is said to have bound the students so stringently to the observance of the statutes that the young gentlemen "swelled against him." Some of the laws of that old time bear now a very unreasonable aspect. One of the university regulations forbade the undergraduates to go into the water in any part of the county of Cambridge. It did not matter whether they desired to bathe for the mere luxury of the thing, for the sake of the exercise of swimming, or for purposes of cleanliness. They might be prepared to do either at hours and seasons when the public eye could not be offended. It was all one to the authorities; the scholars were prohibited, as we have said, whether they would plunge into the Cambridgeshire stream "natandi sive

lavandi causâ, diurno vel nocturno tempore." Some daring spirits there were who, for the sake of the pleasure and profit of bathing, risked the penalty, which was at once both painful and humiliating. The culprit caught in his cleanliness, or convicted of aspiring to that prohibited condition, contrary to the statutes, was at eventide led into the hall of his college, where all its members and the authorities which kept, or attempted to keep them in awe, were assembled. In presence of this solemn congregation the hapless offender was smartly scourged with rods, and probably some wit the while, with more readiness to make a quotation than to be conscious of pity, audibly uttered for the solace or the bantering of the stricken patient:

Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas.

Nor when the sufferer had withdrawn himself in humiliation to his truckle bed, was he permitted to fall asleep with the comforting reflection that he had gone through the worst that could happen to him. There is no greater pain, says the Florentine poet, than the memory in a season of affliction of a bygone happy time. He endures a greater who, while smarting under chastisement, remembers with natural disgust that the chastisement is to be speedily repeated. This was the case with the scholar who had offended by dipping his foot into the sacred waters of the county of Cambridge. On the morning after his first flagellation, he was doomed to receive a second, with no difference in the process than that it took place in the Lecture Room, which was liberally thrown open to all residents who chose to enter, and learn how retribution followed on offence.

Again, with the prohibition against clean skins was there a regulation against fine clothes. Now, Montagu enjoyed a reputation for his bravery of attire, but the taste and the fact were equally obnoxious to the heads of houses, particularly if they were detected in a certain

CHAP. XV.

class of offenders. It may be conjectured that the friends of a religious reformation, of whom there were many in the university, did not offend in this matter. They were generally grave young gentlemen in sad-coloured suits as became their serious temperament, but there were others who strutted on the causeway in capacious hose of unseemly dimensions and unscholarlike hue, altogether disguising the man beneath the handiwork of the tailor. These gay young fellows wore fluted ruffs on their shirts that might have been the despair of Captain Bobadil; and carried swords on their thighs, or rapiers ringing at their heels, even when they were walking. There was no offence in a scholar being thus armed when he was in saddle, but against the wearing of swords in the streets, the college laws were as imperative as those of the ancient Athenians, and as determined as the enactments of the Bath master of the ceremonies, Mr. Beau Nash. There were other decrees, by which silks and velvets were abolished from the lecture rooms, and excess of fashion in any mode of attire authoritatively denounced.

These sumptuary laws had disturbed the repose of no less a statesman than Burleigh himself. There was continual infringement, penalties decreed, execution resisted, and consequent appeals to the eminent and perplexed individual we have just named. So great was his perplexity that, at last, he applied, some four years previous to the arrival of Montagu at Cambridge, to the Bishop of London, soliciting counsel on two such vexed questions—contentious preachings and unscholarlike attire. The prelate thus applied to, was that Dr. Aylmer who had been one of the learned and loving tutors of Lady Jane Grey, and who, when Queen Elizabeth had not the heart to have a troublesome tooth drawn, sat down and had one of his own extracted in her presence, in order to encourage her. Aylmer was scarcely less courteous to Burleigh than to the queen.

"Although," he writes to the minister, "I know your honour's wisdom is no more to be holpen by my advice than a little candle can further the light of the sun,"—yet he communicates advice liberally enough; substantially, it was to the effect that all "stubborn persons" who dared to transgress in matters for which the statutes enjoined observance, should be summarily expelled.

That laws should be executed was a part of the religion of men in authority. Aylmer had learned this from Parker himself, who had recommended him for the see of London, "seeing," writes Parker to Cecil "the Queen's Highness should have a good, fast, earnest, servitor at London of him . . . specially as these times be, when Papists (the queen's mortal enemies, pretend what men will) have gotten such courage." Parker was as urgent in recommending Grindal for the archbishopric of York, on the ground that the people there were "a heady and stout people, witty, but yet able to be dealt with by good governance, so long as laws can be executed and men backed."

Aylmer entertained a similar opinion of the university students, and accordingly most stringent laws were enacted against every species of finery in costumes worn at college. If the soul of so well-dressed and fine a gentleman as Montagu was temporarily disturbed by this legislation levelled against what he loved, it soon found consolation. These sumptuary laws, in fact, exempted from all observance of their directions various orders of men, including all lords and their children, all knights and their heirs, and some others. Peculiar legislation favoured these especial and lucky men. One ordinance addressed to all scholars alike was that "no one do wear out of his study any *pantaples* or *pynsons*, but in the time of his sickness"—when loose coverings for the feet were not deemed inadmissible.

By right of his social condition, Montagu, *bene*

CHAP. XV.

natus, was also *bene vestitus*, and could indulge in a gallantry of attire which he is said to have loved. Some restrictions were, however, placed even on privileged persons such as he was; for all excess of fashion was denounced, and the gaily attired among the nobly-born were desired to remember that they were also scholars, and should possess too much good taste to don what would hang unbecomingly on young men in their pupilage. Nevertheless, the taste of the heads of the university was not altogether indisputable at all times; witness that subsequently-made clause in the sumptuary statutes, by which scholars were authorised to wear hats, provided the latter were tied down by kerchiefs—which then became, indeed, that for which they were originally intended, "couvre-chefs," or *head-deckers*.

By right of his birth, therefore, Montagu was enabled to indulge his acknowledged taste for dress. At Christ Church, Cambridge, there was not a more bravely-attired gentleman, and tradition reports him as being not less mirthful of humour than he was brilliant in costume.

After a creditable career at the university, Henry Montagu came up to London, where he entered himself at the Middle Temple to study that law of which he was to become so brilliant an exponent.

There are few Inns of Court, the registers of which are inscribed by greater names than those that are to be found on the books of the Middle Temple. The name of Plowden was perhaps the most celebrated of the predecessors of Montagu, for it belonged to the renowned jurist who is one of the Temple glories. Overbury, against whose murderers he was to conduct the case which sent some to death and shrouded others with infamy, and Raleigh, to whose sentence of death he was to award execution, were also members of the Middle Temple, whence the latter dated his poem to Gascoigne. Another poet, Sir John Davies, who is

sometimes called of the Inner Temple, was a contemporary of Montagu, with a less brilliant, yet more singular career. He was a young fellow who was not only addicted to much hearing of the chimes at midnight, but who roused the slumbering students by riotous noises of his own and his boon companions, making night hideous in "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal." Davies was expelled for this irregular course of life, and immediately availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by this enforced leisure to compose, what no other expelled student had ever thought of doing, a poem on the immortality of the soul! It is a work which shows that, however much the author may have loved the ways that moral students should avoid, he had also rendered himself familiar with the better paths, and could walk therein with dignity. This poem saved him from ruin, and ultimately raised him to a fortune which culminated in the poet—now the able lawyer—being raised to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of King's Bench. There, however, Sir John Davies never took his seat, for he was mortally stricken by apoplexy before he could be sworn in. This once riotous Templar of Montagu's early days, who wrote a noble work on the immortality of the soul in the very hey-day of his young blood, who afterwards became famous for his gravity as a judge, his wisdom as a politician, and his soundness as a statesman, terminated his literary career as the author of a poem in praise of dancing.

The Hall of the Middle Temple, in those by-gone days, was a rather joyous locality. "At our feast," writes the Templar Manningham in his entry in his diary, under the date February 2, 1601–2, "we had a play called 'Twelfth Night, or What you Will,' much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi of Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian, called Inganni. A good practice in it to make the

CHAP. XV.

steward believe his lady-widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter as from his lady, in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, &c., and then when he came to practice, making him believe they took him to be mad."

Between dramas and dinners, the Middle Temple had a pleasant time of it. At the last there was the more licence. It was at one of those that Davies fell into temporary disgrace, by thrashing his friend and fellow-student, Dick Martin, during dinner-time. Martin has lived in Ben Jonson's dedication of the Poetaster to him, as his virtuous and worthy friend; a dedication which indicates that Richard Martin was a generous and Ben Jonson a grateful fellow.

The career of Henry Montagu was, with a few checks, one of the most brilliant and successful of his time. He was chosen by the burgesses of Higham Ferrers to represent them in parliament in the reign of Elizabeth, and he rendered faithful service to the Northamptonshire constituency, who had sent him from the banks of the little Nene to defend their interests in the great assembly on the banks of the Thames.

CHAPTER XVI.

PENELOPE RICH.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the court and society of Queen Elizabeth, there was no more noble, clever, fascinating, and disreputable woman than Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex; a lady known to romantic biography as Lady Rich. By her father she was descended from Edward III., and her mother was the queen's cousin. One of the five wives of Edward, the Fighting Earl of Manchester, was Anne Rich, the granddaughter of this naughty and yet charming Penelope. With Anne came some family papers to Kimbolton, from which a few particulars may be added to what is known of the tragic story of Penelope's life.

We have seen one of this family, Richard Rich, the barrister, busy at Kimbolton Castle after Queen Catharine's death. It will be well, perhaps, to make a slight acquaintance with that man, the founder of a noble as well as wealthy house.

About the middle of the fifteenth century there resided in the city of London a mercer, named Richard Rich, a man of business and of substance, who left his money and his calling to his son. This latter gentleman had a son who was also a Richard Rich, but who cared little for the paternal vocation of mercer, even though the exercise of such a craft might help him to become a deputy of his ward, like his father, or even sheriff, like his grandsire. The ambition of Richard Rich the

CHAP. XVI.

younger was to be enrolled as a Templar, and under cover of studying the law, to enjoy London life. He had some wit, small application, and a quick understanding. If his industry was not exemplary, his enjoyment of life was excessive. He contrived to make his way at the bar, and when, in 1533, he was raised to the office of solicitor-general to the king, grave men wondered how the unprincipled roysterer among the city taverns had been able to achieve such enviable greatness. Observant men would have been authorised in concluding that his want of all honest regulating principle rendered him suitable for the work which he had just then found to do. The best of revolutions has always made a good deal of dirty work for those who had nerve to do it; the Reformation in England not less, perhaps, than the rest of such movements.

The mercer's son shrank from nothing. He was instrumental in sending Fisher to the block; and by his forgeries, and mendacity, and personal treachery, he may be looked upon as the legal murderer of Sir Thomas More. He had the merit of showing the king how he might legally seize Queen Catharine's goods and chattels at Kimbolton, without implying by the act that he was her husband. With a courageous impudence never to be abashed, he panegyrised the king, served his grace with ready sacrifice of his own honour, and enriched himself with eagerness on the confiscations by which that monarch rewarded his more useful servants.

Every patron and every employer Rich betrayed in turn. The Protector Somerset made him a baron and a lord-chancellor, for which Lord Rich, by no means an incompetent equity judge, helped Warwick to overthrow the Protector. In the subsequent struggles between those two noblemen for power, Lord Rich was sorely perplexed as to which party would win, and therefore as to which he should serve. Failure in

selecting prudently was so often, in those days, followed by the axe or the rope, or the dungeon—worse than swift death—that the chancellor, in alarm, but with manifest dexterity, feigned mortal sickness, withdrew himself from the double peril with which he was environed, and enjoyed a long calm evening of a stormy life at his country house in Essex.

The grandson of this lord-chancellor—the Rich Lord Rich, as he was called—who was raised to the rank of Earl of Warwick a few months before his death, in 1618, married Penelope Devereux, sister of the brilliant and miserable Earl of Essex.

The name of Penelope belongs to the real history as well as to the romance of the peerage. Like her mother Lettice, like her sister Dorothy, and like her brother Robert, she shocked the sense and violated the not very nice feeling of her times and contemporaries. The mother was that notorious Lettice Knollys, who, when the widow of Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex of the Devereux branch, married the Earl of Leicester. She is supposed to have procured the poisoning of her first husband; it is certain that she had been seduced by Leicester before that husband's death. This latter peer, too, when he seduced and married Lady Essex, had another wife living, namely Lady Sheffield, whom he kept cloistered up in a country mansion. The wits of the day called the two ladies, Leicester's Old and New Testament!

The children of this mother were worthy of their parent. The splendour, grace, success, discomfiture, ingratitude, and treason of the Earl of Essex are but too well known. Dorothy lived an unquiet life with her husband Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. This Percy was the proud, studious, magic-loving lord who, condemned to a life-imprisonment and a fine of 30,000*l.* for being suspected of a complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, got off with only fifteen years' captivity, and

CHAP. XVI.

20,000*l.* fine. There are two good illustrations of the pride of this head of a house whose shield of arms bears above eight hundred quarterings. He was indebted for his freedom to Lord Hays, Viscount Doncaster, who married the Percy's daughter. With this union the old noble was sorely disgusted; and, to his thinking, the condescension of his child had brought disparagement upon her house. The other instance is as ludicrous in another way. Buckingham had appeared abroad in a carriage with six horses. That the son of Mary Beaumont the waiting-woman should come abroad in guise so arrogant stirred the ire of Northumberland, who straightway appeared in public with a coach drawn by eight horses. His time of captivity in the Tower was not altogether of so passive and contemplative a nature as some men have taken it to be. There was a yoke-fellow tarrying with him in that durance, the well-known Patrick Ruthven; and there was also the daughter of Lord Gowry, a lady whose daughter subsequently married as good a noble-man as any of them — Anthony Vandyke. To Lord Gowry's daughter, the Earl of Northumberland, who had turned his own wife Dorothy into the streets, for sundry sufficient reasons—made such rude love, in such violent fashion, that Patrick intervened more rudely and violently still; an intrusion for which Percy avenged himself by writing a poetical satire against the Scots generally, and Patrick in particular. Penelope had in early life been contracted to the hero Sir Philip Sydney; but on some pique of the hot-blooded girl, she had suffered her kinsman, who wished to have a great fortune with her, to take her from the foremost gentleman of his age, and sell her body and soul to one of the most sordid and vulgar scamps. Offended nature avenged herself on all the parties. Sydney, when he had lost her, suddenly awoke to the magic of her bright eyes, and some of his most burning verses celebrate her charms. Lady

Rich is the Stella of his amatory poems. How far the passion was Platonic is disputed; raptures of the pulse and of the eye were a poetic licence of the time; but after Sydney's death at Zutphen, she fell into very tender and very close relations with his friend and fellow-soldier Lord Montjoy. Montjoy was one of the noblest gentlemen of a gallant age; not a poet like Sydney; but like him a patron of poets, a scholar, an orator, a warrior, a collector of books, a man whose life was a magnificent poem, full of radiance, pathos, gloom, and error. Lady Rich more than half seduced him into the ways which led to guilt. She contrived means of meeting him, and exerted all her arts to enthral his imagination and his sense. And she succeeded but too well. Though living under her husband's roof, and from time to time bringing him children, no less than five sons and six daughters, she indulged her lover with the most guilty familiarities. Montjoy would have taken her either by force or law from Rich; but her husband would neither fight for his honour nor consent to a divorce. She was convenient to him; and he kept her in his house, though he was aware of her having disgraced him in the eyes of the world. Essex encouraged her in her sin; for Montjoy was a useful friend, and his mother's example, and his own irregularities, had so corrupted his nature that he could not feel the discredit which fell upon his name. Indeed, if the worst of all social offences could be forgiven to any woman, Lady Rich was the one to be pitied and overlooked. She had been married to a brute for money. She was tempted by the most brilliant lover of her age. Her brother, the natural guardian of her honour, approved of her unfaithfulness to her lord. Apart from her one fault, everybody liked her and admired her. She was witty and satirical, high in spirits as in blood, a good hater and an ardent friend. In the midst of her errors, she was never heartless. She adored her brother; she loved her children; and, in a certain

CHAP. XVI.

sense, she loved her husband. She would not sacrifice her lover to his jealousy, but she would sacrifice her pleasure and her health for his comfort. Though she would leave him for weeks at a time to be with her lover, she would hurry back to Wanstead on the first message that he was sick or in trouble. Then came out a new phase of her singular character. While he was sick she would wait on him night and day like a paid nurse; while he was in trouble she would fight for him with everyone about the court, with lawyers, soldiers, secretaries, with everyone who could do him good or harm. She was a fond mother, and would have been an excellent wife but for her unhappy disposition to admire clever and handsome men. Miranda, though wedded to Caliban, could not have shut her eyes to the beauty of Ferdinand.

She made no secret of her infidelities. She named her fourth son Montjoy, after her lover, in the face of all men. She announced her two daughters, Lettice and Elizabeth, as his offspring; also two of her sons, Charles and St. John. Six of her children, three boys, including Robert, afterwards the great admiral of the Commonwealth, and three girls, she assigned to Lord Rich.

In the midst of her gay vices, her changing moods, her successive and successful lovers, Lady Rich had the dubious merit of being always true to her brother Robert, alike in his good and in his evil fortunes. That love he returned in a wild and dreamy way—in the sort of way in which Hamlet might have answered a sister's love, had he been cursed with a sister whom he could not respect. A letter from Essex, but addressed "To my dear Sister, the Lady Penelope Rich," is among the Kimbolton papers.

"THE EARL OF ESSEX TO LADY RICH.

"DEAR SISTER,—Because I will not be in your debt

for sending you a footman, I have directed the bearer to you, to bring me word how you do. I am melancholy, merry, sometimes happy, and often discontented. The Court is of as many humours as the rainbow hath colours. The time wherein we live is more inconstant than women's thoughts, more miserable than old age itself, and breedeth both people and occasions like itself, that is violent, desperate, and fantastical. Myself, for wondering at other men's strange adventures, have not leisure to follow the ways of mine own heart, but by still resolving not to be proud of any good that can come, because it is but the favour of chance; nor do (I) throw down my mind a whit for any ill that shall happen, because I see that all fortunes are good or evil, as they are esteemed. The preacher is ready to begin, and therefore I shall end this discourse, though upon another text.

"Your brother that dearly loves you,

"R. Essex."

Does there not seem to be in this letter from Essex to his sister, an echo, as it were, of some unknown words of Hamlet? Is there not heard in this reverie, this humourous melancholy, this discontent with mankind, this disposition to seek for rest in unbelief, something which suggests the weak and fantastical side of Hamlet's mind? Among the multitudes of commentaries on Shakespeare, has it ever been hinted that the poet may have conceived his characters of Hamlet from Essex and Horatio from Southampton? If not, it might be well to consider the indications which would point to such a conclusion. They are not few, perhaps, whether regard be paid to the external or the personal facts. It will suffice here to suggest a line of enquiry. To the common people, Essex was a prince. He was descended through his father from Edward III., and through his mother was the immediate kinsman of

CHAP. XVI.

Elizabeth. Many persons, most absurdly, imagined his title to the throne a better one than the queen's. In person, for he had his father's beauty, he was all that Shakespeare has described the Prince of Denmark to have been. Then, again, his mother had been tempted from her duty while her gracious and noble husband was alive. That handsome and generous husband was supposed to have been poisoned by the guilty pair. After the father's murder, the seducer had married the mother. That father had not perished in his prime without feeling and expressing some doubt that foul play had been used against him, yet sending his forgiveness to the guilty woman who had sacrificed his honour, perhaps taken away his life. There is, indeed, an exceeding singularity of agreement in the facts of the case and the incidents of the play. The relation of Claudius to Hamlet are the same as those of Leicester to Essex: under pretence of fatherly friendship he was suspicious of his motives, jealous of his actions; kept him much in the country and at college; let him see little of his mother; and clouded his prospects in the world by an appearance of benignant favour. Gertrude's relations with her son were much like those of Lettice to Robert Devereux. Then, again, in his moodiness, in his college learning, in his love for the theatre and the players, in his desire for the fiery action for which his nature was most unfit, there are many kinds of hints calling up an image of the Danish prince.

Might not such a man as Hamlet have composed the ensuing letter (of which the original is at Kimbolton) in one of his meditative wayward moods?—

"THE EARL OF ESSEX TO LADY RICH.

"DEAR SISTER,—I would have made more haste with you but that yesternight I was surprised with a fever, and this morning I have got an humour fallen down into

one side of my head, so I dare not look out of my chamber. This lady hath entreated me to write a fantastical. . . . . but I am so ill with my pains and some other more secret carps, as I will rather choose to dispraise those affections with which none but woman, apes, and lovers are delighted. To hope for that which I have not is a vain expectation, to delight in that which I have is a deceiving pleasure; to wish the return of that which is gone from me is womanish inconstancy. Those things which fly me, I will not lose labour to follow. Those that meet me I esteem as they are worth, and leave when they are nought worth. I will neither brag of my good hap nor complain of my ill; for secrecy makes joys more sweet, and I am then most unhappy when another knows that I am unhappy. I do not envy, because I will do no man that honour to think he hath that which I want; nor yet am I not contented because I know some things that I have not. Love I confess to be a blind God. . . . Ambition, fit for hearts that already confess themselves to be base. Envy is the humour of him that will be glad of the reversion of another man's fortune; and revenge the remedy of such fools as in injuries know not how to keep themselves aforehand. Jealous I am not, for I will be glad to lose that which I am not sure to keep. If to be of this mind be to be fantastical, then join me with the three that I first reckoned, but if they be young and handsome, with the first.

"And so I take my leave, being not able to write more for pain.

"Your brother that loves you dearly,

"R. Essex."

"Your brother that loves you dearly," it is wretched to have to say, very nearly brought this sister to the block. After those acts of treason to his queen and country which armed every hand and tongue against

CHAP. XVI.

him, the hand of Raleigh and Nottingham, the tongue of Bacon and Cecil, when the traitor was crushed and condemned, he had the unparalleled meanness and baseness to accuse her of having instigated him to those proceedings against Elizabeth, for which his own life was to be forfeited. If it had been true, it would have been infamous to charge her with it. But it does not seem to have been true. Penelope, before and after the death of her brother, by word and by writing, vehemently denied any share in his conspiracies, or any previous knowledge of his practices. And on this point, her word may be taken, with a few grains of salt; for it is certain that her lover Montjoy (she was then living under Lord Rich's roof at Wanstead, her lover being in Dublin) was in heart and soul against the conspiracy and the conspirators; and if there was anyone on earth whom she loved beyond brother, or child, or husband, it was the man who, in fear of such an outbreak, had sworn by a particular and secret oath to defend the queen and government against any and every assailant. As Montjoy would not join the plotters, it is highly probable that his mistress was excluded from all exact and genuine knowledge of the plot. But Essex, in his madness and contrition, accused nearly all his associates of such guilty knowledge as would have sent them to the block; among them, the sister for whom he had professed such perfect love. The government, however, was much less vindictive than their fallen friend. Penelope's life was never for an hour in danger, and thanks to Bacon's humanity, a batch of the prisoners, some of whom, such as Catesby and Tresham, might have been hung with advantage to their country, were snatched from death.

It was a very dubious service, for the liberated conspirators were in less than two years engaged, under another reign, in the Gunpowder Plot.

After the fall of Essex, Lord Rich having less reason

to desire the company of his guilty wife, consented to a separation, which, after many formalities, was confirmed by a sentence in the Ecclesiastical Court. Montjoy, now Earl of Devonshire, received her and her children at Wanstead, which place he had purchased from the Earl of Essex. For about a year and a half they kept a rather sad house together, the earl only owning to three of the five children whom the lady gave him. Lord Devonshire was a man of very high feeling, and of deep religious sentiment, the one blemish of whose otherwise glorious life was his slavery to Lady Rich. Had it been possible, he would like to have legitimated his children, and above all earthly things he longed by marriage to make of his mistress an honest wife. Under the very erroneous notion that the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court allowed him to marry Penelope, he applied to his chaplain, William Laud, who, in these early days, had no objection to living in the house of an adulterer, if he happened to be an earl and a Privy councillor; and Laud consenting to perform the rite, the penitent man and woman were declared to be man and wife.

This act was the beginning of troubles to Laud and to his unhappy patron. Such a marriage was unlawful. The lady was now regarded as a strumpet, and the chaplain as a sinner against canonical rules. The court was closed against one, the Church against the other. Devonshire, after struggling for four months against public clamour, succumbed to violence, dying, it was said, of a broken heart. William Laud did not die of it; but to the end of his life he kept the anniversary of this misfortune as a solemn fast. Lady Devonshire retired into the country, and was never heard of publicly any more. This strange disappearance from the world, this sudden silence, this unbroken obscurity of one who had been worshipped by Sydney and Montjoy, who was Elizabeth's kinswoman, and who had been the light

CHAP. XVI.

and glory of James's court, has an element of tragic gloom more striking to the imagination than even the earl's sudden death.

With the earl's death, in 1606, the honours of his house became extinct. The barony of Montjoy was afterwards revived for his eldest son by Lady Rich; and in his favour an earldom of Newport was created by Charles I. The earldom of Devonshire passed into the family of Cavendish.

CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY MONTAGU IN OFFICE.

WITH the accession of James I. came fresh honours and heavier duties to the Templar. London elected him one of the City members and the king knighted him, at his coronation, along with Bacon, and many other illustrious men. In the same year, he was first appointed to a responsible post in the administration of the law; that of Recorder of London; a magisterial office of very high dignity, in which he was as active and efficient as the city could hope or the court desire.

When the following letter was written, Sir Henry Montagu was occupying the post we have just named. The year 1610 was a year in which great discontent prevailed in England, and a great outcry went up from the Commons at the royal profusion, and the lavish favour manifested to Scottish aspirants to rank and office. At this time, the opinion of the Commons was not to be disregarded, as may be seen in the abolition of wardships, the marriage of minors, and other oppressive institutions of the feudal period. It is also apparent in the circumstance of the Commons only granting a third of the supply demanded for the king's service, and in the acceptance of that fractional part as gratefully as if it had been the integral tribute first required. It was the year in which the king's eldest son, Prince Henry, was created Prince of Wales, and in which the design of Henry IV. to crush the House of Austria was only

CHAP. XVII.

frustrated by the too well-directed dagger of the fanatical Ravaillac.

Barely five years had elapsed since the failure of the Gunpowder Plot in England, and there was much surveillance still exercised in districts where suspicious persons most did congregate. The following letter has, probably, some reference to the supervision maintained by the authorities of the city in matters religious and political, in which the king and all who were placed in authority under him were immediately interested. Only fifteen years previously, the Jesuit poet, Robert Southwell, had perished at Tyburn, and in this year, 1610, his namesake Thomas Southwell, a Norfolk man, as the poet was, had secretly left England, to study philosophy in the English college at Rome. The movements of such men were watched, often in vain, but not always unsuccessfully, as this letter will show:—

"SIR HENRY MONTAGU TO THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

"My Good Lord,—This night, in the search of near Aldersgate Street, was found all things for our masters. Divers prohibited and superstitious [books] and withal three bags of money containing . three or four hundred pounds, which I have caused to be sealed up and taken into my custody. At there are many letters going far beyond sea, by which it seems the money to be [designed] for their parts; hereof I thought it well to advertise your Lordship and will keep [the things] safe, till your pleasure be known, and shall ever rest more bounden at your service.

"2nd February, 1610–11.

"The party's name in whose house all this we found is one Lockey."

About six months after the above letter was despatched to Salisbury, namely, on August 5 of the above year, 1611, we find among the State Papers a trace of some of the consequences, to the above Lockey and his friends, of dealing with matters of religion at home, and with persons abroad, contrary to law. The date just mentioned is that of a grant made to Claud Hamilton and Walter Allison, of what is called "the benefit of the recusancy" of Zachary Fryer, Francis Lockey, and Henry Jarrett, "all of London." These persons, after professing to be members of the Reformed Church, had lapsed into "prohibited and superstitious" practices. Such offenders, in addition to other penalties, were subjected to fines, and to a forfeiture of all debts due to them. These fines and debts were ordered to be paid to certain favoured individuals, who were then said to have the benefit of the recusancy; that is to say, they were to enjoy the fines imposed upon those who refused to take the oaths of supremacy. This "benefit" appears to have been eagerly sought after and profusely granted. It was, in fact, so much money. In April 1610, we find the Bishop of Hereford complaining that recusants swarm in his diocese, because he was not empowered by any commission to act against them. They were watched both at home and abroad. One Reynolds, about this time, wrote to Salisbury that he had seen a certain man, named Hunt, "in pilgrim's weeds" in Rome; had met him at Dieppe; and had crossed with him to Folkestone. On the voyage, Hunt is described as assuming "the speech of a simple and ignorant person." At Folkestone, Reynolds caused him to be closely examined, but Hunt was allowed to proceed; and at the time of Reynolds' writing, was giving himself out as being "a lawyer from Norfolk."

The voluntary spy system was carried, however, much further than this. A libel had been published against

CHAP. XVII.

King James, of which a Jesuit named Abercrombie, residing at Dantzic, was supposed to be the author. There was a professor of philosophy in the same city, one Aydie, who sent to Salisbury an offer to entrap Abercrombie and send him to England. The offer, however, does not seem to have been accepted.

In the year 1611 Sir Henry Montagu was created King's Serjeant, and had duly presented to the king the customary ring with its "posy," chosen according to the fancy of the donor. In 1613 he danced, on her wedding day, with the bride of Somerset, the divorced wife of the young Earl of Essex, on which occasion she was "in her hair," that is, with her hair on her shoulders, as only brides were wont to be who were marrying for the first time. For the romance of domestic vice and misery still clung to the Devereux family, and the gross scandals which had attached to Lettice, Dorothy, Penelope, and Robert, were eclipsed in the next generation by the horrors of the third earl's divorce, the murder of Overbury, the trial of the prisoners, and the reprieve of the countess. Three years after that guilty woman's marriage with Carr, Sir Henry Montagu had the duty of opening the case against the lady with whom he had danced, on an indictment charging the espoused couple with a principal share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. In the same year, 1616, he succeeded Coke as Chief Justice, and on the occasion of his reception or recognition by the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, the latter so contrived his address congratulating the new judge, as to make of it a very warm attack against the principles, practice, and purposes of his predecessor. In the same year, this new Chief Justice had to discharge the saddest duty which fell upon him during a long official life, being called upon by the crown to award execution of a sentence, decreed originally by Popham, against the hero, Sir Walter Raleigh, which decree

was supposed by some to have been abrogated by the fact that Raleigh had subsequently been employed on a special and confidential mission by the crown. The judges were of opinion that the sentence was not raised by his employment in Guiana, and the Chief Justice was compelled to award what the law warranted, however much he might deplore the political necessity which made of Raleigh a victim to the vengeance of Spain. Unlike Coke and Popham, who insulted their prisoners while in the act of passing sentence, Montagu performed his painful duty with grace and feeling. He had espoused the spirit of his friend Bacon's practice. It may be said that from his time it has been the rule of our courts that a prisoner was not to be cruelly used by his judge before being tossed from the dock to the executioner. There have been exceptions to the rule, but to Montagu is due the praise of not aggravating the severity of a sentence by any harshness of terms.

The correspondence which follows exhibits the zeal of certain government officials tempered by the discretion of Montagu. He decides upon examination and testimony, and stands in agreeable contrast with those courtiers who were indifferent to, and with others who were eager for, the punishment of all alleged offenders. There was, moreover, a third party at court, whose sympathies were so strong for convicted criminals, that James, when refusing to grant the life of the notorious "Cutter," Lambert, remarks that, "If Judas were alive now, and condemned for betraying Christ, courtiers would be found ready to ask for his pardon." Of course they would; not for mercy, but for money. Every sentence in a court of law was a kind of stock which the courtiers could sell in the open market. The very highest persons, often ladies, dealt in this infamous ware. Lady Suffolk, the mother of the Countess of Somerset, kept a regular office for the

CHAP. XVII.

sale of pardons. The darker the offence, the greater the profit to the lucky holder of the king's signature of reprieve. Sir John Popham is said to have obtained the fine estate of Littlecote in return for using his influence in behalf of the condemned murderer, Darrell.

SIR HENRY MONTAGU TO SIR CLEMENTS EDMONDES.

"I find nothing in the cause worthy the sending for these men; idle and drunken words, and the information appears to be as idle and malicious in complexion. The parties appear to be no recusants, and I have put them to the oath of allegiance, which they have taken; and in the country they stand bound to appear at the Justices. Which hath here present.

"Therefore I see no excuse but to dismiss them here.

"Your loving friend,

"H. MONTAGU."

1619.

In noticing the good sense and toleration of the Lord Chief Justice in such passages as the above, it is curious to remember that in progress of time one of his own children, little Walter Montagu, at this date a boy of fifteen, just going up to Cambridge, came to need the same sort of toleration from others. This boy became a Roman Catholic, a priest of his chosen Church, and very nearly escaped being made a cardinal. The romantic story of his life will be told by and by.

It was after dismissing business such as the above about drunken bullies, mistaken by the zealous for political plotters, or after rising at Westminster Hall, where he had been hearing common cases of law, that Montagu was accustomed to repair to Serjeant's Inn to dine. This was probably a formality of the time, for the judge is said to have disliked dining there, and he was not a man likely to have gone anywhere unwillingly, except under some compulsion of custom or of courtesy. He is said, moreover, to have found the serjeants very

dull company, which is not very surprising if we remember that Coke was the ruling spirit of the table, and that Montagu was accustomed to the suddenness and sparkle of Bacon's wit. The serjeants were not given to converse on general topics, of which many of them knew but little, but on dry subjects of law and its technicalities. We learn that Montagu was more in his element on a grand day in term, and that he especially rejoiced at being present at a "Reader's feast," when barristers danced, not with fair partners, but with each other, before the solemn or the hilarious judges, and thereby made glad the halls of legal societies, and raised inextinguishable laughter in the Inns of Court.

In this year, 1619, there was a dread of the Sweating Sickness reappearing in England. The impartiality with which it used to assail all ranks with most deadly effect had acquired for it the most significant names. The poor called it "Stop Gallant," because it spared not the rich. The rich called it "Stoop knave, and know thy master," because it desolated the dwellings of the poor. The designation "Posting sweat" referred to the speed with which it travelled, and "New Acquaintance" to the unceremoniousness with which it introduced itself. The year 1551, however, proved to be that of its last visitation in England. It then destroyed 900 people in London, and two dukes, in one day, at the house of the Bishop of Lincoln at Buckden. These latter were Henry Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who died early in the day of the 21st of July, in his twenty-first year, and Charles, his successor, who died later on the same day, in his fourteenth year. Three years subsequently, their brother-in-law, Grey, Duke of Suffolk, was beheaded, and it was not till half a century had elapsed, short of one year, that the title of Earl of Suffolk was conferred on Thomas Howard, that son of the Duke of Norfolk who built Audley End House on the site of the Monastery of Walden, of which he had the gift. This Earl

CHAP. XVII.

of Suffolk was convicted in 1619 of having, when Lord Treasurer, and in concert with his wife, trafficked with the public money. The earl and countess were heavily fined, and the former was deprived of his staff of Lord Treasurer, which Buckingham at once put up for sale.

Of bidders there were many, for it was known that a title would come with it. The successful competitor, however, was Montagu. He had been for the preceding four years Lord Chief Justice in the King's Bench, and Lady Buckingham, the low-born mother of the Duke, longing for the vacation of this post that she might procure it for her creature James Ley, formerly King's Attorney in the Court of Wards, whom she would thus render a suitable husband for her dowerless niece—furthered Montagu's purpose in order to accomplish her own.

Even with aid like this, the Treasurer's staff, and therewith the titles of Baron Kimbolton and Viscount Mandeville (which titles he received from the circumstance of his having bought Kimbolton Castle from the Wingfield family), were not purchased at a trifling cost. A score of thousand pounds was the price of an office which Lord Mandeville was not permitted to enjoy for one whole year. The price justified Bacon's joke in reference to it. When Montagu was on his way to the king at Newmarket, he visited Bacon, to whom he confided his expectation of returning with the coveted staff. The Chancellor bade him take heed, "for wood is dearer at Newmarket than at any place in England." The white staff thus purchased in December 1620 was taken from Lord Mandeville in September 1621; or rather, at the latter date, a gentle but irresistible compulsion was put upon him to resign it. Mandeville, like Bacon, stood in the way of that hungry group of Lady Buckingham's fellows and followers, the Cranfields, Leys, Heaths, and Williamses; and he suffered in the same storm which wrecked Bacon's fortune. At first, the 'con-

spirators had meant to include the two illustrious friends in the same charge at the same time, and Sir George Paul had actually produced his motion against Mandeville in the House of Commons, when that House, by refusing to send up the accusation against Bacon as an impeachment, or indeed in any other form than a mere resolution "without prejudice or opinion," warned them not to tempt fortune too far. On a hint from Buckingham, Sir George Paul drew back. When the sentence had been given by the Lords, a pressure was put on Mandeville once more, and rather than provoke so infamous a prosecution as had overwhelmed his friend, he agreed to yield a post which had cost him 20,000*l.*, with all the subordinate places which had cost his kinsmen and friends as much more. To soften the fall in Lord Mandeville's case, the office of Lord President of the Council was revived and conferred on the ex-treasurer. The same office had been offered to Bacon, as compensation for the robbery which he had suffered. Mandeville found very inadequate compensation in the post to which he had been appointed for the one he had been compelled to surrender; and he complained to the ex-chancellor of the unworthy treatment inflicted on him by Buckingham and his faction. Bacon's comment again took the form and fashion of a joke. "My lord," said Bacon, "they have made me an example, and you a *president*!" Nor was Lord Mandeville left by that rapacious party to enjoy in peace the dignities he had gained by so much sacrifice of wealth. They had meant to ruin Egerton; they had actually ruined Suffolk. For a time they had overthrown and plundered Coke, Yelverton, and Bacon. There was something quaint, almost comic, in being able to squeeze these great lawyers out of their splendid gains. So long as Montagu had a good estate and a place of honour, he was worth their audacious attentions; Buckingham borrowed his money, 10,000*l.* in a lump, which he

CHAP. XVII.

neglected to repay, until the prudent lawyer, instructed by Bacon's fall, made a bargain with his powerful enemies, such as Coke had made with Lady Buckingham, when he gave his daughter Frances to her ladyship's son, Sir John. The Lord President, who, like his grandfather, had married three wives, had, by his first wife, a handsome son, of marriageable age, the heir of his honours and of his large estates; on this handsome young fellow Lady Buckingham had cast her eyes on behalf of her niece, Susannah, daughter of John Hill of Honiley. The lady had no money, but the Duke of Buckingham, her cousin, agreed to pay the young people, on their bridal day, the 10,000*l.* and perhaps something more. Thus a union between Edward Montagu and Susannah Hill would bring to the Lord President the return of his money, not otherwise to be got, and the only protection which could save his honour and estates. No man was in those times safe who could not secure Lady Buckingham's favour. Those whom she smiled on prospered, those whom she frowned on fell. Bacon had been prosecuted because he would not give up York House to her son. Yelverton had been driven from office that the duke's solicitor, Heath, might have his place. Cranfield had made his fortune by his union with Anne Brett. Ley had become Lord Chief Justice and a baron of the realm for marrying Jane Butler, another of her ladyship's unportioned nieces. It was known at court that Lady Buckingham was angling for the young heir of Kimbolton; unconscious what a fiery portent he was going to prove in his later life; and the cautious Lord Mandeville, on consideration of all the circumstances, concluded it was for him, as well as for Lady Buckingham, an advantageous match. In February 1623 the match was settled; the court was full of quips as to the preparations; and Edward Montagu was chosen by the Duke of Buckingham to attend upon the Prince of Wales in his romantic journey into Spain.

It is pleasant to know that when Mandeville's fortunes improved, those of Bacon also brightened. The first arrangement seems to have been that on the nuptials of Edward Montagu and Susannah Hill taking place, Mandeville was to become Lord Chancellor and Bacon Lord President; but the great chancellor's resolution not to be robbed of York House, on the site of which Buckingham wanted to build a palace, frustrated all these plans. Bacon would not yet yield York House, saying, in answer to the duke's messenger, "York House is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed, and there will I yield my breath, if it so please God."

Early in February the marriage rite was performed by Lord Keeper Williams at the palace. The king was ill in bed, but the whole bridal party marched into the sick chamber, and in the royal presence, the king looking on from among his pillows, Edward and Susannah were made man and wife. As they passed out of the room, James threw his shoe after them for luck; an act which was certainly a compliment, and was thought to be a blessing. James, as little as Lady Buckingham, foresaw the character of the handsome young fellow in silk and ribbons, who was afterwards to become known to his son Charles and to all mankind as the Fighting earl, and to be the master of Cromwell in the art of war.

The pair were scarcely wedded, ere the husband rode away with Buckingham and Prince Charles on their celebrated love adventure into Spain.

Of the merry but deserted young wife, Kimbolton preserves one sample, which may serve also as a social illustration of this period. When Edward Montagu was in Spain, his loving and longing wife, Susannah, mourned in her soul for his absence, but having some promise of his speedy return, she despatched to him the following very characteristic letter:—

CHAP. XVII.

SUSAN MONTAGU 'TO MY DEAR HUSBAND, MR. EDWARD MONTAGU.'

(No date.)

SWEET HEART,—I am afraid I shall weary your eyes with reading my tedious scribblements, but my hope is that you will not stay so long as to receive any more, which makes me write the more liberally now. I have no news to send you but that I am as much with child as my Lady Duchess or my Lady Denbigh (?) for neither of them both are. My Lady Duchess hath been very ill, but now well again, but do not speak of it to my Lord Duke. All your friends here do bid me be confident of your speedy return, and I am apt to believe them, because I would fain have it so. I have been told you were a coming in France by many, and it was all over the town, which news was not welcome to me; but if you be not here the sooner, many of your friends will be undone by losing of wagers, as Mr. Herbert, Captain Fisher, and many others; but I am sure you are so kind to your friends, that you will not suffer them to lose by you; but if you come, I am like to be the greatest winner. So being very late, as a matter of ten o'clock, I bid you good night, going into the little bed, which I find less than ever it was, and never have no mind to go into it, because I cannot find my sweeting there. But when I am there, I sleep as little as may be, for I am still riding post to Madrid, which I hope doth presage that you will shortly post from there, and come to the little chamber again, which I truly pray for; so, dear heart, farewell. Your truly loving wife,

"SU. MONTAGU.

"I pray you do not think anything that I did not write by Sir William Crofts, for I knew not till he was gone, as I hope he did tell you; for my father desired my being at Greenwich."

By the marriage of this lively lady, 'Susan Hill,' as her name is sometimes written, with Edward Montagu, there was no issue. The line of Montagu, in this branch, was to be continued by the union of Edward with Anne, a daughter of the often mentioned-house of Rich.

About this period, the distressed condition of Virginia began to occupy public attention. Above a century had elapsed since the discovery of this territory by Cabot; but not twenty years had passed away since Raleigh had taken possession of it for Queen Elizabeth, and a first and serious attempt had been made for its settlement and colonisation. Two "colonies" went out thither, under separate patents, in 1606 and 1610. The colonists crossed the seas with calm hearts and fair hopes. They were ready to endure, and were confident of success; but success could only be a result to be accomplished in the future. The suffering was present, the endurance bitter, and both were aggravated by ill-management of officials both at home and abroad. In a very few years a "cry of anguish" came thence across the ocean. It was clear that the colony would perish, if aid were not supplied, and the cry at last reached ears which dared not be longer deaf to its accents, or careless of its consequences.

The first allusion to the subject of Virginia occurs in a letter addressed by the Lord President to Mr. Secretary Conway, dated 3rd July, 1622. A committee appears to have been sitting for the purpose of enquiry into the affairs of the colony, concerning which the writer remarks:—

"Only upon Friday last we took their answer what they would do presently for relieving of the poor souls in Virginia, which as a company that ruled over them under his Majesty, they were then to do. These two things they propounded that they were already underwritten for the sum of 700 pounds, which shall be laid

CHAP. XVII.

out in meal and sent thither presently. Secondly, for the supply of particular hundreds of private persons in Virginia, there is another underwritten for 1800 pounds, which shall be collected and sent with speed. They also allege that from Flushing they have sent good stores of provisions of butter and cheese from May last. Nevertheless, to all this my Lords thought fit to add a third course, that there should be at present a common and general contribution made by all those of the company who are anyway interested in the business, for which purpose all the names of the adventurers . . . . . and others of the company shall, on Monday next, give in their names to my Lords of the Council, and everyone shall contribute to the present relief according to the adventure or share they have, and what more they like. I did not think to find them so forward in yielding to this, but it came so willingly from them, which makes me think they are willing to hold to their government that are so ready in their contributions. They have also yielded to refer Mr. Westh to be again of the company and council, as he was. The points of government of both sides as formerly preserved before the commissioners. This you may please to let his Majesty know, and what we do on Monday next you shall hereafter hear."

The Committee of the Lords were resolved to keep the Virginian Company to their duty, but much delay ensued, and it was not till the 17th of October, 1623, that Montagu was enabled to write to Conway:—

"I pray you then, Sir, acquaint His Majesty that those of the Virginia Company were this day before the Lords, to give answer whether they would surrender up their old patent or no. That nothing should be mistaken by them, I have punctually let down to them, in writing, the alterations His Majesty intended, which was to change not only the frame of the government

and manner of the plantations for the good of the people; but to have every private man's interest preserved, and to be secured if it were defective. The Company this day delivered in an answer, answerable to their former doing, and say they can give no answer touching the yielding for the present, until they have had a quarter court, which will not be until the 29th of March next. This answer was so ill-pleasing to my Lords, that, with reproach, we have sent them back, and peremptorily prefixed unto them to bring us a direct answer on Monday next, when, if they should not offer the yielding up of that patent, then Mr. Attorney-General is directed to take a course of resolving of it.

"This in meantime I thought fit to address to you, for I do not expect any other answer from them, and

"So I rest, yours assured,

"H. MANCHESTER.

"Whitehall: 7th October, 1623."

While the Virginia Company were very busy in doing nothing, or very slow in determining to do anything, the settlers continued to languish. The following letter, which had been written in the spring of this year from the colony itself, contains a very interesting sketch of the management and mismanagement of matters in the Transatlantic Estate, and is some justification of the course adopted or suggested by Montagu:—

MR. GEORGE SANDIS TO THE VIRGINIA COMPANY.

"WORTHY SIR,—I have sent you the copy of my letter by the 'Hopewell,' how copied I know not, for I have not the leisure to peruse it. Of your debts and the tobacco due for the sale of their limes, which belonged to Sir William Nuce, of whom three only are alive, I can but receive a hundredweight, which I am ashamed to send you single. Same fault which most lay to the tardy receipt of your accounts, which I have

CHAP. XVII.

been importuned. . . . I have desired arrest and distrained on the goods of other . . .

"But the country is so empty of tobacco that no present satisfaction will be given. Let it be accounted my fault if you have it not the year following, with arrearages, for I will trust no more to promises, but seek on their crops, before any be distributed. The like council I gave Mr. Blaney the last year (for your information came too late for me), but he trusted too much unto those who had never formerly failed him. Lieutenant Karr hath taken order in England to pay you the fifty pounds which he owes. I have been in Riccowtan to order your affairs in that place. Captain Nuce died very poor, he had no crop of tobacco this year, nor have any of the tenants hardly a grain of corn to sustain them. It was alleged that most was spent in relieving of those that came thither for succour, but they lay all to the short provisions sent with them, by which means they depart with most of their corn as soon as it is reaped, to discharge their borrowings. And before the companies' tenants are planted upon your barrenest places in all the country, by reason of your affecting of clear places, ground which is generally worn out and ungrateful to your planters. Captain Whitmore lost yearly his labour in the place where he was seated; of him I received eighteen hundredweight, which, with twenty more, I paid to Mr. Cleyborne for his wages, according to your agreement; he is now at Riccowtan, drawn thither by Captain Nuce a little before his death. I have disposed of things there in this manner: I have taken Captain Whitmore bound to pay you for the tenants, together with those he formerly commanded, a hundredweight of the best tobacco a man, and fifteen bushels of corn, besides a light proportion for themselves, which is as great a rate as any do give, and more than most men can make. Captain Wilcox pays twenty weight less a man, being compounded with before. A

Captain Smyth shall pay, if he have this, as much as the most. By these means you will have a constant rent equal the gettings of the private planters the . . . for the tenants reducted, which otherwise will come, as it hath done, unto nothing. The tenants who belong to Captain Nuce—his place—I have suffered his widow, (provided it be allowed by you) to enjoy them this year, not for charity only, although she hath nothing left to sustain her and her poor child, her husband having sold his lands to furnish himself for this place, she being besides a woman of good birth and better condition; but partly out of right, in that he lived a good part of the year, and partly out of necessity, they having no corn and none able to help them with any, the 'Seaflower' not yet arrived, so they must have famished or by shifting abroad have returned you no profit. You may hereafter have the charge of a deputy, who can no way advantage you. I have sent you here enclosed the names of all your tenants living. With the times past I will have nothing to do, but for the future I doubt not to give you contentment. Your 'Pinnace' lies like a wreck at Elizabeth city, who hath brought in this year no less than 1,800 bushels of corn, and yet, strange to say, not any of the colony so near starving as they. I sent Nun with his followers (of whom none deserve the name of shipwrit) to renew her, who write me word that one hundred and fifty pounds would not repair her, which was as much, if not more, than she cost; but one having offered to buy her, I suspected some knavery, and upon my coming down had her exactly searched and found that no great matter would renew her, so that I have set both them and others upon her; yet sails and tackling we shall want, except you supply us, and I doubt not to employ her to your better satisfaction. The Veneronnes are placed together at Elizabeth city, altogether employed upon silk-worms, that we may preserve some food and send you home some silk the

CHAP. XVII.

next year. For your planters are so busied in rebuilding and preparing their grounds, that few at this time can or will attend them; yet for my own part, I have set four to do nothing else but prepare the chamber wherein I lie at Lieutenant Pierce (the fairest in Virginia) for that purpose. I hear the Frenchmen's times come out the next year; you must use the means to procure their stay, and send more of their quality, if you would have that work go really forward. Since my last letter I have sent my shallop with my servants as far almost as the falls for sand for the glassmen, and since to Cape .... where they light of that which they like; however, send us three or four hogsheads from England, if it be not desired in the trial. All your servants are dead, which you must supply, for the charge is intolerable to hire them, with which their provisions lie all upon me, that am not able to feed my own family. And to give a greater blow to our necessities, the 'Tygar,' sent forth and trading with Mr. Puntis' 'Pinnace,' and Captain Spilsman (a man wary enough heretofore, and acquainted with their treacheries), not only returned empty, but twenty-six men, armed sufficient to defend themselves from 500 Indians, are cut off or taken prisoners, either by ambush or too much credulity, for as yet we know not the certainty. The ship attempted by three score cannons (not above five of the seamen aboard), but were dispersed by their ordnance. So that if the 'Seaflower' come not quickly in, there will hardly be found a preservation against famine, and by the way, to our no little discontentment, we having, with great expence, sent out that ship to Somers Islands for furnishing the country with their fruits; in fruit you have given your reputation to another. *Sic vos non vobis.* Since our general letter, we have renewed the place where we are now going to erect our fort, naturally almost entrenched with deep ditches, which, by the grace of God, shall not want our utmost endeavours in the fur-

ishing. We shall need great ordnance, what culvering and demi-culvering at the least. And if God shall prosper us, we will frame a platform hereafter, and sink it on the opposite flat, large enough to contain five or six pieces, and thereby make the passage more unpassable by an enemy. For silk, grass, earth, varieties, &c., it is impossible for me this year, for reasons of the troubles and want of means, to send you any. But if I can make the 'Pinnace' manageable, and furnish her (which I shall do the better with your help), you shall never have reason to complain in that kind. It would but please the country to hear you had taken revenge of Dupper, for his stinking beer (with what has succeeded by their contagion, in my conscience hath been the death of two hundred. You have employed a strange Purser, and without wit or out of his wits, who hath lost much, and never delivered a great part of his goods, throwing them upon the shore, scarce above high water mark, without informing of any or setting any to guard them. But Mr. Tuck deserves your thanks and our commendations. Great are the likelihoods of the vicinity of the South Sea, by a general report of the Indians, the mountains being (as they say) not above four days' journey above the falls, they two days over and reviews of the other side, thereunto of no great length.

"If I were furnished with means, I would willingly adventure my life in that discovery, but we want . . . . provisions, and numbers of men; for such an attempt requires a general purse and patient expectance of profit; and indeed these slow supplies, which hardly rebuild every year the decays of the former, retain us only in a languishing state, and ourselves from carrying of enterprise of moment. As this is in the greater, so it is in the lesser; for it is a great pity that a territory as Martin's hundred should be no better followed, by which they certainly lose what they have already

CHAP. XVII.

ventured, who might, with a forward hand, secure that fear, and raise to themselves an undoubted profit, besides the honour and the example. It doth grieve me much that your noble disposition and burning zeal to the good of this place should encounter with such disheartening, and be burthened with so many engagements, but I hope, ere long, we shall remove your first and free you from the latter; wherein there shall be nothing wanting that lies in the endeavours of

"Your devoted friend,

"GEORGE SANDIS.

"The Newporta Mews, April 8, 1623."

In those times government required many months to produce effects which are now accomplished in a less number of days; and it is only in July 1624 that Lord Mandeville addresses a letter to Mr. Secretary Conway, in which he remarks—

LORD PRESIDENT TO MR. SECRETARY CONWAY.

"It will not be unpleasing to His Majesty to hear of the proceedings upon the commission for Virginia. The commission being sealed but yesterday morning, in the afternoon we met at Sir Thomas Smyth's house. I find the gentlemen and merchants very hearty and ready to afford all further aid to the work. The brief of that day's work I have sent that, at His Majesty's pleasure he may peruse it, and control and direct what further he shall have. There is more . . . . which I see will give life to all the business, and that must be done at first or all will be at a stand, which is to have a proclamation go forth presently to stay all importation of any foreign tobacco. This was the suit of the last parliament and of all the planters heretofore, and now again is instantly desired of all those commissioners, for it is found that upon concepte of such restraint, there is provided at Calais and other places

upon the coast so great a quantity of Spanish tobacco, to be forthwith imported hither, as will not only drain the kingdom of a great deal of money, but cast back the progress of this plantation for two or three years if it be not prevented. The commissioners also have in contemplation how to make retribution to His Majesty of any loss that may be to the King in his customs, by raising it out of the plantation tobacco. This for the present I thought fit to certify, also to let the King know what forward disposition I find in the commissioners. His Majesty making it his own work.

"So I rest,

"Your Honour's assured,

"H. MANDEVILLE."

The issue of all the negotiations with respect to Virginia was, that in 1626 Virginia reverted to the crown; a fresh settlement was subsequently formed, and the foundation laid of a prosperous state—the first British settlement made in America, which remained a portion of our dominions, till the Revolutionary war of the last century made of it one of the Federal States. The last governor of Virginia was the Earl of Dunmore, whose daughter, the Lady Virginia Murray—well remembered by persons now living—was born in the colony, and received her baptismal name from it, a short time only previous to its enfranchisement.

In the year in which the above document was written, 1624, that Duke of Buckingham of whom Reresby spoke as "the finest gentleman both for person and wit" he had ever seen, was residing at Wallingford House—the residence which he had acquired from the Howards, when disappointed of getting York House from Bacon—and the site of which building is now occupied by the Admiralty. From that mansion, the following letter was written in the above-named year, five years before the assassination of the Duke at

CHAP. XVII.

Portsmouth. It is addressed "to my very loving cousin, Mr. Edward Mountagu," by way of consolation for the loss of his young wife, Susannah Hill. Buckingham had actually paid to Edward Montagu on his marriage the ten thousand pounds which he owed to Lord Mandeville; for if prodigal of money, the Duke was perfectly scrupulous as to the redemption of a promise which he had once made. Indeed, there was a very fine side of Buckingham's nature, one which thoroughly justifies the partiality felt for him by Lord Bacon. The letter to be now given is interesting for its exhibition of the more serious and humble aspect of a man who is chiefly remembered for his recklessness and arrogance.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM TO EDWARD MONTAGU.

"Wallingford House: the 24th January, 1624.

"Cousin,—I am exceedingly sorry for the loss which we have both received, which though nothing can repair, yet I shall be glad to give you any comfort I can, and I desire you to believe that howsoever she whom God hath taken was the means to make the tie of my love the stronger toward you, yet the loss of her shall never diminish it, but I will rather study to express how much I loved her, by settling it in a greater measure upon you, whose own person was so great an attraction of mine affection that I will ever be ready to take any occasion to show how much I esteem you, and ever rest,

"Your very loving kinsman and servant,

"G. Buckingham."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

CHAP. XVIII.

ON James I. being gathered to his fathers, the duke, who remained as powerful in the court of his successor as he had been for a dozen previous years, made no opposition to the reward of Lord Mandeville's many services. At the coronation of Charles, Lord Mandeville was created Earl of Manchester; when his son Edward—Edward of the Five Wives, best known to readers of history as the Fighting Earl—became Viscount Mandeville. This Edward Montagu married for his second wife Anne Rich, a daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, the stout Lord Admiral of the Commonwealth; by which lady he had three children, Robert, his heir, and two girls, Frances and Anne.

The following report of the Lord President, Manchester, to Buckingham affords us some glimpses into the police system in force in the early part of Charles I.'s reign. A threat to seize offenders and to send them on military service beyond seas, was doubtless a formidable menace. Neither at home nor abroad was the liberty of the subject much respected, and intercession was answered by a joke. When the Pope laid hands on Mr. Mole, tutor to Lord St. John and Lord Roos, and incarcerated that unfortunate gentleman in the Inquisition, an official application for his release was made from home, in reply to which His Holiness promised that the captive should have all his comforts attended to, that

CHAP. XVIII.

he should be well treated, should lack nothing but liberty, and that, regarding his soul as well as his body, every available effort should be made for his conversion!

It is probable that seizures like the above, for there were more than one, were made in retaliation for that of Baldwin the Jesuit, who was captured in 1610, as he was travelling through the Palatinate towards Rome, and sent to London, under suspicion of being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. He was not released till 1618; and it is remarkable that ladies personally interceded for him, Lady Lovel even writing to Salisbury, and pledging her word for Baldwin's innocence. On the other hand, Salisbury was advised that attempts were being made to inveigle young English noblemen of note into the Papal dominions, and there secure them as hostages for Baldwin's safety. To this circumstance may probably be traced the fact that licences to travel were reluctantly given to the young branches of the aristocracy, and that when they *were* granted, express prohibition was made of visiting the papal territory. There, much treason was said to be hatching against the sacred life of James himself, a letter to whom, from Sir Edmund Rich, exists, in which his majesty is bidden to beware how he purchases satin doublets and hose, for a Jesuit, named Beamond, living in the territory of Naples, had made and poisoned such a dress, with the express design that the King of England should wear and be destroyed by it. Accordingly, suspected Jesuits fell into tribulation here in England, and lay in Newgate under sentence of death; where, singularly enough, ladies were permitted to visit and sup with them, when their execution was drawing nigh; as in later years ladies loved to do with handsome but hapless highwaymen. Visitors of this sex and quality, from the residence of the Spanish Ambassador, seem to have been most constant in their attendance on such

captives, until the government, probably finding the permission abused, or fearing that it might be, ordered that the favour of entry accorded to those fair and compassionate visitants, should be withdrawn.

THE EARL OF MANCHESTER TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

"NORTHAMPTON: Jan. 12, 1626(7).

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—At our coming to this town, we found a strong combination of twenty-two principal gentlemen which drew after them nearly half the shire in the opinion of all men, and, as they presumed, would not only frustrate the service in this county, but infuse the confidence of contradiction into the next adjacent shires, with which an intercourse was maintained by the cocking and such like meetings (as may be conceived) to that end. The way we took the opposition was partly by gentle and fair entreaty of those we found tractable, and chiefly by improving the authority and power of our commission, first to divide the heads from the members, of binding all the gentlemen to appear at the Council-Board; it was done in the face of the county, and with demonstration, and reproach, and disgrace. And secondly, to dishearten their followers, by binding of the refractory persons to muster themselves in the artillery-yard under command of the Lieutenant of the Tower for the supply of the recruits to be sent for Denmark, if the state shall so think fit.

"By their endeavours and by the worthy and faithful assistance of the Earl of Westmoreland, the Lord Montagu and the Lord Mordaunt, we presume that the progress of the contagion is interrupted, and that the greater part of the shire now standeth in very hopeful terms, and that in time the residue will be recovered by using the same hand. Beside, the town of Northampton, whereof we had cause to be jealous, is come

CHAP. XVIII.

of, and the work is now in such a frame as we hope to give to his Majesty a reasonable account of our labours.

"Thus much we thought fit to write in prevention of such rumours as may be scattered to the service in other parts or to other indirect ends. Which we leave to your noble and favourable construction, and so rest, your Grace's humble servants,

"H. MANCHESTER,
"JOHN COKE."

In 1627 suddenly broke out our war with France. In conducting that which was already on our hands with Spain, our cruisers had treated foreign merchantmen with so little delicacy, that—some French ships having been thus treated, on suspicion of their having Spanish treasure on board—commercial relations between the two nations were suddenly suspended. France and Spain united against England, and threatened a descent upon our coasts. The Duke of Buckingham, however, with a force of between six and seven thousand infantry, some cavalry, and a few French Protestants, was beforehand with our adversaries. After attempting fruitlessly to effect a landing at Rochelle, he made his celebrated and abortive attack on the Island of Rhé. Of bravery the duke exhibited no lack, but of competency to command he manifested no portion. Foiled, beaten, disgraced, in an attempt to serve the French Protestants —Buckingham left behind him above the sixth part of his force, a large portion of his artillery, and several stands of colours. Under this disaster he experienced many consolations. If there were some persons eager to manifest their antipathy for him, the rather that he was now in difficulties, there were others, and those among his enemies, or who had been accounted as such, who received him with an almost affectionate warmth and a hearty sympathy. Buckingham had

little right to expect either from Henry Montagu, now Earl of Manchester. The earl, however, exhibited as much of both as if there had never been feud between them, or as if he had never suffered wrong at the hands of the duke. A more courteous letter, a missive more sympathising, an epistle more flattering, could hardly have been written by one man to soothe the chafed spirit and to heal the wounded vanity of another.

THE EARL OF MANCHESTER TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

"WHITEHALL: 15th November, 1627.

"MOST NOBLE LORD,—It glads my heart that we shall see your face again. God, I hope, hath preserved you in danger to add to your honour. Be not discouraged, noble lord, for no captain or general could play his part better. Would God you could say so by us, then neither seconds nor supplies should have failed you. My part was only to advise, I would it had been in my power to act, then the failure should not have been on our side. But I will trouble you no longer, till I have the honour and happiness to kiss your hands. And so I rest,

"Your Grace's most assured servant,

"H. MANCHESTER."

Not the least curious incident in connection with the abortive expedition to the Island of Rhé, was one of the causes to which its failure was popularly assigned. In the year 1656, a pamphlet was published in London bearing the following title, "Some sober inspections made into the Carriage and Consults of the late Long Parliament." In this work there occurs the following singular passage, with reference to St. Paul's Cathedral and Buckingham's misadventure. Of the former, the anonymous writer remarks that it is, "a temple that hath this singularity above all others as to be founded upon Faith; having a spacious church of that name underneath to serve and

CHAP. XVIII.

support her." The author then adds: "I remember that it was observed how in that disastrous expedition to the Isle of Rhé, the great stones which were designed to repair St. Paul's were carried away to make ballast for ships, and for other warlike uses in that service, which made some judicious critiques of those times to foretel the unlucky and inglorious return we made thence."

In the year 1628, when the subjoined letter was written, according to the endorsement in the handwriting of Sir Nathaniel Rich, a pension was granted to Henry Rich, the first Earl of Holland of that family, of 2,000*l.* per annum. Lord Holland enjoyed it just twenty-one years, at the end of which time he was beheaded by the government, to the comfort of honest men of every side. In the very first year, however, he seems to have been "pressed," and to have employed his wife to find succour for him at the hands of his kinsmen. That wife was the daughter of Sir Walter Cope, who lost Campden House, the mansion at Kensington recently destroyed by fire, to a Cheapside mercer, Sir Baptist Hicks. The lady's letter does credit to her reputation as a clear-headed woman, one, by the way, who opened Holland House, after the execution of her husband, to the players for performances proscribed by the government who had sent him to the scaffold.

THE COUNTESS OF HOLLAND TO SIR NATHANIEL RICH.

"SWEET FRIEND,—You may justly accuse me, for I condemn myself for incivility, that now may be thought to write rather out of necessity than affection. At this time, indeed, my occasions are such that I must needs entreat you to be bound with Sir Robert Rich and Mr. Tompkins, for 300*l.* or 400*l.* until my lord's money come in, wherein I would not trouble you but that I am confident you all know how to repay yourselves. I pray give me your answer with speed, because the man

from whom I should have it goeth out of town. I pray excuse this boldness, and let this assure you that there is none that wishes you more hearty love and affection than your faithful loving friend,

"J. HOLLAND."

From foreign expeditions and political and social matters at home and abroad, let us now turn to a topographical incident which connects the first Earl of Manchester with the extension of London.

Shortly before the time at which the following document was prepared, Lord Lisle, the future Earl of Leicester, mentioned therein, was temporarily residing at Bernard's castle, that house which, from the days of Elizabeth, had been occupied by the Earls of Pembroke, and which had been a royal palace from the period of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who reconstructed the old castle of one of the adventurous followers of the Conqueror, down to the reign of the queen just noticed. "Much joy is at Bernard's castle," writes General Herbert to Dr. Ward, in 1619, "by my Lord Lisle's (he was not yet Earl of Leicester) having a son, a brave boy, the Sunday morning after Twelfth Day. Only yesterday grief is, in that it is perceived my Lady Lisle is sick with the small-pox, till then very happily brought a-bed and well; but God undoubtedly will recover her to health. That sickness is here very common, amongst great ladies as inferior ones." The boy here alluded to is supposed to have been Algernon Sydney. The other children of Earl Robert were Henry, the "handsome Sydney" of De Grammont's Memoirs (afterwards Earl of Romney), and Dorothy Sydney, Waller's "Sacharissa." Henry Sydney is said to have been as tenderly looked upon by Anne Hyde, the Duchess of York, as young Montagu was by Catharine of Braganza, and Talbot (afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury) by Queen Mary and the Countess of Marlborough.

CHAP. XVIII.

Four De Bellemonts, two De Monforts, four Plantagenets, and one Dudley, had held the title of Earl of Leicester for about four hundred and eighty years, when the celebrated Robert Dudley died in 1588, leaving no legitimate heir. His son Robert, by Lady Douglas, always, but fruitlessly, maintained his legitimacy. After a lapse of thirty years, the title was conferred on Robert Sydney, the brother-in-law of Dudley. *His* son and successor, the second earl of the Sydney line, built the house in the north-east corner of the fields, long known as Leicester House. The field in front of his house was called *Leicester Fields*, a name which has not yet been entirely superseded by that of *Leicester Square*. Lammas land was land which was open to the poor after Lammas tide. The payments referred to in the following paper are duly entered in the overseer's accounts:—"Received of the Hon. Earl of Leicester for the Lammas of the ground that adjoins the Military Wall, 3*l.*;" and again, there are receipts "for the Lammas of the ground whereon his lordship's house and garden are, and the field that is before his house, near to Swan Close." Subsequently, Lord Leicester let the house and gardens. Here died the Queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I., and here resided successively the French and German ambassadors; and Prince Eugene, during his mission extraordinary, in 1712, to prevent a peace between England and France. The house was subsequently purchased by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.; here his son, the famous Duke of Cumberland, was born; and here his elder son, Frederick Prince of Wales, kept, for a time, his opposition court. The last royal prince who resided here, in 1766, was the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. In 1791, New Lisle Street was built on the gardens of the mansion, and the latter soon after disappeared; but in some of the small houses in the adjacent streets, there are still to be seen old

carved panels which, tradition says, came from the old house, where dwelt the great earl who is the subject of the following document :—

"HENRY EARL OF MANCHESTER, THOMAS EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY, AND SECRETARY DORCHESTER, TO THE KING.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,—We have viewed the place and heard the parties interested, and to accommodate the Earl of Leicester and benefit the inhabitants of the parish of St. Martin's without any prejudice to the public—

"We have set down fit limit for the new wall from north to south on both sides of the close, and how the wall shall come from the corner-point of the Artillery-gate down to the cross way on the south side.

"We have appointed where the cross way through the close shall be, and along that way shall be set a rail, to be set from the east side to the west side at the Earl's cost.

"And the other part of the said field being equal in quantity and better in ground than the other part, shall be turned into walks, and planted with trees along the walks, and fit spaces left for the inhabitants to dry their clothes there as they were wont, and to have free use of the place, but not to depasture it, and all the footway through the close to be also as now they are. All this likewise to be done at the Earl's cost. And in recompense of the Lammas common, claimed by the inhabitants, the Earl to give unto the parish of St. Martin's in perpetuity three pounds per annum, and to be charged upon the lands, which we hold to be an ample recompense for the same.

"And that these things shall be performed and be observed, we hold fit that it be decreed in Chancery by consent.

CHAP. XVIII.

"Lastly, the inhabitants of the parish of St. Martin's humbly desire unto us that none of the fields about this place where the inhabitants have Lammas Common, may be suffered to have any new buildings erected upon them.

"Which desire, with this our opinion of the premises, we humbly represent to your Majesty's pleasure.

"H. MANCHESTER.
"ARUNDEL AND SURREY.
"DORCHESTER.

"1630."

The wish of the inhabitants, as expressed in the above document, was not long respected. The Military Garden there noticed, was a western "Artillery Ground" extending from Lord Newport's garden (on a part of which Gerard Street now stands) to Leicester Fields. It was walled in and made a military exercising ground by Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I. At one extremity of this ground there stood a house which contained both an armoury and a library having reference to all matters connected with arms and the military profession. The library was collected and placed here at the especial charge of the Prince, and many of the books are now in the library of the British Museum. It was on this ground that Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, was present, with King James, at a review of the burgher soldiers, who went through their evolutions with credit. The King asked the envoy what he thought of these men. Gondomar replied that he never saw a company of stouter men, or better arms, in all his life; "but then he had a sting in the tail of his discourse," says Howell, who relates the story in his *Londonopolis*; "for he told the King, that although his Majesty was well pleased with that sight at present, he feared that those men handling their arms so well might do him one day a mischief; which," adds

Howell, "proved true, for in the unlucky wars with the Long Parliament the London firelocks did the most mischief."

The land subsequently fell to the first Lord Gerard, a very remarkable man, of whom we may speak at a future period. Both his titles, Gerard and Macclesfield, are commemorated in the names of two streets in Soho, which formed a portion of his estate. This he covered with houses in 1677, and thus the district, including the Lammas lands on which the poor had "common," was absorbed into wide-extending London.

CHAPTER XIX.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAP. XIX.

WHILE the Earl of Manchester was engaged in making ways about Leicester Fields, a more onerous duty called him into his own county. A little trouble to the Government had sprung up in Huntingdon, the county town; nothing in itself, perhaps; a local feud between a schoolmaster on one side, a brewer on the other; but the dispute was a sign of the times, and the brewer was Oliver Cromwell.

It was nearly the first time Cromwell's name had been heard in public; not quite; for he had already made his famous maiden speech in Parliament, declaring, on authority of Dr. Beard, that Dr. Alabaster had preached flat popery at Paul's Cross; but this outbreak had been thought to represent religious fervour, not political passion. The local feud at Huntingdon between the schoolmaster and the brewer was a fact of no great importance to the Lord Privy Seal, who could not see the future, but is of singular interest to men who live after the civil war and desire to understand the part which Cromwell played in it.

When Sir Henry Montagu went to reside at Kimbolton, one of his near neighbours was Sir Oliver Cromwell, of Hinchingbroke, son of that golden knight who had entertained King James, and allowed his rapacious gentlemen to carry away the cups and goblets out of which they had drunk his wine. Sir Oliver

was a man of waning fortunes, and in the summer of 1627 the ancient pile in which he lived was sold to Sir Sydney Montagu, Lord Manchester's youngest brother. In the country town upon which Hinchingbroke looks down lived Oliver Cromwell, a sedate and rather prosperous tradesman, full of public spirit, animated by religious zeal. He was a kinsman of Sir Oliver of Hinchingbroke, in which great house he had often sported as a child, but of different nature and opinions to the loyal old knight. The following facts, some part of which are drawn from the Record Office, some from the Kimbolton presses, make a curious contribution to his personal history.

Among the means by which Charles I. expected to impose his policy on the country was a sweeping change in the charters by which the ancient towns and cities of the realm were governed. Old charters were called in and new ones issued; the Saxon government by reeves, bailiffs and burgesses being abolished in favour of the Norman forms of mayor, aldermen, and recorder, all elected or appointed to serve for life. The new plan was expected to give the Crown a complete control over the elections, and a powerful means of influencing the judicial bench. Robert Barnard and Lionel Walden had been the main agents in effecting this local revolution in Huntingdon, and they had received their reward in being appointed, one the recorder, the other mayor, of the town. Some of the people were ill satisfied with the change; and many black looks were turned on Walden when he assumed his new dignity, and exercised his new powers. Most noisy of all was perhaps Oliver Cromwell; though the burgess who had denounced the preacher of flat popery had been raised, along with Dr. Beard, his informant, and Robert Barnard, the new recorder, into the commission of the peace. A mayor for life was just as dark an

CHAP. XIX.

abomination in Cromwell's eyes as a prelate of the stamp of Laud or Neile.

Walden and Barnard, worried in their office by Oliver Cromwell, appealed for protection to the Privy Council, who, eager to sustain their own supporters, sent a messenger to arrest and carry Cromwell to London, where he was examined at great length and face to face with his accusers.

Lionel Walden, the new mayor of Huntingdon, asserted before the Council that Cromwell had given his assent to the change of government from bailiff to mayor, and consequently argued that his opposition to the new magistrates was factious and dishonest. Had he given his consent? As each party denounced the other, the Privy Council, unable to believe in either, sent the matter back for decision to the locality in which the strife arose, the Earl of Manchester being instructed to hear witnesses in the quarrel, and make peace in the town. So far the Privy Council books tell us.

Lord Manchester gave himself pains to ascertain whether Cromwell's opposition had been regular and consistent. Dr. Beard, his old teacher and fellow magistrate, testified against him. In reading Dr. Beard's attestation, we must remember that he was not only Cromwell's master but his friend—that they held the same religious and political views—that they were in habits of association—that they were made Justices of Peace at the same time and for the same reasons. All these circumstances give to Dr. Beard's evidence against Cromwell's conduct before and after the change of Charter a gravity and weight of censure very different from that of libellers and partizans like Heath and Hyde.

Dr. Beard declared:—

"These come to certify you, and every one of you whom these presents shall or may concern, that I,

Thomas Beard, Doctor of Divinity, being at that time one of the company of Common Council for the borough of Huntingdon, and then present, can testify and will affirm that Oliver Cromwell, Esq., and William Kilburne, Gent., with a free assent or consent, did agree to the renewing of the late Charter, and that it should be altered from Bailiffs to Mayor, and so they did hope it would be for the future good and quiet of the town of Huntingdon, and that it was renewed and altered from Bailiffs to Mayor with the free assent and consent of the most part of the Burgesses of the said town, and that none of them, as far as I could perceive, did show any dis-assent; but when the copy of the Charter was read to the Common Council and the burgesses, none of them, as I could perceive, but did like very well of the same. "THOMAS BEARD."

Of course the question will be pressed—if Cromwell freely consented to the change of rule at Huntingdon from bailiffs to mayor, as Dr. Beard affirms, how could he honestly oppose it afterwards? The Earl, however, found very little trouble with Oliver, who confessed that he had spoken of Barnard and Walden in heat and passion, but expressed his willingness to forget and forgive, like a true gentleman.

The Earl of Manchester reported his success to the Privy Council.

THE EARL OF MANCHESTER TO THE COUNCIL.

"Whereas it pleased your Lordships to refer unto me the differences in the town of Huntingdon, about the renovation of their charter, and some wrongs done to Mr. Mayor of Huntingdon, and Mr. Barnard, a counsellor-at-law, by disgraceful and unseemly speeches, used of them by Mr. Cromwell of Huntingdon, as also the considerations of divers abuses and oppressions complained of against one Kilbourne, postmaster of Huntingdon,

CHAP. XIX.

and Brookes his man; I have heard the said differences, and do find those supposed fears of prejudice that might be to the said town, by their late altered charter, from bailiffs and burgesses to mayor and aldermen, are causeless and ill-grounded, and the endeavour used to gain many of the burgesses against this new corporation was very indirect and unfit, and such as I could not but much blame them that stirred in it. For Mr. Barnard's carriage of the business in advising and obtaining the said charter, it was fair and orderly done, being authorised by common consent of the town to do the same, and the thing effected by him tends much to the good and grace of the town. Some doubts were propounded, especially three: as that the mayor and aldermen might now alter the rate of their cattle in the commons; secondly, that the mayor and aldermen alone, without the burgesses, might dispose of the inheritances of their town-land; thirdly, that it was in the power of the mayor and aldermen to fine a man that might be poor at 20*l.* for refusing to be alderman. These things, though they cannot be warranted by the new charter, yet, to satisfy fears, I have directed that there shall be amongst their constitutions for the good government of the town three constitutions made to these purposes. First, that the number of men's cattle of all sorts which they now keep, according to order and usage, upon their commons, shall not be abridged or altered, but to common as they have anciently done, both for number and kind. Secondly, for disposing the inheritance of any of their lands; no inheritance of houses or lands to be disposed of but by consent of the burgesses, as hath anciently been used and accustomed. Thirdly, for the fining of refusers to be mayor or aldermen; the fine of him that refuses to be mayor not to exceed twenty marks, the fine of him that refuses to be alderman not to exceed twenty nobles, if he be a burgess resident that is chosen. For the words spoken of Mr. Mayor and Mr. Barnard by Mr. Cromwell,

as they were ill, so they are acknowledged to be spoken in heat and passion, and desired to be forgotten; and I found Mr. Cromwell very willing to hold friendship with Mr. Barnard, who, with a good will, remitting the unkind passages past, entertained the same. So I left all parties reconciled, and wished them to join hereafter in things that may be for the common good and peace of the town.

"For the particulars concerning Kilbourne, and Brookes his man, for their oppressing the country by colour of his office as postmaster, though some particulars were affirmed by two or three, yet because it so much concerneth the country in general, and the abuse so great, if it proved true that is affirmed, I have thought best to write my letters to some Justices of Peace of the county, to make special inquisition, and certify me how this office of postmaster is used for the service of the King, and how abused to the injury of the country, and of all other points contained in the petition exhibited.

"H. MANCHESTER.

"December 6, 1630."

And so ended this episode in a hero's life.

Robert Barnard, with whom we leave Oliver shaking hands after their quarrel, bought the property at Brampton, near Hinchingbroke, and was baronetted by Charles II. His heir in the baronetcy became a connection of the Lord Protector by his marriage with a daughter of Lord Chief Justice St. John.

CHAPTER XX.

LORDS AND THEIR LADIES.

CHAP. XX.

RETURNING from political to merely domestic matters, the Kimbolton papers furnish us with some curious illustrations of manners among great people. One is a letter from Lady Mandeville to her husband; another is a memoir by Sir Thomas Wrothe of his admirable and pious wife; and a third paper is a letter from Lady Clotworthy to Lord Mandeville.

In some cases the epistolary correspondence of ladies with their husbands, in the early part of this century, treated of matters of personal health, sickness, comfort, and discomfort, with a fulness of detail and an unreserved minuteness which are perfectly startling. A letter addressed by Essex Cheeke, third Lady Mandeville, to her husband Edward, the Fighting Earl, is a perfect illustration of the social candour on those subjects. "Dear Heart," writes the sick lady to her absent lord, "I cannot yet write you any increase of my strength, for I am very weak. It may be . . . (here the writer assigns probable reasons for very possible consequences) . . . that is the cause I am so unable to stir, for I cannot walk a quarter of an hour. My stomach," she adds, "I find better to my meat, but the wind," says the candid lady, "lies much swelled in my stomach, but I think it is in the outward part, because I digest better, but yet sleep worse, as," the Viscountess reminds her husband, "you know I do when it lies so much in my loins; my flesh being so sore that I am

worst a-bed.... I would fain be with you before they come again. If I be able, next week we shall go to be near the sea, which will be as near London as this place, which I like the better, for I intend to make my journey up from thence, for I long to be with you, having just cause so to do, and you to believe that none ever was so true and faithful a lover as your affectionate wife,

"MANDEVILLE."

In the above case, the lady, as will have been seen, describes herself. Below, is the portraiture of another lady, limned with equal superfluity of detail by her husband, then recently a widower. The picture was drawn for the especial satisfaction of Sir Nathaniel Rich, to whom the long and closely-written document is addressed by his friend, the sorrowing Somersetshire knight. Sir Thomas Wrothe entitles the paper in question, "his declaration of the life, sickness and death of his dearest and most beloved wife," and it thereupon commences in this mingled strain: "At Petherton Park, in the County of Somerset, Monday, being the sixth of October 1635, about midnight of the same day, Dame Margaret Wrothe, my most sweet, most dear, most loving, most virtuous, most religious, most gracious, most discreet, merciful, patient, humble, and tender-hearted wife, of whom neither I nor the world was worthy, was taken with a sudden vomiting and sickness, upon which followed a very hot fever, with a great pain in her belly, which so tormented her that she often cried out, 'Oh, my belly, my belly! The arrows of the Almighty are upon me; they stick fast in me!'" Sir Thomas, after treating of the locality, guessing what had got there, and describing the means and appliances employed to obtain relief, adds that "she wanted no attendance or comfort that could be procured for love or money; and I, her husband, take

CHAP. XX.

God, mine own conscience, and all those good people who were there continually about her, that I omitted no duty of charge, bodily pains, frequent prayers, sighs, groans, and tears, to show my faithful and entire affection to her. Such was my high estimation of her inestimable worth, and desire of her life, that if mine might have redeemed hers, I would have laid it down with ten thousand times more willingness than I was, or now am, to survive her."

We then learn that after much suffering, the good Dame Wrothe died at midnight, on Wednesday the 14th of the month, at the age of fifty-five years. Thereupon, we have the following pleasant details of the every-day life of this knight's lady:—"Divers years before her death, she was daily and constantly conversant with God, and frequent and constant in religious duties, both private and public, making it her daily delight, slighting the things of this world, much desiring and preparing hourly for her dissolution; much time she spent in prayer, reading the Bible and other good books, and conference and discourse with good men and women; very discreet, prudent, and active she was in the conduct of her family, setting forward with her own hands divers works and businesses in her house; always doing some good, protesting that she could not endure idleness, and that she knew there was no warrant in the Word of God to be idle, for then Satan would be very busy with his detestable allurements and temptations, and this divers can testify who were of her familiar acquaintance. Little speech," he adds, "she used in time of her sickness;" and repeating these details in another part of the paper, in which there is much loving iteration, Sir Thomas adds a trait to heighten his wife's character, and to make you understand that she was not mute by constraint of sickness, "for, in her health," he writes, "it was her wisdom to spare her tongue, but when she spake, her words were

gracious and discreet, and to give her but her due, she was a woman adorned with as many singular parts and abilities pertaining to her sex, and of as sweet a temper of spirit and constitution of body, as any man may expect in a woman."

Before the illness of Dame Margaret was considered hopeless, says Sir Thomas, "being then in reasonable strength of mind, she called to me, her husband, and said, 'Let me kiss thee, sweetheart, before I die,' and so she did. The next day after, I, her husband, standing at her bedside, both of us looking steadfastly one upon the other, I stooped down and kissed her, whereupon she said, 'Do not make too much of me, lest it make me unwilling to die.'" The good lady had memories for all whom she was leaving, and confidence in her Guide on the way whither she was going. "At the beginning of her sickness," Sir Thomas proceeds to write to his wife's brother, Sir Nathaniel, "she acquainted me, her husband, how she had disposed of her land, jewels, money, and other goods, which she and I, her husband, had agreed before she came out of London the last past summer, committing her trust to me for the faithful execution of her desires, contained in a will or declaration she had made in writing under her hand and seal, and left with a worthy friend in London." Then, expressing a desire to be buried in the church of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street —that church afterwards so famous for its undersexton, John Hayward, who, from the numerous alleys in that parish, in the great plague-year, fetched the numerous dead from their houses in hand-barrows, carried them to his cart in waiting in the broader street, and never had the distemper at all — Dame Margaret "further told me that she had entrusted her brother, Sir Nathaniel Rich, and myself with the education of her niece, Frances Grimsditch (a pretty and toward young child, then waiting on her), desiring me,

CHAP. XX.

for her sake, to be very careful of her, and said she had given her 100*l.* and some other things, if she took good courses to our liking."

The weary and suffering lady, made restless by pain, subduing that, however, to her Christian temper, prayed in her anguish to those about her to "lift her up;" and when they asked her "whither they should lift her?" she answered, "to Christ." After recounting the last pious ejaculations and the final falling asleep, the widower says:—"And I, most disconsolate man, a man of sorrows for this loss of the wife of my bosom, the delight of my heart, and chiefest comfort and content of my life, do most earnestly desire, if it stand with the pleasure of my good God, so soon as I have seen the body of my dearest wife interred, to be speedily dissolved and be with her in Paradise."

It is seldom that we can obtain entrance into an interior like that, with its chief figure described above, and thus become part and parcel of a bygone period. It is very apparent that the wise Lady Margaret fulfilled all the conditions laid down in Overbury's character of "a good wife;" wherein he says, among other bright things, that she "is a man's best movable . . . stubbornness and obstinacy are herbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the gossips of the town, and is more seen than heard. Her household is her charge. . . Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her discretion she hath children, not wantons. *A husband without her is a misery in man's apparel.* . . To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this."

Sir Thomas Wrothe was now this "misery in man's apparel," and he nourished his woe rather than sought to escape from it, by finishing more neatly in verse the character which he had set down in prose. The following lines are not void of beauty or of feeling, and

may be submitted to the reader in full confidence that they will endorse our judgment of them :—

Sir Thomas Wrothe, his sad encomium upon his dearest consort, Dame Margaret Wrothe, who died of a fever at Petherton Park in the county of Somerset, about midnight of the 14th day of October 1635.

Can any sorrow be like mine, whose loss
Is more than tongue may tell, or heart conceive?
Am I picked out to bear this heavy cross,
And in obedience, what is dearest leave?
With bleeding heart I must avow, that no man
Did ever lose more virtuous, worthy woman.

An angel's tongue were fitter than my pen
To blaze abroad her worth and virtues rare,
She daily walked with God more than with men,
Yet men and women often had a share
Of her . . . . . from mouth and hand;
And blest the house was where she did command.

A cheerful spirit and a patient, both
Her sweet composed body did possess,
Neatness she highly prized, and hated sloth,
As did her word and actions all express.
She had no warrant,—often would she say, —
To spend a minute idle, of a day.

Gracious her words, but few; small wrongs she hid them.
The greatest injuries that e'er were done her
She did remit, and nourished those who did them.
So merciful she was, good words soon won her,
There's not a heart, that is not foul and rotten
Which loved not her, when that shall be forgotten.

A *Margarite* she was, a jewel rare,
Fit for His cabinet who now hath ta'en her.
The world nor I was worthy for to share
So *Rich* a gem—but Heav'n is now the gainer.
To sum up all, this woman, this my wife—
She was the honour, comfort of my life.

CHAP. XX.

If pray'rs incessant from a bleeding heart,
If sighs, heart-rending groans, and floods of tears,
If gold and silver, or physician's art,
If merciful and helpful women's cares,
Had been of force (with loss of my dear life)
They had redeemed from death my dearer wife.

But who can ransom or redeem his brother
From Death's impartial stroke? If any,
My part in this has been beyond all other,
For by her death, my loss is more than many,
But since it is decreed that all must die,
All must submit to that—and so must I.

Yet this, great God of Heav'n, is my request,
(Because I must, without this comfort, live)
Teach me to live as she did who is blest—
That I may die as she did;—lastly, give
Thy servant leave to see her with his eyes,
After this life—then, happy when he dies.

There follows a reference to her desire to be buried where her parents and child were entombed, and where, says Sir Thomas, quaintly,

I will lie by thee, who lay by me
For twenty years and one;

and the Threnodia thus concludes:—

Rest there, sweet woman, in that silent cell,
Until the resurrection bring thee forth;
Meanwhile, thy life these lines and tongues shall tell
Thou wert a woman of a matchless worth:
A pattern to all ladies who outlive thee.
More would I say, if more praise I could give thee.

In the above elegy, the measure is followed of Sir Thomas Overbury's poem, 'A Wife,' the echoes of which seem to have been mournfully ringing on the other Sir Thomas's ears

It has been said by Clarendon of the first Earl of

Manchester, that he was fortunate in having died at the beginning of the rebellion of 1642. His lordship died in the November of that year, in which he had already seen the rebellion make a startling progress. He had seen his son (then Lord Kimbolton, but equally well known as Viscount Mandeville) impeached by the king, and the impeachment dropped. He had seen Charles leave London, never to re-enter it but as a captive. He had heard the cry, "To your tents, O Israel," and had beheld the continual widening of the gulf between the monarch and the parliament. Sir John Hotham had kept the gates of Hull closed, and his cannon pointed against the king. The parliament mustered their militia, Charles set up his standard at Nottingham, and Rupert was riding down detachments of Parliamentarians, breathing his men, as it were, for the coming struggle at Edgehill. Meanwhile, Lord Mandeville was busy on the side of the Commons, and the annexed letter will show how busy ladies at home could be in looking after the interests of their husbands, who lacked leisure to pursue any object but one.

LADY CLOTWORTHY TO LORD MANDEVILLE.

"My Lord,—Your noble favours always expressed to my husband, gives me this confidence as to beseech your Lordship's letter to my Lord Lieutenant, for the conferring on him the troop of horse which was Captain Upton's, who died in Ireland about two months ago; and in hope of my Lord's favour in granting it to my husband, he has been at the charge to maintain it ever since his decease; no pay as yet having ever been given to that troop since it was first raised, there is none in all the province where my husband's abode is, that having a regiment of foot, wants a troop of horse to be joined with it, under his command, but himself; and the want of it has hindered him doing that service

CHAP. XX.

which, otherwise, he might have opportunity to do; for though he have maintained this troop, as I have told your Lordship, yet it was formerly assigned to attend the Scots regiments, and so is in service with them till my Lord Lieutenant please to assign the commission for it; and if my Lord please to confer it on my husband, then the act fixes it to attend his regiment, who now wants won (one). There be divers others taken on lately by your Lordship and the rest of the Irish Commissioners, who may be assigned to attend the Scots, in lieu of this.

"My noble friend, Mr. Pym, has written to my Lord Lieutenant about this, but I can receive no answer whether his Lordship has condescended to it or not; but shortly I hope to know. I hear your Lordship is presently to march, therefore am I bold to entreat your letter to my Lord Lieutenant about this, that if Mr. Pym's request prevail not, your Lordship's, I hope, may; and I shall not make use of your Lordship's letter, but faithfully return it again to you, unless I find it necessary to send it.

"My husband writes me word he finds such want of horse to pursue the enemy and recover prey from them, that I have his desires to trouble his noble friends for the attainment of it; and of them I adventured chiefly on your Lordship, who by so many favours has engaged him, which must ever be acknowledged, with the humblest thankfulness of your Lordship's faithful and humble servant,

"MARGRETT CLOTWORTHY."

The Clotworthys knew excellently well how to watch over and further their own interests. This husband of "Margrett" belonged to the army under Essex and Manchester (as Lord Mandeville was soon to be called). Sir John Clotworthy was member for Malden, and Rushworth speaks of him, Hollis, Stapleton, and others,

as "incendiaries." They offered the most determined resistance to the remodelling of the army. Clotworthy subsequently abandoned the Commonwealth men, and became so instrumental in forwarding the restoration of Charles II., that Charles, within six months after his return to England, created Clotworthy Baron Lough Neagh and Viscount Massereene. His only daughter, Mary, married the Sir John Skeffington whom Pepys met at the dinner at Pavy's, in September 1644, "where," he says, "great and good company, among others Sir John Skeffington, whom I knew at Magdalene College, a fellow-commoner, my fellow-pupil, but one with whom I had no great acquaintance; he being then, God knows! much above me." Clotworthy's son-in-law succeeded to the title, in whose posterity it continues to this day.

CHAPTER XXI.

SACHARISSA.

CHAP. XXI.

AMONG the friends and kinsmen of Lord Mandeville, was Lord Leicester, the father of those noble sons, Algernon and Henry Sydney, and of those fair daughters, Dorothy and Lucy Sydney. The letter below refers to the marriage of Dorothy Sydney, best known, perhaps, to the general readers, not as the wife of Lord Spencer, but as the Sacharissa of Waller's verse. Dorothy was married at Penshurst, on July 11, 1639, to Lord Spencer. Waller said of this marriage, in a letter to the bride's sister:—

"May my Lady Dorothy, if we may yet call her so, suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her!" After some other wishes, such as fine gentlemen felt authorised to make in those liberal days, the loving poet adds:—"And when she appears to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again."

Dorothy's father, Lord Leicester, writes in a different strain, something more than a fortnight after the marriage:—

THE EARL OF LEICESTER TO LORD MANDEVILLE. CHAP. XXI.

"My Lord,—I can never think so well of myself as when your judgment authoriseth my intentions, or ratifies my actions; nor can anything more confirm me in the opinion of my daughter's good fortune, than your approbation of her choice, to which, I can assure your Lordship, my consent was much invited by the hope I had conceived by her having the happiness to live in the neighbourhood of my good sister, your most excellent lady, from whose conversation and example she cannot choose but receive contentment and inspiration; and though, for myself, I be but a reprobate, yet I promise you that no inducements of mine shall excite my daughter to divert her husband from continuing the inclination which I hear his ancestors have had unto the neighbourhood; and if I be not much deceived in him, he is like to prove both a good husband and a good man, which I presume will not displease you by being a comfort unto me. I am now upon going over sea, and if I stay this winter there, I believe my wife, daughter, and son-in-law will be so charitable as to keep me from the solitariness wherein I have lived there; but notwithstanding this transmigration, though it were to the uttermost part of the world, my Lady and your Lordship may be confident that wheresoever we are, there you may be sure of so many servants as we are in number.

"The bearer came hither yesterday, and by coming forty mile more than he looked for, it seems he was so set on running, that I had much ado to stay him from going away this Sunday; but I threatened to excommunicate him if he gave such scandal; so I prevailed with him; and if he have done amiss, lay the blame on me, which I assure myself will not be too severe, when you consider how sincerely I am your Lordship's faithful brother and most humble servant, "Leicester.

"St. Steven's, near Canterbury: July 28, 1639."

CHAP. XXI.

The young Lord Spencer, of Wormleighton, in the county of Warwick, was created Earl of Sunderland, in June 1643, and lost his life at Newbury in the following September of that same year. On that battle-field there fell no wiser, more thoughtful, braver, or younger cavalier. He was then little more than twenty-three years of age; and he was shot down by a cannon-ball, as he was drawing up his reins to charge in the King's troop. His associates in death were the Earl of Caernarvon and the "incomparable Lord Falkland." Dorothy Sydney's husband, "having no command in the army," says Clarendon, "attended upon the King's person, under the obligation of honour," and the gallant young volunteer thus early left his Countess a widow, to bring up the son who retained his father's title for nearly sixty years;—that son was the versatile politician, Robert, Earl of Sunderland, who turned Roman Catholic, to please King James. Besides this son, there were two daughters, the elder of whom was subsequently married to Sir George Saville, afterwards Marquis of Halifax. Poor Dorothy, fair widow of one of the most honest and most conscientious men of his time, survived her husband more than forty years, dying in 1684, before her son passed over to the Church of Rome. The wife and the mother may be said, however, to have survived, in the popular memory, the gallant husband, and the clever but unstable son. Sacharissa is a name more universally known than the name and title of either Lady Spencer or Countess of Sunderland. Waller formed the name "pleasantly," as he was wont to say, from *saccharum*, sugar. Whether Waller were ever more than her poetical suitor may be doubted; though Dorothy is said to have once rejected his suit. The tuneful Edmund has variously described this other sister of another Sydney,—namely, as graced with extremes of excellence; her cheerful modesty and condescension, he says,

Move certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.

Alluding to her paternal home at Penshurst, he declares that

Had Dorothea lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have.

Her presence, writes the metrical adorer, had such more than human grace that rudeness in nature even was converted by it into beauty and refinement. Where she sat, the plants wreathed bowers over her, the flowers burst forth in the arbours where she tarried, the boughs stooped in loving reverence to her as she passed. If all the beeches at Penshurst, he exclaims, were made to feed one flame,

It could not equalise the hundredth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart;

but as if this avowal were somewhat too bold on the part of a young country gentleman, with no title, yet with the liberal fortune of between three and four thousand a-year, Waller adds that the hope of his "humble love" shall

ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

Figuratively, he describes Somnus as in an ecstasy to hold those softer limbs, in sleep, and close eyes

which so far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul.

Even in his poetical adoration of Dorothy Sydney, Waller does not appear to be more than a reverential adorer, and his allusion to her being "another's joy" is made with a calmness which seems to acknowledge the

CHAP. XXI.

propriety of her not being his. Do envious nymphs or flouted swains maliciously pronounce the bloom on her cheek to be derived from her toilet box, he says that

> she seems moved no more
> With this new malice, than our loves before;
> But from the height of her great mind, looks down
> On both our passions without smile or frown.

It is lavish Nature, according to the poet, who decks Dorothea,—

> Paints her 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
> Like glorious colours thro' the flowery meads . . .
> Paints her 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
> With the same art wherewith she paints the morn.

Delicate is the poet's allusion to being brought close to her by the pressure of a crowd; it is as the encounter of the Palm with the amorous tree, whose branches are intermingled by the storm:—

> From whose rude bounty he the double use
> At once receives of pleasure and excuse—

but still this is only a chance delight, and if he address her in verse she is as indifferent as Daphne to Phœbus:

> Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
> Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain.
> All, but the Nymph who should redress his wrong,
> Attend his passion and approve his song,
> Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
> *He catch'd at love, and filled his arms with bays.*

But the *soi-disant* amorous poet "catched" at something else, and losing the mistress addressed the maid. What would now be thought of a country gentleman moved by love and power of rhyming, who should write a poetical effusion to his lady's abigail. This Waller did "to Mrs. Braughton, servant to Sacharissa," whom he

pleasantly addresses as "fair fellow-servant" to the same mistress :—

nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

Like a Persian who cannot gaze on the sun he adores, he will yet look up to the gilded cloud that is nearest to it. Then changing the figure, the poet traces to the maid's skillful hands, the whetting of "those arrows which confound us so;" and to her slender fingers, the knitting of the nets, or curls whereby men's hearts are caught. As for attire, the graces could not more triumphantly deck Venus than Mrs. Braughton could dress Sacharissa. She *must*

the soft season know when best her mind
May be to pity, or to love inclined.

His own hopeless love durst never tempt the ear of "that stern Goddess," but Sacharissa's maid might do it for him; and if she, the beauty's "priest," would but declare

What offerings may propitiate the fair,

winged with bold love, he would fly to fetch them from the farthest ends of the world, were it not that he should reap but his labour for his pains, seeing that

her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fishes' shells.

Finally, turning from buxom Mrs. Braughton to Lady Dorothy, he accuses her before Apollo of possessing a "wild and cruel soul;" and Apollo sensibly advises him to

Hang up thy lute, and hie thee o'er the sea—
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at least may with this passion find.

As if delicately to show that all this homage was made in sportiveness, the minstrel looks forward to the

CHAP. XXI.

coming Lord Spencer, and good-naturedly adds his prayer

> that the unkind may prove
> Blest in her choice—and vows this endless love
> Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
> But from those gifts which Heav'n has heaped on her.

This sounds gracefully enough, but the poet's heart had room for many a lady besides the chosen idol. He tells Dorothy's sister, Lady Sydney, that the world, wanting her,

> Could entertain us with no worth
> Or shadow of felicity;—

and in the gayest and boldest of verses to Amoret, or Lady Sophia Murray, he shows how he could be in love with her and Sacharissa too. To look on her is joy; to gaze at Sacharissa excites wonder. He has sympathy if Amoret sighs, but Sacharissa's grief kills him outright. From the haughty scorn of the latter he would fain run to the gentle shadow of the former. Amazement more than love, he somewhat impudently remarks, fills him as he looks at the radiant destruction that lies in the eyes of one nymph; while if there be less splendour there is also more benignancy in those of the other. Amoret gives life and gladness to the heart, but

> Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
> Which to madness doth incline.
> Such a liquor as no brain
> That is mortal can sustain.

The concluding lines are unequalled—at least for their effrontery: he is speaking to Amoret of Sacharissa.

> Scarce to heav'n can I excuse
> The devotion which I use
> Unto that adored dame,
> For 'tis not unlike the same

Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'T would to heav'n itself be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love.

We may fairly conclude that Dorothy Sydney, whose first but not sole lover was the young Lord Spencer, with whom she spent a brief yet happy married life of only four years, was not more deceived by Waller's affected adoration than Waller himself could be. When he poured out all this homage, he was himself a widower—his first wife having been a rich citizen's daughter whom the poet carried off from a host of rivals; and when the opportunity for such homage had passed away, the enraptured minstrel married again. Had there even been a touch of true affection in him for the peerless Dorothy Sydney, he never would have made the reply to a question which she put to him, when they both met, at an advanced period of their lives. "When will you write such fine verses on me again?" asked the former Countess of Sunderland. "Madam, when you are again as young," was the ungracious rejoinder of the poet.

But perhaps the poet remembered that he had been, as it were, twice wronged by the cruelty or indifference of Sacharissa. Dorothy Sydney did not remain Dowager Countess of Sunderland to the end of her life. Nine years of widowhood for her young and noble husband were deemed sorrowing enough for such a lord, with whom she had matched for love. Indeed, not quite nine. Young Sunderland had yielded his life for King Charles, in September 1643. On July 9, 1652,

CHAP. XXI.

Penshurst was all gay and brilliant again; company was wandering through its gardens, was scattering in groups about its park, or gliding over its waters, and renewing, perhaps, what Evelyn calls "the noble conversation which was wont to meet there," when of all the illustrious persons assembled, Sir Philip Sydney was the most illustrious; and all this on occasion of the second marriage of Sacharissa—now, with plain Mr. Smith!

The bridegroom, however, was a gentleman, one who had been a "fellow-collegiate" of Evelyn's at Baliol College, Oxford, some fifteen years previously, when Dr. Lawrence was governor of the college, and Laud, the chancellor of the University, maintained and enforced close, strong, and strict discipline—though Baliol itself had recently been but lax, restive, and somewhat addicted to disobedience. At that college Evelyn and Smith had seen the Greek bishop Conopios drinking coffee, thirty years before the custom began to be observed in England, and now on this July day of 1652, the fellow-collegiates met at Penshurst, where Mr. Robert Smith of Besborough and Sutton at Hone married my Lady Dorothy Sydney widow of the Earl of Sunderland, and thus united two names of which the echoes yet ring pleasantly among us.

There is an illustration of court-life, and of Waller's audacity in the incident of the poet's introduction to James II., by Dorothy's son, the unstable Earl of Sunderland, the counsellor of James. Waller was then past fourscore. The King, placing before him a portrait, asked him what he thought of it. "My eyes, sir," said the aged bard, "are dim, and I know not whose it is." James answered, "It is the Princess of Orange." "Then it is like the greatest woman in the world." "Whom do you call so?" "Queen Elizabeth." "I wonder, Mr. Waller," said the King, "that you should think so; but I confess she had wise counsellors." "And, sir," asked the poet, "did you ever know a fool who chose wise

ones?" thus with one stone smiting both his majesty and Sacharissa's son.

The father of Sacharissa was more than once employed as representative of the King of England at foreign courts. Previous to the marriage of his daughter with Lord Spencer, alluded to in the above letter to Lord Mandeville, Lord Leicester was the English Ambassador at Copenhagen; when the letter was written, after the marriage, he was our Ambassador at the Court of France. Waller has noticed the absence of the earl from Penshurst, as if the place, wanting the noble master, lacked the sun itself. The poet sent a melodious summons to him over sea. "The gallants of our age" were struggling for the favour of his daughter. "Our youth" were contending for one bright nymph, and he had better hasten to select the most deserving—an office which the lady knew very well how to execute for herself.

Setting aside the great cause which exacted his presence at Penshurst, the place itself, according to the poet, suffered by his absence. The very trees, he says,

> seem to make their silent moan,
> That their great Lord is now abroad:
> They, to delight his taste or eye,
> Would spend themselves in fruit and die!

And, as if this were not homage sufficiently profound, the tuneful and imaginative Edmund assures him that the

> harmless deer repine,
> And think themselves unjustly slain
> By any other hand than thine,
> Whose arrows they would gladly stain!

Nay, his very friends, exclaims the enthusiastic bard,

> hold too dear
> That peace with France which keeps thee there.

There, however, the earl was more troubled, with

CHAP. XXI.

reference to his enemies, than concerned about his friends or their opinions. We have a graphic and valuable letter addressed to Lord Mandeville, in February 1640.,

The Lord Admiral mentioned is Algernon, tenth earl of Northumberland, Lord Leicester's brother-in-law.

THE EARL OF LEICESTER TO LORD MANDEVILLE.

"I am so desirous to live in the good opinion of the brethren, that having heard of a complaint made of me to the House of Commons, by a notable, wise, and well-informed Alderman, I cannot choose but beseech your Lordship, that if you hear any more of it, or if you find it hath left any impression to my prejudice, you will do me the favour to set me right with your peers, and by your means reform any sinister belief that may remain of me in the House of Commons, for on the word of a brother, I assure you that of all the men in the world, I have the least obligation and the least affection to the little Ex-Secretarius that is come hither. I never held any other correspondence with him, heretofore, than that which his office and my employment require, and since his being here, he hath had no more from me than such civility as is due to a person of his quality, painfully and dangerously accused I must confess, but not yet condemned for aught I know; and I am sure it doth not belong to me to judge him or to degrade him. He comes often to my chapel, though he find no altars there to bow unto, nor any candles upon them to help a blind devotion; and whosoever did know what hath passed between us, and what we think of one another, would not believe that there could be much confidence or intelligence between us. I thought some of my old friends would have answered the Alderman in my behalf, but though that was omitted, I hope you will take order that a pure brother shall not suffer. I should

not doubt at all of your favour, though I had not my Lord Admiral's assurance of it; and I desire you to be as confident of my service, for which you shall also have my Lord Admiral's testimony.

"We hear of great changes in England, and I wish with all my heart that you may have that post which the voice of the people gives unto you, or any other that may bring you all the honor and contentment that you can desire, and though I expect little other yet I hope for this benefit in my particular, that by your mediation I may be hereafter better paid, for the modern bishops have not much favoured me; if they had been like the primitive ones, I am vain enough to believe that they would have used me better. Pray take heed of your neighbour at Buckden; I doubt not but you know him well, yet I could tell you something of him which I believe you have not yet heard, and I am sure you would not like. You have also another notable man in your society—my Lord of Bristol—of whom I could likewise tell you somewhat to the purpose. Look well about you, and I beseech you both to pardon and comment this freedom.

"I rejoice to hear that our youth is like to come into the tutele of the good Lord Grey, an honest man, on my conscience, or else I am much deceived; and if my son were not out of wardship, I should fear less to die now than in former times.

"Now I will communicate to you something which you may take into consideration; but, because that at the present it may be prejudicial to me, I desire that my name may be spared. The officers of the ports are very negligent of their duty; for all kinds of persons pass and repass without difficulty, and great quantities of Popish books are carried into England, from hence and other parts, contrary to the laws. Of this, Mr. Wyatt, that is with my Lord of Holland, can tell you somewhat, if you take occasion to enquire of him,

CHAP. XXI.

without seeming to know it from me. Sir Kenelm Digby hath been a great merchant in these commodities; and I could tell you much: for I am sure some great persons have known of it long since, from me, but no remedy has been applied. There is one Whyte, brother to him that married my Lord of Portland's daughter, a priest, calling himself Bletchlow, a great friend of Sir Kenelm Digby, and a very dangerous man. He wrote the Catechism which Sir K. Digby set forth, and put out another book called 'The Dialogues of William Richworth,' both which have been much dispersed in England. I do not wish any harm to the person of that priest; but he being now, as I hear, in England, I think it were good if he went somewhere else, for he is learned, cunning, and dangerous.

"One Potter, as I think his name is, preached at Gray's Inn, since the death of Parson Gybbes, that they who suffered death for religion in Queen Mary's time were as arrant traitors as those of the gunpowder treason, and that they of the said treason were as much martyrs as the others. Mr. Gerrard, eldest son of Sir Gilbert Gerrard, told this, here at Paris, before many, and that he and divers more did hear that worthy comparison made by that preacher. You may enquire of him, if you please, but name me not, for I do not desire to be thought an informer; but I shall tell you more of my mind, one of these days. . . . Your loving brother and humble servant,

"LEICESTER.

"Paris, February $\frac{1}{2}$, 1640–1."

That portion of the above letter which touches upon the activity of Popish priests and Jesuits in England, at this period, forms a good illustration of one of the phases of contemporary social life. The Lord Portland who had one of these agents so nearly connected with his family, and who died in 1634, after holding the office of Lord

High Treasurer, was that Robert Weston, Earl of Portland, whom Ben Jonson has extolled in his 'Underwoods' full as warmly as he has lauded Sir Kenelm Digby, of whom Lord Leicester speaks but slightingly. Of Sir Kenelm's connection with the brother of Lord Mandeville, mention will be made in a succeeding chapter. Of his friend Whyte, the identity is not so easily determined. There was more than one active priest and Jesuit of that name busily engaged at the period in question in furthering the interests of their religion. The most celebrated was Andrew White, who, at the time in question, was, however, planting the Roman Catholic faith, under Lord Baltimore, in Maryland, and baptising Indian kings with unpronounceable names. He had a namesake of the christian name of Edward, who died in London in this very year (1640), and whose office of working the English mission was taken up by Robert White, who was admitted a member of the order of Jesuits in 1641.

There is a paragraph, a concluding one in the above letter, which has been omitted, but which the reader will find in another chapter, the 'Story of Walter Montagu'—to which it belongs, and where it forms a pleasant sort of comment on some of the assertions advanced in the letter itself.

CHAPTER XXII.

KIMBOLTON.

CHAP. XXII.

EDWARD MONTAGU, second Earl of Manchester, when Lord Kimbolton, was one of the six members of the legislature impeached by Charles I., in opposing whom subsequently, in arms, he was not so much an adversary of the king as he was the supporter of popular rights, the recognition of which he hoped to force from the king. From Edgehill to Marston Moor and Newbury, he appeared in every field, under his subsequent titles of Viscount Mandeville, or Earl of Manchester, as the champion of freedom rather than the assailant of monarchy. Therefore was he got rid of by Cromwell, even as Essex and Denbigh were set aside. He seems to have been universally beloved, his very enemies at least rendering him the tribute of respect. He was generous, gracious, and accomplished; and there was no honester man than he driven into retirement after the House of Peers had expressed their abhorrence of the execution of the sentence of death against Charles. He never again appeared in parliament till the meeting of the peers by whom the Restoration was voted in 1660. He was one of the few men towards whom Charles II. did not think it wise to be ungrateful. Many were the dignities received by him at the royal hands; and, says Clarendon, "he was the most worthy to be received into the trust and confidence in which he was placed." His Lordship died at Whitehall in 1670—"a virtuous and a generous man," as Burnet remarks, with a truth that cannot be disputed.

In the year 1642, Lord Mandeville succeeded his father as second Earl of Manchester. At this period an inventory seems to have been taken of all the "goods" at Kimbolton. From this document we may gather how a nobleman's country mansion was furnished two hundred and twenty years ago, and contrasting what is there recorded with the fashions and requirements of the present day, we shall find that in comforts and luxuries we have not to any great extent the advantage of our ancestors.

The first room dealt with is the Queen's Chamber, once occupied by Catharine of Arragon. Here we find ample store of bed furniture, of which our forefathers never stinted, with suits of crimson damask chairs, curtains, tables, "one picture," and one long Turkey carpet. In the Long Gallery, the furniture and adornments are concisely described as consisting of eight crimson damask chairs, forty pictures (unfortunately without any other specification), and a pair of andirons. In the Chapel Chamber are black velvet chairs and stools, seven pictures, four bibles and as many prayer-books, with one tapestry-hanging—against which last entry some one has written "send it up"—an order, perhaps, from the new lord that it should be sent up to town. In the Chapel Closet, which would seem to have been reserved for the Earl himself, mention is made of a single black velvet chair, a table and carpet, with four pictures, and "six mapes" or maps, probably to assist in the elucidation of religious geography.

In the various bed-chambers, of which there are many, the furniture varies, too, according to the quality of guest for whom the apartment is decorated and the couch laid. In some are bedsteads of cloth of silver, with taffety curtains, and cloth of silver chairs. Damask beds stand in other rooms, while in "the Essex Chamber" (Lord Mandeville's third wife was Essex Cheeke, a daughter of Sir John Cheeke of Pirgo, in Essex), we

CHAP. XXII.

have one described as "a bedsteade of blew and read," with chairs in the room to match. In the round chambers are beds of cloth of silver; in the "Great Chamber," an instance of magnificence is seen in the cataloguing of "four Turkey carpets;" and in the same apartment we find twelve pictures, without any intimation of their subjects or their value. In the Gallery are chairs and stools covered with yellow satin, one great looking-glass, and eight maps. The Great Hall has a large assortment of tables: "one greatt tabell, two little tabells, four stone tabells," with two Turkey carpets (denoting great change since the day when halls were strewn with rushes), twelve Turkey chairs, and ten Turkey stools, five candlesticks, and "one pictter of the Kynge." The mention of a dozen or so of halberts, as many pikes, and also bills, lends a martial look to this Great Hall—which halberts are still in the same place. The Black and White Chamber seems to have been so called from the colour of the bed and other hangings; and as the inventory proceeds with room after room, the variety and completeness of each—whether my lord's, my lady's, state, ordinary, or servants' rooms—are most apparent. Thirty-two books in "my lady's closet," would seem to indicate a taste for reading on the part of the new Countess; and the "appointments" of the "gentlewoman's" chamber show that the comforts of her maid were not overlooked.

Feather beds and Turkey carpets abound where we should least look for them, in the nursery; while the wardrobe room is so rich in contents as to assume the guise of a warehouse from which another castle might be furnished. "Mr. Herbert's Chamber" does not seem to have been more comfortably furnished than the porter's lodge, save that it had a "canopy bedstead." There is an array of pewtery which suggests an idea of a spectacle next in brilliancy to a silversmith's, while

the still room is crammed with pans, pots, and glass utensils; and the library is remarkable, less for its tables, chairs, curtains, and carpets, than for the absence of any mention of the books.

On the other hand, the contents of the gatehouse are more strictly enumerated. For example—Eleven halberts and two clubs, two Welsh bills, eight muskets, spears and "calivers," one "great swoarde," other swords not specially described, powder-flasks and daggers, with "one great cannon, two little brass cannon, and one little iron cannon," show the resources possessed by Kimbolton to defend itself or do honour to a noble guest.

The time had come when arms for offence and defence were alike needed. The contest between the king and parliament had commenced, and the Earl of Manchester was one of the ablest and purest of the supporters of the latter, without being personally an enemy of the sovereign. Men of all parties have spoken of the spotlessness of his character. One phase of it is illustrated by a letter dated from Bedford, the 17th of June, 1644. The writer is one William Paterson, who appears to have lost the Earl's favour and the command of a troop of horse, through a false accusation of being a swearer, and of a riotous way of living. Paterson, while denying the charges brought against him, remarks on the astuteness of his accusers, who, "knowing your honour to be of a pious and religious government," best secure his censure on Paterson by charging him with practices which his honour, himself, doth most abhor.

But there came other and more painful applications to the Earl, who was to-day troubled by petitioners for place, the next by sad claimants for compassion.

Below is the wail of a mother for her son, one of the most painful illustrations of the sorrow that sat by the hearth while the struggle of 1644 was

CHAP. XXII.

going on in the field. The writer was the only daughter of Edward, the first Lord Montagu of Boughton, a man who died this very year a prisoner in the Savoy, on account of his loyalty. The person to whom the letter is addressed was the lady's cousin, Edward, second Earl of Manchester, commander of the parliamentary horse at Edgehill, vanquisher of the royalist general Newcastle, the captor of Lincoln, and the distinguished soldier of Marston Moor and Newbury. "Eliza Lindesey," who here pleads for a son, had married the earl of that name, who fell so gloriously, full of years and honour, in support of the royal cause, at Edgehill. Her cousin, the Earl of Manchester, had, in August 1644, been sweeping triumphantly through the midland counties, had also taken Sheffield and Bolsover Castle, Wingfield and Welbeck Houses. In this foray, the third of the eight sons of this widowed lady had fallen into the hands of her cousin, to whom she thus writes under date of "September 15, 1644:"—

COUNTESS OF LINDSAY TO THE EARL OF MANDEVILLE.

"My Lord,—Your favours to myself I here acknowledge, and am half a distracted woman by the ill news which even now came to me; for my son Peregrine, I hear, is in so weak a condition that I know not whether he be living or dead. My humble suit to you is that you would be so gracious to him as to write to the governor, that he may have all the favour, upon bail at some gentleman's house, there to endeavour the recovery of his health, if he be yet alive: which, my Lord, I doubt not but your pious heart, in this extremity, will yield to. And I desire your Lordship to send your warrant to that purpose by this my servant, because I have a convenient messenger to send speedily unto him. Thus, being confident to obtain this my

suit, she rests ever ready to serve you, who is your Lordship's most unhappy kinswoman,

"ELIZA LINDSAY."

"Most unhappy" might Lady Lindsay truly describe herself; for though this imprisoned son Peregrine did not on this occasion lose his life, her family sorely suffered for the sake of Charles. Her fourth son, Francis, and her sixth son, Henry, fell in battle serving the king; and her eldest son, Lord Willoughby, who allowed himself to be made prisoner rather than desert his wounded father at Edgehill, saw that father bleed to death in a poor hut adjacent to that stricken field.

While public affairs demanded the utmost attention of the earl—while he was reforming Cambridge, and providing for the safety, and rendering effective the strength of the seven United Counties, his steward was setting in order his lord's house at Kimbolton. "An inventory of all the goods at Kimbolton Castle, taken the 21st of April 1645," would seem to show some remodelling of the old interior arrangements. In this inventory, the contents of forty-three chambers are enumerated. According to this, the "Queen's Chamber" appears to have been stripped of much of its finery, while "a little room hard by" has a convenient addition made to it. The Long Gallery, with its "forty pictures," stands as before; but the seven pictures disappear from the Chapel Chamber; the maps and pictures in the Chapel Closet remain undisturbed. The Sparrow-Bill Chamber was evidently a room of state, as well as comfort; the Middle Chamber more of the latter than the former, while the Essex Chamber had lost, in 1645, its blue and red bed and hangings. The ante-room or "little chamber" adjacent is also especially prepared for all the occupant's requirements. The Upper round Chamber was inferior in

CHAP. XXII.

grandeur to the lower, among the furniture of which figures "one court chair of silver," with other furniture to match. Even the Great Chamber could not vie with this, except in the matter, perhaps, of its "twelve pictures." "Three livery-tables," but no beds, are enumerated among its contents. "Six pictures" mark the adornment of the Black Parlour, where to three chairs we find "six stools, crimson, wrought with gold," the former for the elders, the latter for the younger folk. In most of the apartments the stools outnumber the chairs, and maps often hung where pictures would have been more appropriate. In the Great Hall, "three leather carpets" take the place of the more costly Turkey of the by-gone years, but the Turkey chairs, the maps, and the picture of the king remain. The Screen Chamber, and the Black and White Chamber are garnished worthy of noble guests; while the Withdrawing Room, resplendent in other respects, has its walls hung with—what would be considered as most unsuitable to such a locality, namely—"eight maps." Eleven pictures in the Little Dining-room give promise of cheerfulness, more so than the "two little tables with two leathern table-cloths." The words, "the room hung," allude here, as in other cases, no doubt to the tapestry-covered walls. My Lord's Dressing-room contains what his Drawing-room does not, namely pictures to the number of five; while in my Lady's Chamber, among furniture, plentiful and suitable, we meet with "five chairs which were in Essex Chamber." My Lady's Closet must have been a pleasant boudoir, well provided for idle or active caprices, and furnished with china and pictures, cabinets, and mirrors, glass, basketry, and a "box of writings," but the "thirty-two books" are no longer in the catalogue. In the Gentlewoman's Chamber "two old cushions" probably added to the dignity and comfort of the abigail, but there was enough of that and other articles stored

away "in the old wardrobe under my Lord's study," to increase such a condition either for maid or mistress. As for "my Lord's study" or library itself, it appears to have lacked nothing but books, though these may have existed, while the honest steward thought them hardly worth the mentioning. Mr. Herbert's Chamber, and the Well Chamber, invite to slumber by their contents, and the feather bed among other luxuries of the Porter's Lodge, suggests the idea that it was the duty of that worthy to sleep as fast as he was able; and if more furniture of any sort be required, the Wardrobe of 1645 was bursting with it; there was enough and to spare for any modern monster bazaar.

The offices below are also teeming with promises of good cheer. The very "gallie-pots" of the Still House are redolent of preserves; the "seven dozen of trenchers" in the pantry, and the pewter chargers and dishes in the Pewtery, may be taken as silent proof of how the chins of the serving-men and women moved merrily at noon and supper-time at sundown. Why there should be "nine stools" in the Cistern House, may puzzle conjecture, save that the said serving-men may have repaired thither for cool sobriety's sake, after reddening their noses in the leathern black jack which held the strong ale of Kimbolton. Kitchen Pastrie, and Pastrie Laundry, with their means and appliances to tempt, satisfy, and destroy appetite, succeed. The 'buck-tubs' of the laundry remind us how near we are here to Shakspeare's time, while the feather beds in the cooks', laundresses', bakers', grooms', and the Gate-house chamber show indisputably that the underlings were bedded, if not as stately yet as snugly as the Earl and Countess. Indeed, there is but one 'truckle-bed' in the whole inventory, and that is stored away in the wardrobe or general lumber-room.

These indications of how the ladies and gentlemen below stairs were lodged and fed in the olden time

CHAP. XXII.

are exceedingly curious. How they were otherwise cared-for, as well as their masters, this Inventory further shows in its details connected with the "Pewtery," but which it is not necessary to enumerate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAMILY AFFAIRS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

CHAP. XXIII.

ROBERT, Lord Mandeville, son of the Fighting Earl, and subsequently third Earl of Manchester, was born in 1634, and when the subjoined letter was written he was seventeen years of age. He had two sisters by the same mother, Frances and Anne, both younger than himself. His half brothers and sisters were numerous. At this time he was pursuing his studies in France, under a tutor with a German name, who writes in French with as much disregard of the rules of orthography as if he had been a fine gentleman of the Court of Versailles or of St. James.

The preceptor's epistle illustrates passages in the life of a young nobleman abroad, and "done" from the French into English runs thus:—

HERR HAINHOFER TO LORD MANCHESTER.

"My Lord,—Having already (*desia*) given you to understand by my last letter how the severity of the season, the excessive flooding from the rivers, and the bad conditions of the roads, had induced me to come to the resolution of remaining in this city till the spring, with God's help, and this indeed for the further reason that Monsieur your son, among other studies followed by him here, applies himself so energetically to logic, to the mathematics, and especially to geography, that I make it a matter of conscience not to remove him, nor to separate him from his masters so soon, the

CHAP. XXIII.

more particularly as I find these are amiable and diligent, and, at all events, not to interrupt his studies till he has well grasped and comprehended the principles of those sciences, and made such progress in them as to render the perfecting of the remainder the more easy elsewhere.

"And now as to our stock of money, it is now altogether consumed; for, seeing that we have paid what we owed at Saumur, defrayed the expenses of our journey thence to this city, have lived in our present quarters for more than six months, not to mention other expenses, we have nothing left. For this reason, my lord, I now venture to present my most humble request that you will give such order that the sums of money of which you have made mention in your two last letters be promptly forwarded either to Paris or to this place, lest otherwise we should be exposed to the same inconveniences which have heretofore befallen us; or even greater, for lack of such resources.

"At present, little credit is allowed to anyone, still less to foreigners and Englishmen, who are not looked upon with a favourable eye, if they fail to regularly pay the ordinary professors, and the expenses of board and lodging, at the termination of each month; otherwise, one is very ill-served and very much despised by all parties. If at the same time you would do me the honour to take into consideration what particularly concerns yourself, and what I have advanced for your service, much having been required for living and other great necessities, you would confer on me a very particular favour.

"Assuring myself of the same, and awaiting it as an act of your especial kindness, I conclude, praying God to continue to confer on you and all yours His most chosen benedictions, and on me the distinction of worthily meriting the title which I appropriate to

myself, of your lordship's very humble and very faithful servant,

"HAINHOFER.

"Monsieur your son offers you his humble submission. He wrote to you by the last ordinary, and, please God, designs to pay the same duty to you next week.

"From Lyons, this 31st of January (st. n.), of the year 1651.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Manchester, these present at Kimbolton."

While some mothers had reason to be proud of their boys, abroad, others sat at home under the shadow of a great sorrow, like the most unhappy Lady Lindsay, whom war had deprived of husband and two sons. Others, again, like Margaret Montagu, were chafed by straitened means, and had to apply humbly for succour to their better-endowed kinsmen; and there were mothers who endured sharper sorrows still in the misconduct of their children.

Of the two daughters of Lord Manchester by Anne Rich, a good deal might be said. Frances, a headstrong girl, full of pride and selfishness, married Henry Saunderson, son of the famous Bishop of Lincoln. Anne married her cousin, Robert Rich, Earl of Holland and Warwick, the son of that Henry Earl of Holland who was beheaded to the satisfaction of all honest men. To Frances Montagu, the elder of these two sisters, the famous parliamentarian admiral addressed the following note of advice. There is no superscription, the outer half sheet of the letter having been destroyed. The document itself however is of very considerable interest, the writer being a puritan sailor with very unpuritanical manners.

THE EARL OF WARWICK TO LADY FRANCES MONTAGU.

November 19, 1653.

"FRANK,—I have received yours, and am much grieved at the undutiful carriage which I hear hath

CHAP. XXIII.

passed from you to your father and mother. It is not for children to contest, or be stubborn to their parents, There can be no blessing expected from it, nor anything but provocation to wrath and displeasure, which brings ill consequences to both. I had thought you had been so well trained up in religion as you had understood the blessings belonging to dutiful children, and the great dangers to the contrary, and am right sorry you have not practised what you have been so well taught. Good Frank, suspect your heart when you find it so stout to your parents, for in that the devil lays a great snare for us, and if God doth not mightily assist us with His grace, we are easily caught by him; and therefore, good Frank, see your fault, and humble yourself, first to God, for it, and then to your father, and I doubt not but God will bring you out of all these troubles and griefs which, by your letter, I see you are in. God Almighty bless you and direct you out of these troubles, which shall be the hearty prayer of your affectionate grandfather,

"WARWICK.

"The duty you owe to your father should make you in all humbleness submit to your mother, and beg her pardon for your indiscretion."

Generally speaking, the orthography of these letters, even those written by ladies, is not discreditable to the writers. The chief exception is that of Lady Cheeke, wife of Sir Thomas Cheeke, of Pirgo, in the county of Essex. The daughter of this lady, when she was the widow of Sir Robert Bevil, of Chesterton, Huntingdonshire, had become (as we have seen) the third of the five wives of the second Earl of Manchester. Lady Cheeke, writing to her "dear Essexe" on some dateless "newyear's night," is "hartily sorry" to hear that her husband is not well. "I wishe," says the hospitable mother to her daughter, "he wold come and

lye at Pergo, that he might have all the helpe of phissitians." She wonders that Essex had not "resayved her letters." In a subsequent epistle, after Essex had become countess of Manchester, Lady Cheeke sends her by an "oportunety, some peaches and a feuwe nicktarrins and graps." Some fruit she sends to Essex's lord, also, for, as she says, "I obsarved when he was hear he licked the peaches." She is sorry to "heare his horses are carried away by the cavaliers. This inrode of the enemys as far as Cambridge will make my Essex still afrayed to venture herself theire till all be at peace."

This timid Essex, Countess of Manchester, was the fair mother of six sons and two daughters. Of her predecessors, the earl's first wife, Susan Hill, was childless; the second, Lady Anne Rich, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, was the mother of three children already named, the exemplary Robert, the haughty Frances, and the commonplace Anne. The third countess, Essex Cheeke, though a widow when Edward married her, not only made up for what lacked in the first, but, as the inscription on her monument in Kimbolton Church makes record, she nursed seven of her eight children herself. Yet was this tender nursing mother unlucky. The current of life she furnished did not prosper in the veins of her children. All her sons died early, but *she* was blameless; for, as her epitaph declares, "her children shall rise up and call her blessed. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She did him good and no evil all the days of her life; therefore he praises her, and her own works praise her in the grave."

Of Essex Cheeke, the mother of this virtuous and noble lady, it only remains to be said, and that in connection with the loose spelling of her letters, that she was, by marriage, a member of the family of the learned Sir John Cheeke, "schoolmaster" to

CHAP. XXIII.

Edward VI. The celebrity of Sir John rests chiefly on his having reformed the pronunciation of Greek in England, and on his (not successful) attempt to remodel the orthography of his native language. The orthography of Sir John's own epistles, be it stated, is quite as loose as that of the mother of the Countess of Manchester, who sent peaches to my lord because she had observed that he "licked" them.

When the noble young pupil of Herr Hainhofer became old enough for love, without being too old for learning, the question of marrying him was discussed with as much earnestness as the cost of his progress in logic and the mathematics. One who concerned himself with the disposal of Lord Mandeville's hand was the young Lord's maternal grandfather Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick—the gallant, jolly, parliamentarian admiral, who died in 1658. The great admiral has been exhibited before under various colours, but never until now as a match-maker. Observe how earnestly this fine old Salt labours to procure for his grandson "a lass wi' a tocher."

THE EARL OF WARWICK TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

"Son,—I desire to know your mind what you have done in the business of Mistress Massingberd, for something must be done in it speedily; for they will hear your son is come, and will think themselves much neglected if something be not done, on or off. Truly, son, 10,000*l.* is not to be had every day down and on the nail, with a reasonable handsome maid, and I desire you not to be misled by minding discourses which in this age are too censorious, without cause as well as with, for on my life, I speak it confidently and on good grounds, the maid is free from anyone yet; and none can inform you more in some mistakes of the world, of wedding, than my son Charles can. My wife goes down to-morrow, and if you defer this business I

will go down with her. If you go on I will stay; if you pause upon it, I shall return again when you will have me. But it is my opinion, and grounded on good reason, too long to write, that somewhat should be done speedily in order to the business, at least with Mr. Bartlett or the mother, if not with the maid; and so desiring to hear of you by this bearer, praying God to bless you, I rest your affectionate father,

"WARWICK."

The above letter, written probably not much before 1653, when Lord Manchester's son Robert was in the 20th year of his age, failed to produce the desired effect. The lady was doubtless much younger in the year above named. Nine years later, a daughter and co-heir of John Massingberd, Esq., is spoken of by Pepys. What relation she bore to the maid with the 10,000*l.* so prized by Warwick, it is impossible to determine. She was the wife of Lord George afterwards Earl Berkeley. Pepys saw them at church, "with their fine daughter that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the King at the ball I was at, at our court last winter; and also their son." The above Lord George, whose town mansion was Berkeley House, Clerkenwell, generously gave many of his books to Sion College, after the partial destruction of the library at the latter place by fire.

The Earl of Warwick's grandson, Robert, afterwards third Earl of Manchester, ultimately married the daughter of Sir Christopher Yelverton, of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire. But there was a world of trouble, and law-work, and controversy of sires on both sides, touching money of course, to be encountered and endured before these two young lovers could be made man and wife.

The first letter addressed to the Earl of Manchester by Sir Christopher Yelverton affords us a pleasant view

CHAP. XXIII.

of an "interior," of an English household in 1654, and of how affairs of the heart were discussed by "governors" in those by-gone days:—

"Had not your brother, Mr. Montagu," says the baronet, "who did me the honour to visit me at his last being in the country, made some overtures both of his desires and your Lordship's inclination (if I mistook him not) to treat of a marriage between your son and my daughter, I should not have admitted of the least thought that way, as conceiving it beyond my strength to come up or satisfy such expectations as you may have proposed unto yourself in the disposal of your son. But since you have so far declared your desires as to make a proposal of it, I shall, in the first place, return you very humble thanks for the good opinion you have both of me and my family, it being my desire to merit not only from yourself, but from all the world, the reputation of an honest man. Next, for that fair opinion you have of my daughter, I dare engage myself, howsoever God shall dispose of her, that she will make a pious woman and a virtuous wife. I may let your Lordship know, without vanity, that I both have had and have, at this time, from more hands than one, offers both of considerable estates, and not of mean families (which, upon your brother's desire, I have suspended, until he had sent me your resolution), but neither ambition nor estate only hath or shall be the compass I steer by. She is my jewel. I have but one daughter, which makes me desirous to settle her so that I may place her in a contented condition, and so as that she may be a comfort and satisfaction unto me in the closure of my days. If my strength or condition would admit of it, I should in any place attend upon you, but I stir not from home. As you are pleased to offer to make your condition and estate known unto me, as carrying the reason with it of your demands, so shall I

acquaint you with those bounds and limits wherewith I am limited, which must come from me, within my offers. If yours will not admit of a less supply than your brother did seem to intimate, I must deal clearly with you. I shall not be able any ways to come up to it, being resolved, howsoever my affection may be to my daughter, not to destroy my family, and to pull down my own house about mine ears, with my own hands; neither can there rationally any demand or offer be made until the estate be known. What is or will be settled, what present maintenance, what jointure, besides many other particulars which will occur upon a treaty,—whatsoever the issue of these proposals shall be, I do hold myself much obliged for the respects you hold out in your offer, wherewith I shall comply as far as reasonably can be expected. However, by my services I shall be ambitious to merit the title of your Lordship's very humble and affectionate servant,

"CHRISTOPHER YELVERTON."

Thus did this love-passage begin with great circumspection on both sides. If the head of one family was exigent, the other was wary, patient, suggesting rather than asserting his own merits, and enhancing the value of his "jewel" by hinting of coronets ready to borrow lustre from her. Sir Christopher Yelverton, the Northamptonshire baronet, was a stanch defender of his daughter's interests, and an inveterate and sometimes prosy-letter writer. But prosaic as are his letters, they afford illustrations of the social life of the class and period to which they refer. The earl's brother would appear to have been less explicit with regard to what the earl would do for his son, than curious to know how far the baronet would be liberal in behalf of his daughter. One side looked for a good portion, the other for a good jointure.

CHAP. XXIII.

Finally, Sir Christopher would fain treat face to face with the earl,—"with your lordship whose person, piety, and family I so much honour, and whose son I look upon as one well tested in religion, well educated, and a hopeful and deserving young man." Then to raise the value of the lady, he adds:—"My Lord, I do assure you that I have had the like offer from one of your own degree and quality, and that lately; but being engaged to your brother before, I have not as yet made any return to it. I have two other offers of men of greater estate (and not ill born) than you hold out to settle."

What portion the earl asked with the bride we do not yet learn; Lord Mandeville was the son of his second wife, and he had already a very large family by the third, in whose favour he was anxious to save as much as possible from the personal estate. The bride's father significantly writes: "Such a portion as you expect you must either have out of the nobility or the city, for from amongst the gentry it is hardly to be expected. From the nobility if you expect much you must return much; much in estate, much in present maintenance, much in jointure, and much in relation to personal maintenance, and for her private expenses, besides many other chargeable expenses which much vanity and little religion may produce. If from the city, they are not used to part with their monies, but that they will suppose a bargain meant and see some reason for it. They lay aside the consideration of posterity and blood, besides that contentment which marriage should bring along with it. I have seen it often proved that they who have got the most money have, in the end, been the least gainers especially in the commerce of so high a nature as the disposal of a son or the laying the foundations of a family."

If the earl will deal handsomely with his son

and for his son's wife, the baronet professes his readiness to do the like, as far as his means will permit for his daughter. Mark how nicely he records all her advantages:—"Besides the money I shall give her, there is but her brother between her and my whole estate, as it is settled; for in case he hath twenty daughters and dieth without issue male, I have settled upon her 2,000*l.* a year." After enumerating other advantages, the baronet looks for an ultimate settlement of 4,000*l.* a year, on the part of the earl, who has offered a fourth of that for present maintenance. "Were your son," he says, "a private gentleman, it might do; but for one of his quality, to whom many of his friends will have access, besides other circumstances of charge which will occur, occasioned by his quality, and the charge of children which will grow upon them, in their education ... such an allowance will not maintain your son." For present circumstances, 1,500*l.* a year would satisfy the baronet: if the young couple are established in wedlock with less than this, he foresees straitened circumstances, discontent for the lady, extravagance and debt for the gentleman, and a ruin for both "which may continue the best part of their lives, for your age may very well allow you twenty years more to attain to the time your predecessors lived;" and therefore, says the stout old sire, after much polite exposition, his lordship must not expect so much and part with so little, for, on his own side, "to part with so much and to accept so little as is by you proposed, I shall no ways be drawn into it." In brief, if union there is to be, the terms must be revised, frankness be observed, no time uselessly lost; but end as all may, mutual respect need not diminish, the baronet will wish all happiness to the earl and his son nevertheless, and "be bold to claim the title and honour to be reputed his lordship's affectionate friend and very humble servant."

The above letter is dated July 10, 1654, between

CHAP. XXIII.

that day and the 11th of the succeeding October, the affair languished as well as the lovers. Lord Manchester was anxious for his new wife and her children. When the thread of negotiation is again taken up, Sir Christopher asserts that he has no desire to press upon his lordship's necessities, and complains that the earl expects more and undertakes less, as the business slowly progresses; and that he uses fine words respecting the marriage treaty, "the more you think of which the worse you like it. . . . . For the furnishing of a house, I suppose it is not your intention that your son should go to housekeeping without either a stool to sit or a bed to lie upon. To furnish it himself, he cannot do it, not having any money in his purse, the whole portion coming into your hands; neither from any other part is it to be expected." Sir Christopher has a horror of the young lord setting himself up, if the father be not generous, on borrowed money. Once let an inexperienced young man incur a debt, and "it may prove as an egg in the nest which may be the cause of hatching other debts, which in the end may produce no good effects to your estate." Five hundred pounds would be as nothing for a man like the earl to advance to his son, but a great sum for the latter to find. "If you can furnish it" (the house) "on easier terms, I shall be content, so that it be done in some measure fit for his quality to live and his friends to visit him in it. It is not the money, but the thing to be done which I do and shall unalterably insist upon."

Having referred to the pecuniary difficulties again, and still again, Sir Christopher gently intimates that the earl might go farther and fare worse. "You might not meet in others that inclination and desire unto this match as you find in me, and yet higher, sharper, and stricter terms than I stand upon." Much courtesy of expression ensues to gild the baronet's resolution not to part with too much and accept too little, and finally,

"my wife presents her humble service to your noble lady, whose hands I also kiss."

Now the "noble lady" here alluded to so gallantly was the earl's third wife, Essex, daughter of Lady Cheeke, of whose good sense and bad spelling we have seen some examples. At this period she was sojourning at Warwick House (on the site of Warwick Court, Holborn), from which mansion the stout old admiral himself had issued, to visit Sir Christopher (as we learn from one of his letters) probably to further this delicate matter connected with the mysteries of Love. The admiral probably was foiled, and found the baronet inflexible, however civil, but Lady Cheeke (who appears to have thought—as mothers-in-law not often do—that the earl was too considerate of her daughter) ventured to strike in for the young people.

LADY CHEEKE TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

"My Lord,—Since I wrote my other letter I have been fully informed of all particulars concerning Lord Mandeville's business. Truly, my Lord, Sir C. Yelverton hath done his part exceedingly well, therefore let me earnestly entreat your Lordship not to stand so strictly upon the 3,000*l.* but be satisfied with 1,500*l.* I believe it is extremely kindly done to consider my daughter and this with so much favour, and I acknowledge it from you with a very great sense of it; but I would not have it said this match breaks off from such a partiality in your Lordship as that you should be thought mean to your son. I could say more if I were with you. Your Lordship knows what . . . there are, and what people, and what discourses might be made to your son, if he should come to this town; therefore, engage him as soon as you can, and do not break this off, for you will never get such another, all things considered. I desire it may perfectly suit my Lord. I am

CHAP. XXIII.

with an entire affection, your Lordship's most faithful servant,

"SX.

"WARWICK HOUSE, October 19."

On the same day that Lady Cheeke thus addressed the earl with something more than the affected sincerity of a mere match-maker, Sir Christopher Yelverton also wrote to Lord Manchester. The baronet had, a few days previously, forwarded a note to the earl, in which he states his readiness to yield to his lordship's views with regard to a provision for his son, but insisting that the young lovers shall not start on their race of life encumbered by any prospect of debt. Therefore, a home must be furnished for the son, and be paid for by the father. After all, remarks the baronet:—"You give nothing away. The goods will belong unto your family, and may serve in the like nature, hereafter, for your son's son." Then, with courtesy and compliment, after the fashion of those yet ceremonious times, Sir Christopher adds:—"My Lord, it is your piety, it is your owning of the ways of God, and that large stock of prayers which are stored up in heaven, both by your good lady (now with God) besides the daily prayers of many others for you, which I doubt not but will be returned, with a blessing for you and yours, these have been the chief motives which have both inclined and managed my desires to this negotiation."

In what terms the earl replied to the baronet, we have no means of ascertaining, but of this matter a pretty good judgment may be formed, after a perusal of the answer sent by Sir Christopher, on the same day that Lady Cheeke despatched her missive from Warwick House. "My Lord," writes the sire of the future Countess, "the last letter you were pleased to send me, I must confess, did much affect me, that having dealt so clearly and so tenderly in relation to your occasions

as I had done, that I should meet with such an unexpected return from you. I must confess that had I acted upon my own account, I should never have given way to the power to have charged your estate with the 2,000*l.* at your death, for I was then sufficiently convinced of the unreasonableness of the thing, and the ill consequences which might follow upon it, and did believe as I now find, that my easiness to yield to that would invite you to make new and further propositions unto me, conceiving that having yielded to a thing so unreasonable as it was, that I would give way to whatever you should further propose. I am not sorry that I did it, that it might and may appear to all the world how ready I was, even beyond reason, to have complied with you.

"As to the letter you sent, it will be to little purpose to make any reply to it. I shall only observe two passages in it—that of the furnishing of the house. In lieu of it you propose to give six months' abode with you, in which time they will have received from you 1,100*l.* which is as much as to say, that of the first payment they must not spend one farthing, let their occasions be what it will, being to live upon it the second six months; for as to the second payment, it must in a manner wholly be laid out in the furnishing of a house. Whether any reasonable man will admit of this, I shall leave it to any common reason to determine. Besides, it is the first time that I ever knew a father put upon a son, he having the benefit of the whole portion."

Then follows what was then of much interest to a few, but what is now of no importance to anyone—Sir Christopher's views on the second point examined by him in the earl's letter—prospective settlements. His comment is as sharp as the text seems to have been unpalatable:—"If your propositions and promises are so various and uncertain, I may very well discern

CHAP. XXIII.

what I have to rely upon." Still sharper is the following from this business-like baronet of two hundred years ago:—"You say that you *may* do it hereafter; you express not that you *will* then settle it upon your son, according to promise. As to your future purchasing of this" (an annuity to his brother, chargeable on the estate) "I must confess upon your own grounds that I can hardly be induced to believe it; for if the straitness of your estate be such that it cannot afford you to spare 500*l.* towards the furnishing of a house for your son, I shall doubt that it will hardly afford you 2,000*l.* to buy in this annuity, unless it be with a design to settle the inheritance of it upon your younger children. How far that consideration may work I know not. I shall say no more, but that if you do intend to pare your son unto the quick, I shall neither look on nor consent unto it, nor shall I be willing that my daughter and her children shall smart for company.

"You express that those are the terms upon which the treaty must be carried on, I shall in as express terms answer, that I shall never consent to any part of anyone of them, but shall strictly insist upon the propositions on my part, and the promises on yours, made and always held out, if any future progress be made in it. I should have religiously performed whatsoever I had promised unto you, as having managed my business upon fact, without reserves or retreats. In like I did expect from you. If the straitness of your condition makes you incapable to perform your promises, that should have been considered before you had made them; and if this may serve as an argument for you, it will be a more forcible reason to make me the more cautious to look well about me, both in the particulars of the estate (which as yet I have only taken upon trust) and in all other things how and in what way in this business to manage myself.

"I suppose your Lordship would not have put this condition upon me, but with an intention and foresight that I should not consent unto them, and so by consequence to put an end to the business. To this I shall consent, wishing it had been done a month sooner, when it might have passed with less noise and more honour. However, rather than walk in the dark, and upon uncertainties, as it now appears as I have hitherto done, I had rather it should be so; being resolved for the future not to vary in anything from my demands.

"I shall trouble you no further, but to present my and my wife's service to your noble lady and yourself. I shall kiss your hands, and rest

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,

"CHR. YELVERTON.

"EASTON MAUDIT: October 19, 1654."

It is satisfactory to know, after all and in spite of all this protocolling, the shifting of one side and the obstinacy of the other, the young people more or less patiently bided their time, and that the marriage of Lord Mandeville and Anne Yelverton was in due time celebrated. A draft of the articles of agreement upon the intended marriage shows that the earl was to settle upon his son certain lands, the present and reversionary value of which is set down at 4,000*l.* yearly; subject, however, to charges which had been already made known to Sir Christopher. The earl is further bound not to lessen the rent of those lands "by letting leases at all under value, or taking off fines." And he agrees to settle 1,300*l.* per annum on the knight's daughter, by way of jointure; 1,100*l.* yearly on his son, "for present maintenance—discharged from all present taxes." The "half of one year's rent" is to be paid in advance "when they shall be married," and the earl consents to "give 300*l.* for the furnishing a

CHAP. XXIII.

house, when they shall go to keep house for themselves." Some further details ensue respecting the landed estates; but it does not appear by this draft that Sir Christopher is called upon to give a dowry with his daughter: and in such wise was agreement made touching this seventeenth-century union.

In standing upon terms, Sir Christopher was as cautious and tenacious as his celebrated father, Sir Henry Yelverton, the Attorney-general who succeeded Bacon, and the Judge of the Common Pleas, appointed by Charles I. For long years back the Yelvertons had been distinguished both at the bar and on the bench. Subsequent marriages with heiresses brought into the family the barony of Ruthyn, and the viscountship of Longueville. George I. crowned all, by advancing Talbot Yelverton, in 1717, to the earldom of Sussex, which peerage, for want of male heirs, died out in the last year but one of the last century—1799.

Anne Yelverton did not secure a Montagu for a husband without considerable difficulty and delay, as we have seen. Nevertheless, she lived to be the wife of two Montagus. Her first husband was, for some years, and till he succeeded his father, rather a wild spark about court. Extravagances committed there sometimes excited surprise, but not at all if the gallant who indulged in them was Lord Mandeville. Sir Christopher himself, had he not died in the December of the year in which he had experienced so much trouble to marry his daughter under a satisfactory contract, would have shuddered, had he seen his daughter's husband making himself the valentine of that proud beauty, "Mrs. Stewart," and delighted to acknowledge the privilege by the presentation to his mistress for the nonce of a ring worth 300*l.*

After an union of nearly thirty years, Anne Yelverton was left a widow in 1682. She subsequently married her first husband's cousin, namely Charles Montagu,

son of George younger brother of Edward Earl of Manchester. In the quality of greatness, the second husband excelled the first. Charles Montagu was the pride of Westminster School, and of Trinity College, Cambridge; King William, for faithful service, appointed him Chancellor of the Exchequer. When, for further national services rendered by him while holding that office, William created him Baron Halifax, Prior drew up the patent, in elegant Latinity, with his own hand. Additional services reaped higher and more abundant honours, and the coronet of Earl was conferred on him by Queen Anne. A fair poet himself and an accomplished scholar, he gathered around him greater poets and even more brilliant scholars than himself; and Pope, and Garth, and Boyle, with poets of lower degree and versifiers too modest to publish their names, incensed him in rhymed and fragrant praise. It is not as the least of his services that may be named his preservation of the public records, and his instigating Rymer to undertake the Fœdera.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURN OF THE QUEEN TO WESTMINSTER.

CHAP. XXIV.

BETWEEN the marriage of Lord Mandeville in 1654 and the subjoined communication from the Earl of Northumberland in 1659–60, there is a difference as between an old world and a new. Within those years, Cromwell had dictated peace to Holland and compelled the States to consent to salute our flag at sea; he had beheaded the Spanish ambassador's brother, as a murderer; and the parliament had made the Protectorship to which that assembly had elected him, hereditary in his family. He had buried his mother in Westminster Abbey among kings and queens, and had himself taken possession of the royal palaces in town and country for his own residences. France and Spain had courted alliances with him eagerly, and his great Admiral, Robert Blake, had told of the might, the pride, and the glory of England, through the lips of his artillery. He had summoned four parliaments, and then resolved to rule independently of them; and in due time, and not too soon for his reputation, he had passed to his grave, and Richard, his son, sat uneasily in his seat. The little episode of the second protectorate had run its course; Monk's drums had heralded the march of his army up Gray's Inn Lane, and in the last week of February 1659–60, as General of the forces of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he protested that he would neither set up a monarch nor re-establish a House of Peers.

The scattered Lords, however, were vigilant in promoting the welfare of their country and themselves, and

this question of reorganising the peerage concerned them very nearly. On March 5, 1659–60, the Earl of Northumberland—he who had supported the parliamentarian cause with honesty, and in whose hostility to the king there was no rancour—thus wrote to the Earl of Manchester, whose political career had not been unlike his own:—

THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

"The peace and settlement of this nation (as I have formerly said to your Lordship) is of most universal concernment, and in order to it, the restoring of the peers unto their rights will be found a necessary consequence—so as, the first being provided for, the other will follow of course; but, as businesses have been managed, I doubt neither are yet in a way of being well-secured. For the Lords to go about at present asserting their rights (considering to what some of their own number have lately consented), would, I think, be ill-timed, especially seeing that no part of the nation but ourselves have as yet expressed any desire that we should return to the exercise of our duties in Parliament; and all in power or authority have, either openly or impliedly, declared against it. What great matters the next meeting will bring forth, I am not able to judge; but those that believe it likely to do us right, or satisfy the nation's expectations, must have a stronger faith than your Lordship's affectionate and faithful servant, "NORTHUMBERLAND.

"Mar. 5, '59–60.

"My wife is your Lordship's humble servant, and we are both so to my Lady of Manchester."

If the Countess of Northumberland had the matter much at heart, she must have been speedily gratified by seeing the peers assume their "own again," even

CHAP. XXIV.

before the king appeared in England to receive *his*. The gratification extended to other and, saving the lady's grace, more important persons. A cry of joy comes from Lord Broghill, in Dublin. This Roger Boyle, "Broghill" as he signs himself by the name of his Irish peerage, was the fifth son of him who is remembered as the "*great* Earl of Cork," and was now in the forty-first year of his age. Dublin University is proud of Roger, who was a gentleman as well as a scholar; and a brave fellow, whom the sagacity of Cromwell knew how to attach to the popular cause, without damage to the reputation of a ci-devant cavalier. By aid of his cavalry of gentlemen he gained for the Protector the victory of Maccroom, saved Cromwell himself at Clonmell, and overthrew the Lord Muskerry and his foreign army of Romanists. The gallant soldier often served the Protector as counsellor, and tradition assigns to him a project for bringing about peace and union by a marriage between Charles II. and the Protector's daughter. When Richard took up the inheritance left by Oliver, Lord Broghill repaired to Ireland, and there furthered and awaited that Restoration which conferred on him in return the title of Earl of Orrery.

On April 2, 1660, he thus writes from Dublin, "to my Lord Manchester, in Warwick House, Holborn:"—.

"We are here perfectly satisfied with the assurance which the House of Lords brought us this day, of the House of Lords having sat. . . We would have freely ventured our all to have restored them, and shall as freely venture it to serve and preserve them." Lord Broghill expresses some little fears that all should not yet go well, but he adds:—"If God should visit you with new distempers (as some fear such a misery is not impossible, by the violence of some), we shall be in a better condition to serve you; and that we will faithfully and cheerfully do it, your Lordship may positively

depend on." He adds:—"General Monk has now written to me earnestly to hasten for England, which I should readily do, but that by my going I should break the quorum of all civil and military affairs in this nation." . . .

Lord Broghill, then Lord Orrery, was detained in Ireland by his being created one of the Lords Justices, and did not come over to England till 1665, when Clarendon was about to be deprived of power, and Charles and James were in antagonism the one against the other. He reconciled the brothers, and, returning to Ireland, saved that country from a combined French and Dutch invasion. Orrery was too great a man to escape censure, and Ormond the lord-lieutenant brought about an impeachment of him, which led to his being deprived of his offices, but not of his honour, nor of the esteem of the king, who openly testified his respect till the period of the earl's death in 1679. He was one of the men of whom Cromwell once said, "Whatever George Montagu, my Lord Broghill, Jones, and the Secretary would have me do, I would do it, be it what it would;" and Charles appears to have valued him as highly as the Protector both as soldier and statesman. His contribution of eight plays to the stage and stage literature of his time afford a proof of his address, and, it may be added, his success as a dramatist.

Long ere Orrery arrived in England after the restoration, the Earl of Manchester, then made Lord Chamberlain, was beset by applicants for office. One of these, Zinzan, formerly Deputy-Secretary at War for Scotland, writes on June 13, 1660, intimating that he is unoccupied, and desires to be in action; and states that as Lord Manchester has been obliging and *he* unworthy, my Lord exceedingly indulgent and *he* excessively ungrateful—but ungrateful, as Zinzan puts it, through his "incogitancy"—he is bold to ask to be allowed to reap something "in this harvest of employments."

CHAP. XXIV.

Any place my Lord can bestow will suit Zinzan. "I shall not say which," writes the modest fellow, but "were my heart as legible as these lines, I should be indulged;" and he cunningly insinuates that he himself is rendering the earl a service, by saying—"Thus hath your Lordship an occasion given you as well to show your piety as to gratify a supplicant."

The missives pour in from eager men and ladies more or less distressed. It may be added that if an ordinary lady be hard put to it for pecuniary means in these troubled times, so might a princess, born to higher state, feel the reverses of life as sharply as she. This was especially the case with that "Queen of Hearts," Elizabeth, sister of Charles I. In 1612, when "sweet sixteen," she had been espoused to Frederick, the unlucky Count Palatine of the Rhine, and subsequently the more unlucky King of Bohemia. Lord Montagu, that his two daughters might be resplendent at such marriage, expended 1,500*l.* on the decking of them out. Never was merrier or more brilliant wedding. The bride and her maids were so purely attired in white, and so richly covered with diamonds, that fanciful spectators compared them to a new milky way.

It is hardly to be thought that the humble writer of this next letter was the erst captivating princess whom Wotton compared to the warm and rosy sun, at whose rising "the common people of the skies" found their meaner beauties nothing. She was Philomel, too, at whose sweeter melody the curious chanters of the wood forfeited all praise; and she was the rose, at whose blowing those "proud virgins of the year," as Wotton calls the purple-mantled violets, better designated by Herrick "Spring's sweet maids of honour," found no admirers. Elizabeth, in short, had been "the eclipse and glory of her kind," when in her lovetime and flush of prosperity; but now, when death had visited her children, and her husband, uncrowned, exiled, and a

poor pensioner, had been a dozen years in his grave, she may strike the lyre sadly to her own song of consolation in sorrow:—

O, my soul of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn the basest earth;
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

The Hague, from whence this letter is dated, had been the dull resting-place of the ex-queen of Bohemia since the death of her husband, after a married and sorely-chequered life of twenty years. She had now been twelve years a widow, and was in sore need of the annuity which the English parliament, she feared, might be tardy in paying, or indisposed to pay at all.

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA TO LORD MANCHESTER.

"My Lord,—Though I am confident that your son did me the favour to desire your assistance for me concerning my debts, the king having been pleased to promise me to get the parliament to pay my debts, yet I must write these to tell you how glad I am of the good choice the king has made of you in a charge so near his person, in which I wish you all good fortune, and I entreat you to do your best both to remember the king of my business, as also to give your best furtherance to the parliament in it. I have desired my Lord Craven to inform you particularly of all. I will only add this to assure you that I am ever your most affectionate friend,

"Elizabeth."

A conjecture which has assigned the date of 1644 to this letter would seem to be ill-founded. In that year, although Charles had a parliament of his own at Oxford, it had finally broken up in May, after a session commencing in January. The parliament at Westminster would certainly not have troubled itself to pay

CHAP. XXIV.

Elizabeth Stuart's debts, at a moment when their ordinance required of every family in England to forego one meal a week, and give the value thereof to the Commonwealth. That body had also just pronounced the necessity of a reform in Cambridge University—a reform which the second Earl of Manchester was commissioned to carry out, and which he effected in the parliamentarian sense by expelling heads of houses and fellows, at first in small numbers, which, however, ultimately amounted to two hundred. The king, moreover, was in June flying before Waller, and Lord Manchester held no post near his person.

The year, therefore, to which the above letter may be more probably ascribed is 1660, when the earl had become a royalist, and amid other honours was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II., and, indeed, Lord Chamberlain. In that year, the writer would have been sixty-four years of age, and she had no truer-hearted servant or lover than the good Lord Craven, whom report made her husband, notwithstanding that he was thirteen years her junior.

According to this reckoning, she lost no time in applying for the payment of her debts, and we may readily believe that when Lord Craven was not indulging his well-known inclination of attending at fires, or whispering into great men's ears, in order that smaller personages might look upon him as being a great man himself, he furthered his mistress's suit. In 1661 she came hither to further it herself. Lord Craven lodged her in his own mansion, which stood on the site of the present Olympic Theatre, but she removed thence to Leicester House in February 1662, and died there five days after the removal.

The ladies attack the new Lord Chamberlain as pertinaciously as male aspirants or clients. The crumpling of the roses of office must have been painfully experienced by the new official. The ink on his patent

could scarcely have dried before ink was flowing in letters and petitions to the new and presumedly good-natured Lord Chamberlain. The ladies especially beset him with applications for places for some unprovided gentlemen, who, perhaps, had rendered the king's side some service, but who, certainly, were ready to receive the king's pay either for service or sinecure. We have a good sample of this species of importunity, in a letter signed "Eliza: Exeter;" the writer of which may have been the widow of David, Earl of Exeter, and daughter of John, Earl of Bridgewater:—

"My Lord," writes this lady, under date of June 7, 1660, the day after the proclamation by which the regicides were ordered to surrender themselves—"My Lord,—I am loth to be thus trouble, but I presume upon your goodness, and I have been much importuned by this gentleman, the bearer hereof, to be a humble suitor to your Lordship in his behalf. Hearing you have many places in your dispose at Court, as Lord Chamberlain, my humble suit to your Lordship is that you will please to bestow a place on him, either to be one of the Wardrobe, or to be one of the Sergeants at Arms. I know your Lordship will endeavour to put in good men, and I can assure you this gentleman is a godly man, and of a good family in Buckinghamshire. His name is Dayrell; he has lived with me many years, and I can answer for his abilities and faithfulness in what place the providence of God shall dispose him to. Your Lordship will extremely oblige me in bestowing some place upon him. I now beg your pardon for this trouble, and rest, my Lord, your humble servant,

"ELIZA: EXETER."

Another correspondent, "J. Ruffen," writing from Chippenham, in the spring of the year 1660, sends a letter by an "honest doctor," apparently known to the

CHAP. XXIV.

earl. The writer takes a gloomy view of things, and seeing no sunshine "unless God make the king a more than ordinary blessing to us." The writer hopes that the great trials endured and the bitter cup drank by the king in his early days may have taught him wisdom, and then abruptly remarking that "my leisure to write is more, my Lord, I suppose, than yours to read," subscribes himself hastily, and then adds, in an all-important postscript:—"My Lord, if when it comes in your way you would be pleased to remember my Lord Hervey's condition, all his friends besides himself, his poor wife and children, will have reason to own it with thankfulness."

With missives like the above the new Lord Chamberlain is literally pelted; even "George Monck" solicits him to suspend a nomination to a clerkship in the Ordnance Office till the claims can be established of the General's client, Major Nichols, who had been faithful "in promoting this present settlement." The homage paid by petitioners is sometimes of a rather blasphemous quality. For instance, one Francis Walsall, who appears to have suffered in person and substance during the late wars, submits himself to my Lord's "sad consideration," and concludes by saying:—

"I am very sensible of the great weight of affairs of the first magnitude which your Lordship lies under, and, therefore, will not load your honour with too much letter. I beseech your honour that, like God, your honour will pardon me, and be a present help to me in trouble, and I and mine shall bless your honour and improve the stock of prayers in the whole family, for the blessings of both hands on your Lordship and all yours, as becomes, right honourable, yours, &c. &c.

"FRANCIS WALSALL."

The last letter is dated, July 1660. The next addressed to the Earl of Manchester, "September 29, 1660," as Speaker of the House of Peers, and written at

Penshurst, shows that the upper house was now organised, and the old régime established. The writer is the Lord Leicester of whom mention has been already made, and who says:—"Yesterday, in the forenoon, I received by this bearer the command of the House of Peers, which it pleased your Lordship to signify unto me; and in obedience thereunto I will not fail to attend and serve their Lordships as soon as it shall please God to free me of an indisposition which makes me at this present unfit to travel. Your Lordship's humble servant,

"LEICESTER."

One of the earliest acts of the house was the looking after the scattered property of the late king, a course which the council of state had, indeed, adopted as early as May 1660, when they laid an embargo on the packed-up property of Cromwell's widow, who was then meditating a flight from London, if not from the kingdom. How this was effected may be seen from the following advertisement, or proclamation, contained in the Parliamentary Intelligencer of May 7 to 14, A.D. 1660:—

"Whitehall: May 12, 1660. Information being given that there were several of his Majesty's goods at a fruiterer's warehouse near the Three Cranes, in Thames Street, London, which were kept as the goods of Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell deceased, sometimes called Protector, and it being not very improbable that the said Mrs. Cromwell might convey away some such goods, the Council ordered persons to view the same."

Some seizure was then made, and the attention of the House of Peers was speedily directed to a general recovery of the late king's forfeited or stolen effects. The possessors became alarmed, some of them possessed

CHAP. XXIV.

readiness to yield, while exhibiting some reluctance to do so without some promise of compensation. Here is a wail and a claim unitedly set up by Phillip Lisle, who on "May 18," probably of the year 1661, writes "to the Right Honourable the Earl of Manchester, Speaker of the House of Peers," as follows:—

"My Lord,—I heard very lately that the House of Peers had made an order requiring all persons in whose hands were any goods which had belonged to the late king, to produce them within a certain time, by Monday next. The order I have not seen, and do imagine that it will not reach my case; those which I have being pictures and statues I bought in many several places, and in several years, whereby the matter is, in the nature of it, incapable of certainty which were the king's. It is true that the most of the pictures were marked with letters, but divers of those were in other collections also which have been sold, as it is supposed, by exchange, and divers, I think, have received that mark to help the sale of the statues. I never knew any mark besides this. I suppose their Lordships would not think it legal or just that things bought in open market and in shops in the city should be subject to resumption without a price; but my great tenderness in regard to their Lordships' orders moved me to give your Lordship this trouble, to let you know that I have several pictures and statues which I believe were the king's, all which and all things else which I have shall be ready to serve their Lordships' commands, as myself am, who am also, my Lord, your Lordship's humblest servant,

"P. Lisle."

The second Earl of Manchester died at Whitehall, in the month of May 1670. Of his five brothers, one was an especially remarkable man, whose story is full of romantic interest. This man was Walter, his next

brother, whose singular history must be given in a chapter by itself.

The site of Canon Row, the town residence of the Earl of Manchester, is now occupied by Manchester Buildings, Westminster. The Row once inhabited by the dean and canons of St. Stephen's Chapel, subsequently became a fashionable locality. There Sir Edward Hoby, the Thynnes, the Somersets, the Earls of Hertford, Derby, Lincoln, and Manchester had mansions. The house of the last-named earl was subsequently converted into what Strype describes as "a very fine court, which hath a handsome free-stone pavement, and good houses well inhabited, and bears the name of Manchester Court, very pleasant towards the Thames." It was in Canon Row that the mysterious lady resided to whom King Charles, two days previous to his execution, sent, by the hands of Mr. Herbert, an emerald between two diamonds set in a ring, and received in return a "little cabinet," containing "diamonds and jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters." The king's remark on opening the cabinet was, "You see all the wealth now in my power to give to my children."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

00037316

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018